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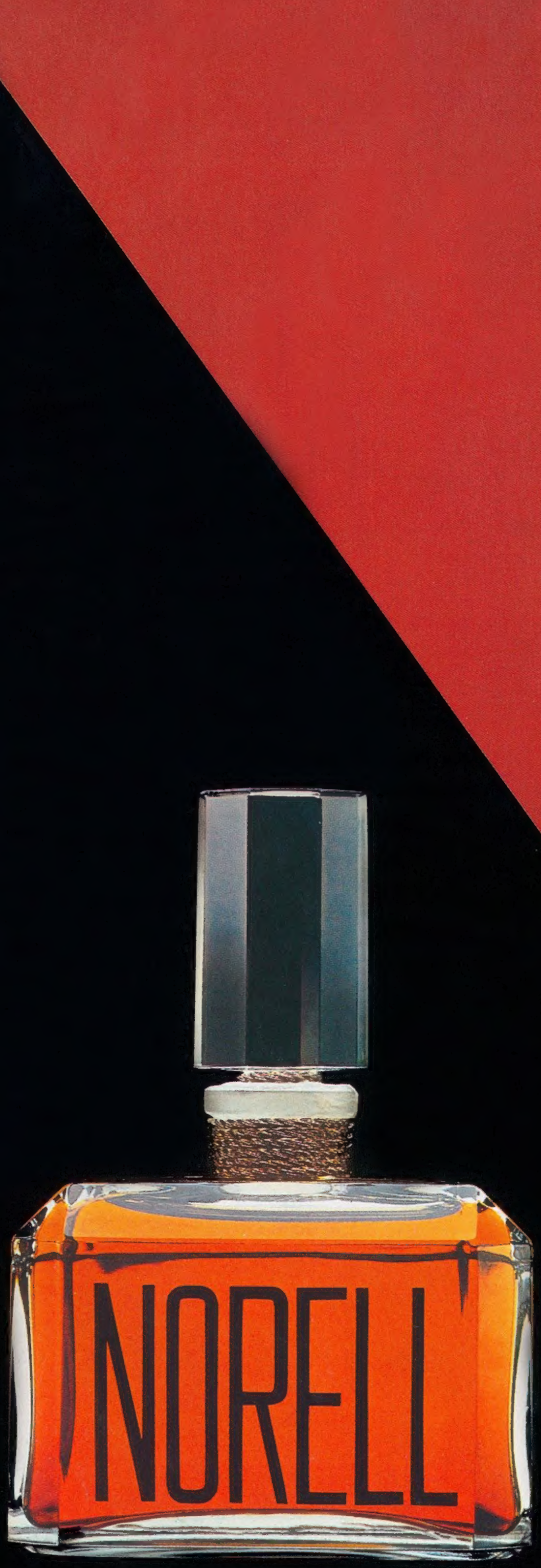
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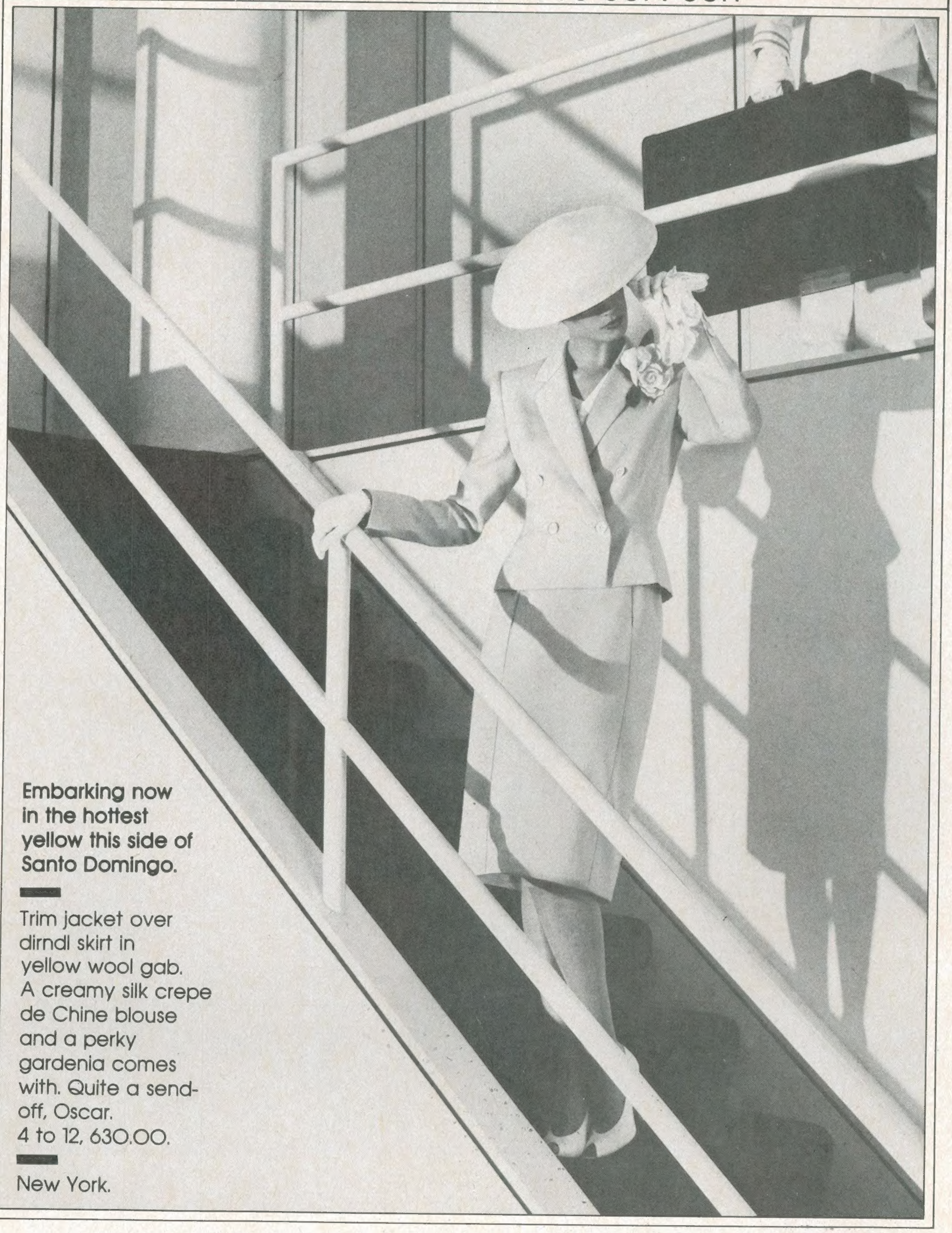
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ON OUR COVER Kim Alexis and the look—the special allure—of holiday glamour. Rich, real-color makeup . . . Charles of the Ritz's Tuxedo Black Eye-Color Creme, Ready for Rose cheeks, Rose Fever lips. To wear with dazzling color . . . Yves Saint Laurent's show-stopping pink-and-gold brocade torero jacket and knickers, shocking-pink silk blouse, iridescent-stone earrings with diamonds—from the couture. Hair, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Joey Mills. Photograph, John Stember.

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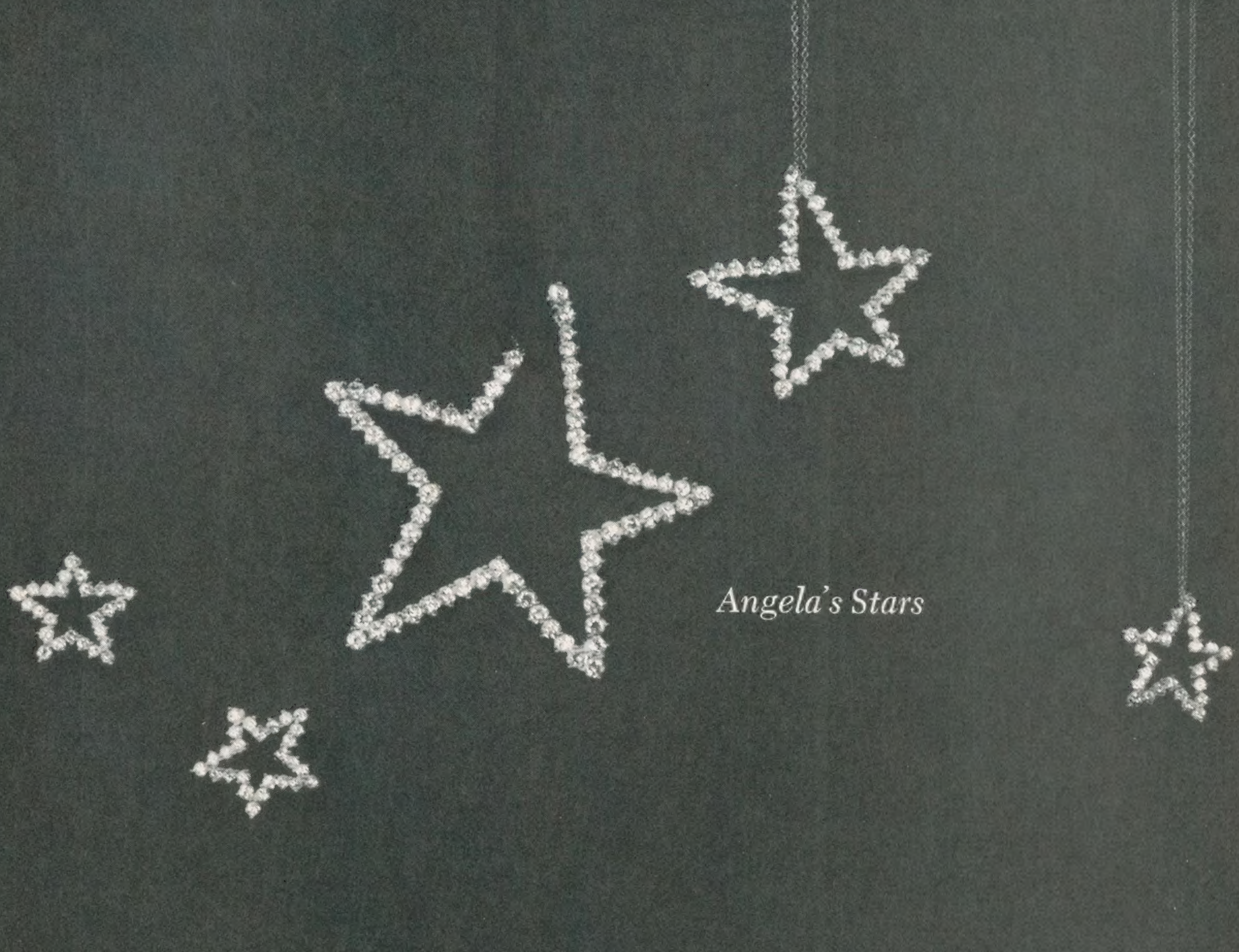
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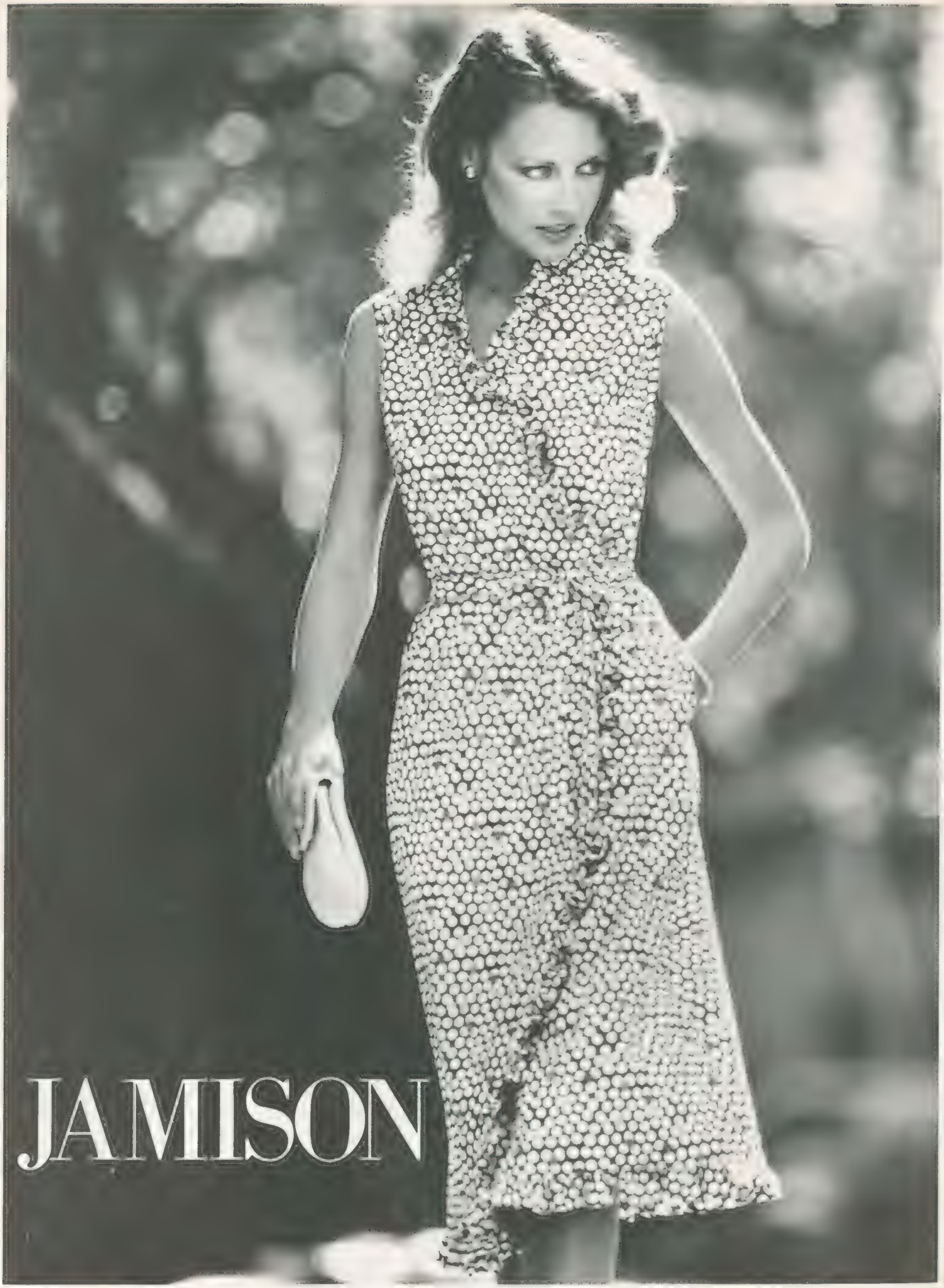
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Your Letters

Freedom and fashion

Re: "Your clothes: what they tell about your politics." September, 1979 . . .

The gruesome description of what has happened to women in Iran (again forced through intimidation into purdah) makes the polemics of fashion all the more poignant. How well I recall Vogue's beautiful photographs of former Empress Farah; now, that image is frighteningly extinct in the light of the present regime. The women who fought for freedom in last year's revolution were hopelessly betrayed. How quickly mankind reverts to old ways of repression when given a chance. . . .

Rosalind Ellis
New York, NY

Art and accuracy

First, thank you for supporting excellence and creativity in commercial photography. I particularly look forward to seeing the work of Guy Bourdin.

Judith Goldman's article in the August issue, "Powers in the Art Mart," was disappointing. Six dealers, all male, are featured. That they wield great power is undeniable. And their importance goes quite beyond the heartlessness of show and sell. But why are none of their female counterparts present?

Peggy Guggenheim and Betty Parsons are mentioned among the list of "early dealers"; but their brave roles in checking visibility for the budding American abstract expressionists in the 'fifties goes unremarked. Betty Parsons, who showed her own work only last year, is an active influence in the art world.

Ms. Goldman need not have searched very far to find other female figures in that sphere. Virginia Zabriskie, Jill Kornblee, Rosa Esman, Patricia Hamilton, Caril Dreyfuss are all within a glance from Betty Parsons' gallery. Marilyn Fischbach still participates in the gallery that bears her name . . . synonymous with avant-garde in the 'sixties.

Downtown women are a conspicuous presence in running the art market. There the gallery scene is dominated by Nancy Hoffman, Paula Cooper, and Holly Solomon. Ms. Goldman misses a grand opportunity by omitting Holly *(Continued on page 134)*

enter Chloé

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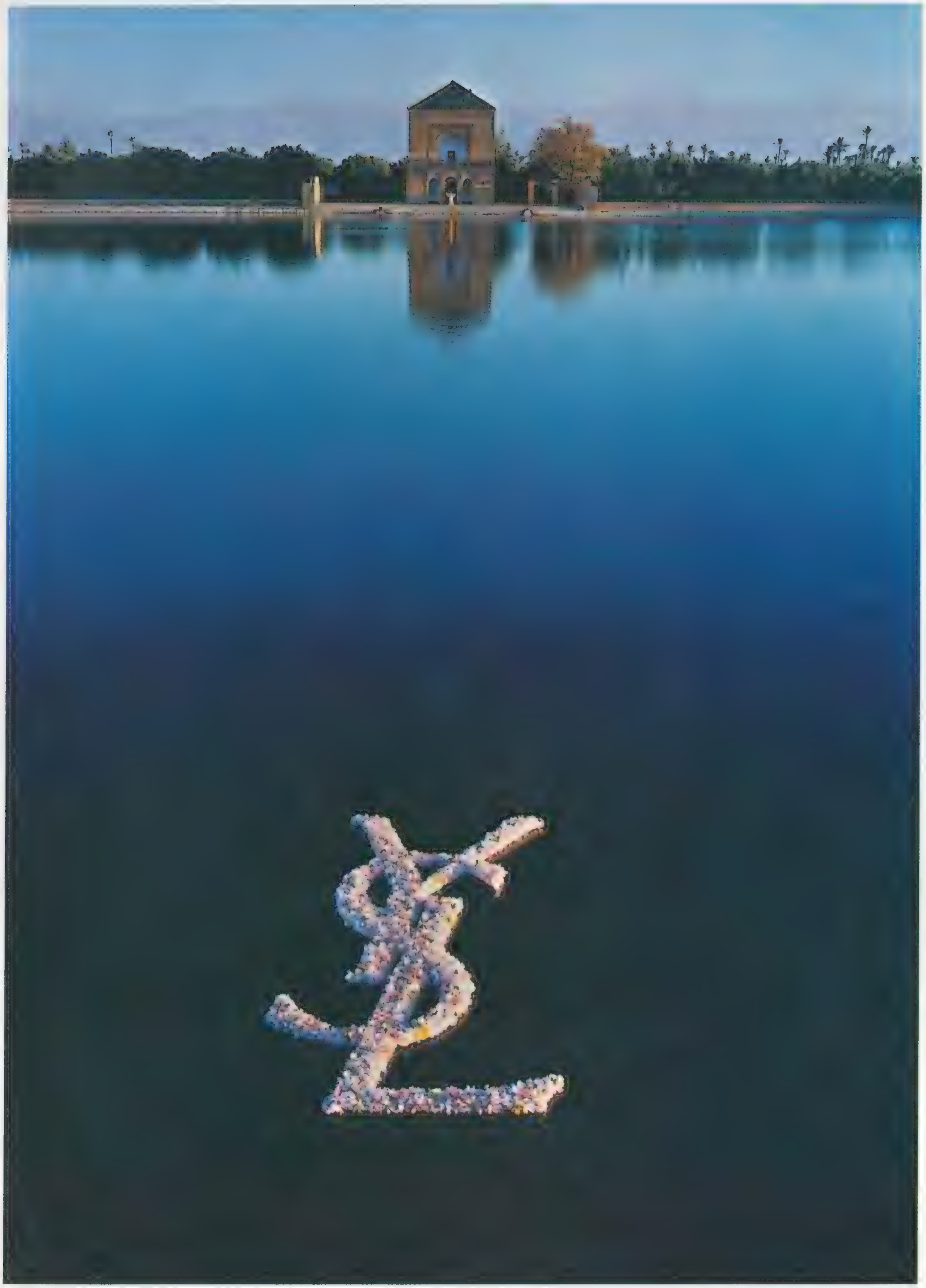
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MOVIES

By Amy Gross

Wise Blood
Directed by John Huston
If *Wise Blood* did nothing more than send us back to Flannery O'Connor's 1952 book, we would be *obliged*, as its protagonist might say. Here is a reverent movie adaptation of the first novel by an American writer whose name cues us to expect the most exquisitely taut stories, chilled by impassively eyed horrors, full of the passions, populated by grotesques. Directed by John Huston (*The African Queen, Beat the Devil, The Misfits,* etc., etc.,) the film has a respect for the mysteries that is, to put it simply, rare.

The world of *Wise Blood* is the South, Tennessee, a world of sidewalk evangelists hawking salvation, threatening damnation. A young man (Brad Dourif) with an odd look, fierce and fragile, moves through this world: the light is harsh and thin, faces are poor, wary, dull, mean, lying. The young man, Hazel Motes, moves on the narrow track of a life-or-death mission. Grandson of a thundering preacher (played in lurid-colored flashbacks by John Huston himself), Hazel was fired early by notions of original sin and harassed by an unappeasable guilt. He thinks to resolve his soul's agony by defiance. "I'm member and preacher," he grimaces to the pitifully few stragglers he attracts on a street—"to that church where the blind don't see and the lame don't walk and what's dead stays that way."


BRIGITTE LACOMBE/JASON

House-husband Dustin Hoffman vs. ex-housewife Meryl Streep, in "Kramer vs. Kramer."

God-obsessed as a saint, burning furiously in his twisted purity, Hazel blindly threads through a hell of Bosch-like characters. Asa Hawks (a grimly focused performance by Harry Dean Stanton), a fake "blind" preacher whom Hazel must torment, test, and his daughter Sabbath Lily (Amy Wright) who pesters Hazel with her lust for him. A landlady who wants Hazel and couldn't tell you why. A lonely, moronic boy whose "wise blood" tells him what to do and it is always awful. The disciple (Ned Beatty) who hopes to cash in on the novelty of Hazel's "Church Without Christ" (the most "up-to-date" church, the disciple smilingly assures the crowd he's attracted to Hazel. "There's nothing or nobody ahead of you, nobody knows nothing you don't know").

There is a bizarre, only-in-the-South sort of epiphany, and a final transformation in Hazel Motes so poignant we will be interested in whatever Brad Dourif does next. Still, one leaves *Wise Blood* with a certain sense of flatness. A sprightly version of "The Tennessee Waltz," underlining the Funny Parts, is used, one guesses, to imply high jinx and to lighten the mood. It does. We relax, the last thing in the world we want to do. One turn tighter on the spring, and this movie would be the wonder the book is. It is a considerable achievement to have come this close.

By Joan Juliet Buck

Kramer vs. Kramer
Directed by Robert Benton; starring Meryl Streep and Dustin Hoffman
This is a rare and moving film about marriage, divorce, child custody, and changing sex roles. It is also a film about love. Joanna Kramer, stifled by eight years of marriage, hands in her credit cards and leaves her husband to find herself as a working woman; he remains at home with their six-year-old son and, despite himself, finds himself as a human being. Ted Kramer is aggressive, ambitious, superficial: His days are a stream of events that will propel him further up the ladder of success. His idea of fun is working late at the office. In the emptiness that follows his wife's departure, he tries to cope jauntily with his new responsibility as single parent, bravely attempting French toast so that his son will perceive his mother's absence as a kind of treat. The kid won't swallow that, and it is only with time that Kramer learns the requirements for parenthood: constancy, punctuality, patience, tolerance: old-fashioned virtues. By the time he and the boy are living in harmony, his wife reappears and demands the son back.

Dustin Hoffman gives the best performance of his career—fumbling with the demands of child rearing, he's funny and touching, frantic in his agitation, and terrified of being found unfit. His descent from live-wire executive to *Kinder* and *Küche* father is heroic; and though one can object to the film's simplistic thesis that anyone who really loves a child is bound to lose his business touch, Ted Kramer's transformation is completely believable.

But then so is Joanna's: Meryl Streep's performance makes the character altogether appealing. Wearing an expression of wary determination, she makes her case for getting her child back so convincing that it appears suddenly obvious that the two are fighting not over the child, but over the right to be a mother. There are no easy answers in this film. The dice are loaded on both sides, and the entirely wonderful young actor who plays the boy (Justin Henry) further complicates the issue: He's blond and straight haired like Streep, but he's got sloping shoulders and a stooping walk just like Hoffman. How do you divide that up?

ART

By David Bourdon

Old Master Paintings from the Collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza
National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC; through February 17
Art pilgrims who are immune to gorgeous lakes, picture-book mountains, and northern



Art pilgrims can pay homage to Zurbarán's "Saint Agnes" in Washington, DC this month.

Italian cuisine tend to bypass Lugano, one of the prettiest places in Europe. In doing so, they miss out on one of the most spectacular collections of Old Master paintings—the private collection of Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza, which is housed in the Villa Favorita at Castagnola on the Swiss side of the lake. The collection is open to the public only a few days a week. Now, through the generosity of the Baron, the collection makes its debut in this country as fifty-seven of its paintings begin a two-year national tour.

The works on view represent a five-hundred-year period, from the early fourteenth century (Duccio's "Christ and the Samaritan Woman at the Fountain") to the early nineteenth century (Goya). In an exhibition that is virtually all highlights and surprises, it is difficult to say what stands out. Carpaccio's exquisite "Young Knight in a Landscape" is certainly a major attraction; but so are Memling's "Portrait of a Young Man," Titian's "Portrait of Doge Francesco Venier," Fragonard's "The Seesaw," and Watteau's enchanting group portrait of *commedia dell'arte* figures in "Pierrot Content."

The collection offers a concise history of great portraiture, featuring major works by Antonello da Messina, Palma Vecchio, Tintoretto, Altdorfer, Hans Baldung-Grien, and Rembrandt, among others. Religious subjects include choice examples by Fra Bartolommeo, Giovanni di Paolo, Jan van Eyck, Jan Gossaert, Juan de Flandes, Lucas Cranach, El Greco, and Zurbarán.

The Thyssen collection of Old Master paintings was begun in the 1920s by the pre-

(What's News, continued on page 42)

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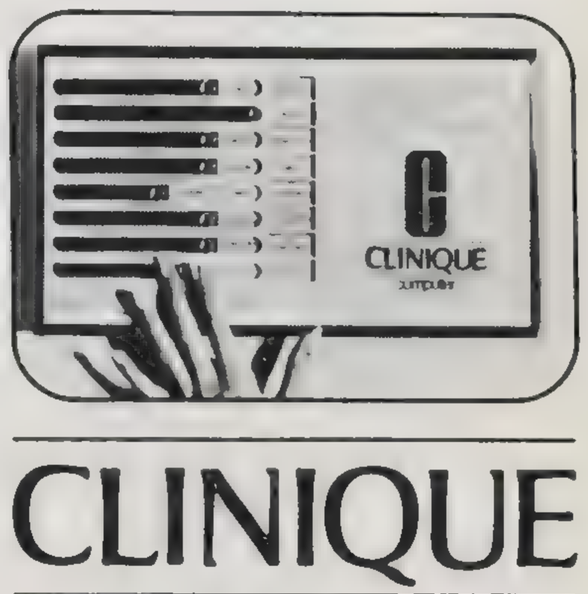
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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

sent Baron's father, who died in 1947. The Baron shares his father's passion for art and, since 1950, has considerably enlarged the collection, which also contains Impressionist, modern, and contemporary paintings, as well as silver, furniture, carpets, and other art objects. One of the early German paintings in the current exhibition (Bernhard Striegel's "Annunciation to St. Anne and St. Joachim") was acquired only last year.

This show, certain to be one of the major art events of the year, travels to Detroit, Minneapolis, Cleveland, and other U.S. cities.

Christo: Urban Projects
Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, DC; through January 4
Christo's most famous exploits involved huge chunks of landscape: the mile-long "Wrapped Coast" in Australia, the canyon-spanning "Valley Curtain" in Colorado, and the twenty-four-mile-long "Running Fence" in northern California. In addition to those rural extravaganzas, Christo has devised numerous projects for urban spaces. They, too, require ample amounts of fabric, often to shroud buildings, monuments, and bridges. The monumental wrappings are deliberately temporary, almost always visually striking, and often controversial.

This exhibition, organized by the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art, contains studies for more than twenty projects for locales from Kansas City to West Berlin. About half of the projects have been realized, including the wrapping of museums in Bern and Chicago, of monuments in Milan and Spoleto, Italy. Others remain to be realized: swathing three hundred and eighty trees along the Champs-Elysées and wrapping the multi-arched Pont Neuf, in Paris, and shrouding the Reichstag in West Berlin.

The preparatory studies consist of Christo's meticulously crafted drawings, collages, and scale models. The drawings have a soft-focus, impressionistic quality, the skittering strokes evoking a fleeting apparition. The collages often have fabric affixed on photographic backgrounds to simulate folds and shadows and to heighten the illusion of the envisioned project. For those who think of Christo as strictly an entrepreneur, the discovery that he can draw will be a revelation.

Christo's ability to convert a familiar urban landmark into a striking art manifestation was demonstrated in October 1978 in Kansas City, where he wrapped the pathways of Jacob L. Loose Memorial Park in reflective yellow-gold cloth. Strangers felt compelled to tell one another about what the project meant to them and why it was or was not a work of art. Long before the talk died down, the gold wrappings vanished on schedule and the "Wrapped Walk Ways" project ceased to exist, except as an invigorating memory.

MORE ART:

Atget's Gardens: Jacqueline Onassis and Washington museum official William Howard Adams guest-curated this exhibition of park views and garden-scapes by the great French photographer, Eugène Atget (1857-1927), best known until now for documenting Paris street scenes in the early years of this century; at New York's International Center of Photography, through January 6. The exhibition is accompanied by a handsome book (Doubleday, $19.95/$9.95).

BOOKS

By Allene Talmey



Janet Flanner's uncollected writings, now a book: "elegant, vituperative . . . modern"

Janet Flanner's World: Uncollected Writings 1932-1975
(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)
Superlatives seem too dim to describe the magnificence of Janet Flanner's writing. These previously uncollected pieces, which were published in *The New Yorker* between the years 1932 and 1975, are cutting, racy, poignant, and ardent. Among the eighty selections in this book, the one that stands out most is the piece dated February 29, 1936, and titled "Führer." Of the thousands of articles written about Hitler, none is better. "Dictator of a nation devoted to splendid sausages, cigars, beer, and babies, Adolf Hitler is a vegetarian, teetotaler, nonsmoker, and celibate." He is also, Flanner says, a man with "a limited mind" who faints at the sight of blood, is kind to animals, and has "a sweet tooth." Writing about him, Flanner is relentlessly calm. Her prose is easygoing, packed with fact, and loaded with comment on (among other topics) the exceptional women devoted to Hitler—including two wildly enthusiastic English sisters.

Equally fat with fact is her piece on Vienna nightlife, dated July 19, 1947. There, she disarmingly wrote that the Viennese are "certain that the Germans organize everything better, even defeat." Part of Flanner's fearless success, gallant and intrepid, lies in the simplicity of her style.

Elegant, soothing, vituperative, and curiously modern, *Janet Flanner's World* is a ferocious, deep, indelible, penetrating, and sometimes ecstatic book. It is also seemly and funny. At the end of a cataclysmic year, reading the work of Janet Flanner is like a present, happy as Christmas.

The Americans
By Alistair Cooke (Alfred A. Knopf)
How supremely comfortable it is to read fifty talks, some of them wrong-headed. In this new book, Americans finally have a chance to read some of the thirteen-and-a-half-minute radio talks about America that Cooke has been broadcasting in Britain for over thirty years. Among the subjects covered: race riots, Thanksgiving, vigilantes, Vietnam, Watergate, the Establishment, love, Spiro Agnew,

(What's News, continued on page 45)



Reach out. Reach out and touch someone.

You're finally going to visit Joan. You haven't seen her for two years, ever since she took that glamorous job on the west coast. You kept in touch by phone, though. Fun, wasn't it, calling each other to chat about clothes and dates. Wonderful how the telephone can keep faraway friends close. Reach out and touch someone who's waiting to share your day.

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CHANEL

the golfing of President Ford, and the United States reception of Mrs. Margaret Thatcher.

It is difficult for Americans to read Cooke's 1972 opinion of "the Watergate Caper." He likens the event—which, to his English eyes, appears trivial—to the political demise of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, who "ultimately bored the Senate, and it buried him." In 1974, two years after his broadcast on Watergate, Cooke took a very different view of the matter. For he knew that the melodrama, the decision to let the Judiciary Committee's hearing be televised, was godsent, that President Nixon had preferred the cagey to the true.

Somehow, it is cheering to learn of President Gerald Ford in a mountain retreat cooking his own breakfast—this at a time when the Department of Commerce was telling him he'd have to shell out another $300 million for public transportation, and when he was receiving daily dispatches about a civil war in Angola and clashes between the Afghans and Pakistanis.

These talks are meant to be listened to, not just read; they are, above all, light in tone, no matter how serious the subject. They are informative, they are disturbing, they are easy to read, they are sad, but they are never malicious. *The Americans* is an altogether captivating, extremely efficient look at what has happened to us.

MORE BOOKS:

From My Mother's Kitchen: Recipes and Remembrances by Mimi Sheraton (Harper and Row). Although Mimi Sheraton's mother is the heroine of this savory book, the superheroine is her grandmother, whose recipes formed the basis of good cooking for everybody who ate her delectable food. Mixed in with the recipes are the details of Sheraton's life with its "eating out and above all eating in"—a life that includes Sunday dinners, funerals, Passover, and the joys of being sick in bed. No one I know makes her grandmother's fermented beet juice—called, quite plainly, Russell: All it takes is about ten pounds of beets and water.

Among Miss Sheraton's irresistible recipes are those for oyster stew, cold fried fish with a touch of cinnamon, squab or cornish chicken stuffed with rice. For those who have simpler tastes, there is a recipe for pan-broiled hamburgers and homemade bagels. A deliciously discriminating, pungent, and nippy book.

RECORDINGS

By David Sargent

Every year the record companies favor us with a variety of releases meant for the holiday season. This year's offerings range from Deutsche Grammophon Archive's new version of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* to Vanguard's *To Drive the Cold Winter Away: A Fireside Presentation of Music for Merrymaking Down the Ages*, to RCA's disk of John Denver and The Muppets, *A Christmas Together*.

But though its theme is not specifically Christmasy, it would still be difficult to think of an opera more suited in spirit to the holiday season than Engelbert Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, which has just received a lovely new recording on Columbia's Masterworks label. Humperdinck, whose name has been appropriated of late by a middle-of-the-road pop singer, was a considerable composer of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. A disciple of Richard Wagner, he even composed a snippet of Wagner's last opera, *Parsifal*, when Wagner was too busy to attend to the extension of an interlude to make time for a scene change.



The voice of Frederica von Stade adds magic to newly recorded opera "Hansel and Gretel."

Hansel and Gretel suits the holiday season because it's full of games and angels and gingerbread. What remains in the

(What's News, continued on page 46)

WHERE TO EAT NOW

Le Plaisir

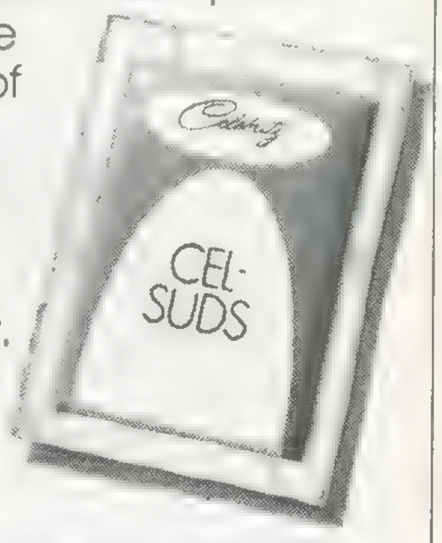


Manhattan's Le Plaisir began about a year ago as Claude's; and success, gastronomical and social, was instantaneous. Then Claude, a genius chef, suddenly departed, taking his famed name with him. Now, miracle of miracles, here is Le Plaisir, even more glorious: the dining room flatteringly peachy-pink, the cuisine delicately delicious, an elegant, highly individual version of "nouvelle" by chefs Masataka Kaboyashi and Emmanuel Sender (pictured *right*, Kaboyashi standing, Sender seated). Le Plaisir is, in short, one of New York's great restaurants. Color, texture, essential goodness and enhancement of ingredients—those are the concerns at Le Plaisir. Examples: exquisitely slender homemade green noodles lavishly flocked with black truffles; a rose-blush breast of duck married to pale green figs; individual soufflés—bitter chocolate, winter-white apple, the latter with a boat of luscious sauce—calvados zabaglione—the best in town. —Leo Lerman

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

memory is not the somber Grimm fairy tale on which the opera is based, but the celestial hymn of thanksgiving at the end.

The opera has been well favored on records. Herbert von Karajan made a lovely version some years back with Elisabeth Grümmer and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf in the title roles; but that's out of print now. There are nice versions in the current catalogue conducted by Kurt Eichhorn, Sir Georg Solti, and André Cluytens, plus an old Metropolitan Opera version in English on the budget Odyssey label. But it's safe to say that the opera has never been so strongly cast on records as it is in the new Columbia release. The title roles are handled with charm and vocal allure by Frederica von Stade and Ileana Cotrubas; the roles of the parents are undertaken sturdily by Siegmund Nimsgern and Christa Ludwig—although Ludwig does get a little shrill, here and there. Kiri Te Kanawa is the opulently cast Sandman, and Ruth Welting the Dew Fairy. But the best piece of casting of all is Elisabeth Söderström as the Witch. This is a part sometimes turned over to actresses (Anna Russell, with the New York City Opera, for instance) or even men (Andrea Velis at the Met), although there is no sign Humperdinck would have approved of that. Söderström really *sings* the music, yet acts it, too, in a manner both wicked and witty. John Pritchard conducts the Gürzenich Orchestra of Cologne and the Children's Chorus of the Cologne Opera.

MORE RECORDINGS:

Grieg, complete incidental music to "Peer Gynt," with Per Dreier conducting the London Symphony Orchestra (Unicorn). Two fine disks of short pieces, far more than that encountered in either the familiar suites or even the previous "complete" recordings.

TV

By Diane English

When TV drama comes to life...

Television has changed a great deal in the last decade, and the fact that it has changed for the better has never been more apparent than this month. December is always a special month for programming; but this December—the last in a ten-year period that has seen everything from talking horses to bionic crime-fighters—you'll see a new maturity that's beginning to pervade prime time.

Once again, drama is the key. Of course, there are the perennial Como, Hope, and Martin variety hours. But drama this holiday season is different. While the film industry continues to produce blockbuster extravaganzas, television is opting for the smaller stories, about real people, about things that matter in real life. Case in point: CBS's *The Gift*, a two-hour adaptation of Pete Hamill's novel of an estranged father and son searching for common ground. The setting is the Brooklyn neighborhood of Hamill's own boyhood, a background of mottled tenements, fire escapes, and stoops. What a welcome

(What's News, continued on page 51)

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

relief from the sameness of Los Angeles streets and studios! This is what television aims for now—the stuff of real life.

The Gift stars Gary Frank and Glenn Ford, who both log in not-to-be-missed performances. As an actor with a continuing role on ABC's *Family* series, Mr. Frank is an example of the top-notch kind of talent television is capable of nurturing. And Mr. Ford is only one of many major performers who have been attracted to the medium recently by the significant increase in challenging roles. Add to that list, for this month alone: Julie Harris (*The Gift*), Colleen Dewhurst (*Mary and Joseph: A Story of Love*, NBC), Billy Dee Williams (*Christmas Lilies of the Field*, NBC), and Mary Martin (*Valentine*, ABC).

Also new this month: Kristy McNichol and Warren Oates star in *My Old Man*, suggested by Ernest Hemingway's short story (CBS). Throughout the decade, we've seen the medium wrestle with almost every kind of book and story, from Harold Robbins novels to major epics like James Michener's *Centennial*. This was the decade in which the miniseries was born. But it's heartening to know that there can be a place for a gentle little story like this. The theme here is no bigger than father-and-daughter love. But this is how television tells us about a new kind of security.

The unlikely heroine of CBS's *Aunt Mary* is an elderly handicapped woman who, in the 1950s, coached a gang of Baltimore neighborhood toughs into a winning sandlot baseball team. This is the *true* story of Mary Dobkin, who has since gone on to coach hundreds of youngsters, including many professional athletes. Jean Stapleton is Aunt Mary, and for those long-time *All in the Family* fans—you haven't lost an Edith Bunker, you've gained an actress of impressive range.

Television *has* changed; but a large measure of fantasy and escapist programming is still a given. This is the fate of a medium that must please millions of people. The difference now is that, for the first time, there's a balance. And that balance is the best gift TV could give us this holiday season.

MORE TV:

William Faulkner: A Life on Paper (PBS, December 17, 8-10 P.M.). This fascinating two-hour documentary dissects the workings of one of America's greatest authors. Lauren Bacall, Howard Hawks, Tennessee Williams, and other friends and relations (including Faulkner's daughter Jill) provide insight into the man. Dramatizations from six of his works illustrate his genius. Narrated by Raymond Burr.

The Joy of Bach (PBS, December 23, 8-9 P.M.). The influence of Johann Sebastian Bach on two centuries of serious and popular music is interspersed with biography. Host Brian Blessed is said to be a Bach look-alike (but who would know?), Yehudi Menuhin pays tribute on the violin, while Virgil Fox gives a fugue the psychedelic treatment on a synthesizer.

John Denver and the Muppets: A Christmas Together (ABC, December 25). John Denver usually turns out a pleasant and well-produced show. Add the magic of Jim Henson's Muppets to this one. Kermit and Miss Piggy are more recognized around the world than almost any other American film or television stars.

(What's News, continued on page 52)



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WHAT'S COMING NEWS, WHAT'S

COLLECTING

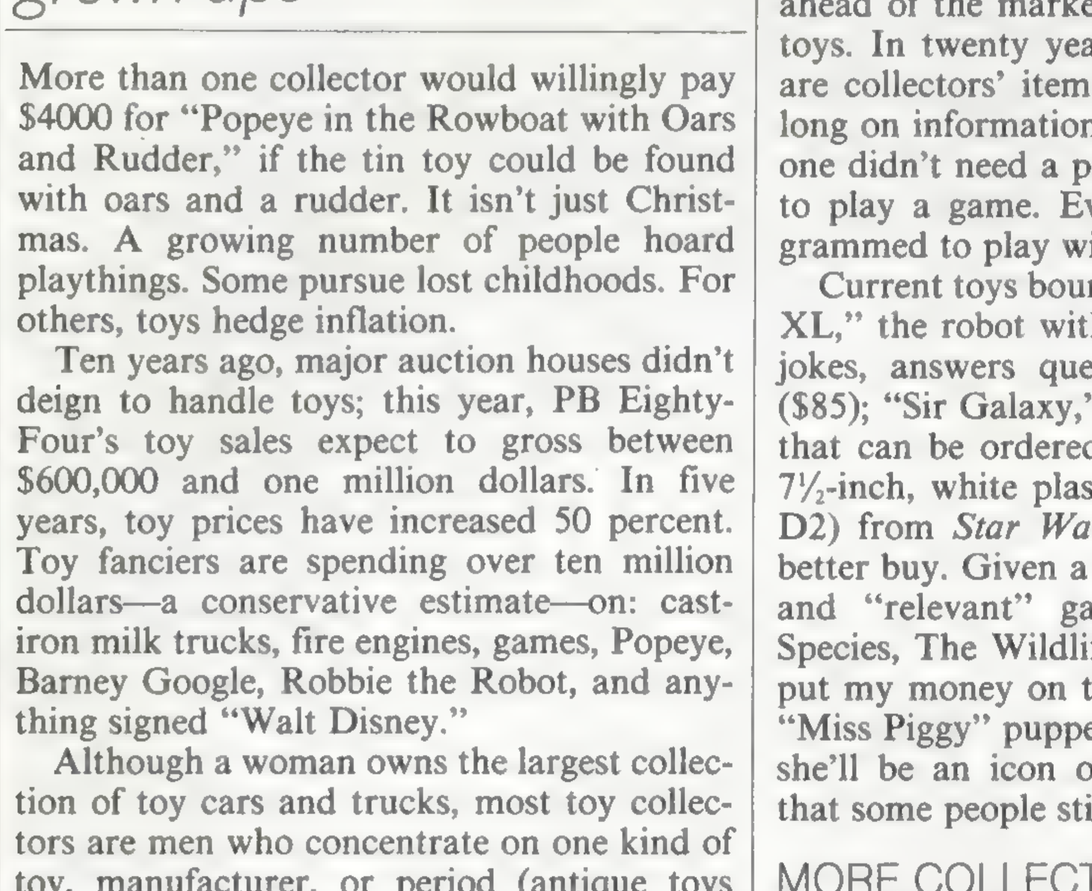
By Judith Goldman

Toys for grown-ups

More than one collector would willingly pay $4000 for "Popeye in the Rowboat with Oars and Rudder," if the tin toy could be found with oars and a rudder. It isn't just Christmas. A growing number of people hoard playthings. Some pursue lost childhoods. For others, toys hedge inflation.

Ten years ago, major auction houses didn't deign to handle toys; this year, PB Eighty-Four's toy sales expect to gross between $600,000 and one million dollars. In five years, toy prices have increased 50 percent. Toy fanciers are spending over ten million dollars—a conservative estimate—on: cast-iron milk trucks, fire engines, games, Popeye, Barney Google, Robbie the Robot, and anything signed "Walt Disney."

Although a woman owns the largest collection of toy cars and trucks, most toy collectors are men who concentrate on one kind of toy, manufacturer, or period (antique toys made before 1930, old toys produced prior to 1950, and new toys spawned by *Star Wars*). Toys seldom attract generalists. Acquirers of Mickey Mouse do not necessarily buy Minnie. Devotées of tin toys seldom accumulate games; and experts consider certain toys with vast followings—dolls, toy trains, and miniatures—separate collecting fields.



Depression fighters: tin toys from the 1930s, such as these Amos and Andy figures, warm the heart—and hedge inflation.

Fashions in toys reflect the movies, TV, and the ages and occupations of the collectors. Artists fancy Mickey Mouse. His shape inspired Claes Oldenburg's sculpture; illustrator and writer Maurice Sendak, who oversees a vast Disney collection, was born in 1928, the same year as Mickey. Vintage Mickeys are hard to come by; the Old Master work of the old-toy world, a vintage Mickey can cost more per ounce than gold.

Tin toys from the 1920s and '30s made by Ferdinand Strauss and Louis Marx are giving Mickey a run for his money. The generation that grew up on Sunday funnies pay high prices for former heroes. A 1930s' "Little Orphan Annie" windup recently sold for $240 at auction. The musical *Annie* revived interest in the toys that once cost 99¢; and news of Robert Altman's forthcoming *Popeye* film, featuring Robin Williams and a Jules Feiffer screenplay, has skyrocketed the muscle man's market. ("The great advantage of tin toys," according to collector Robert Lesser, "is that they can't be faked. Cartoon images are owned and protected by newspaper syndicates and tin has been outlawed as a material for toys.")

A myriad of toys are available for under $100. Space toys from the time of Sputnik on remain reasonable. Collectors, who stay ahead of the market, concentrate on today's toys. In twenty years, when this year's toys are collectors' items, they'll reveal a society long on information, short on fantasy, where one didn't need a partner, real or imaginary, to play a game. Even chess sets come programmed to play with you.

Current toys bound for future auctions: "2-XL," the robot with a personality, who tells jokes, answers questions, and plays music ($85); "Sir Galaxy," a radio-controlled robot that can be ordered (around $100). But the 7½-inch, white plastic "Artoo-Deetoo" (R2-D2) from *Star Wars* is, at $16, probably a better buy. Given a choice, I'd bypass robots and "relevant" games—like "Endangered Species, The Wildlife Survival Game,"—and put my money on the big-eyed, silver-haired "Miss Piggy" puppet ($17). In the year 2000, she'll be an icon of zany inelegance, proof that some people still knew how to play.

MORE COLLECTING:

PB Eighty-Four, New York, sells old toys, trains, music boxes, mechanical banks and other childhood treasures on December 5 and 6. The best places to find old toys are specialty shops: for example, New York's Second Childhood, a tiny toyland where a Doberman pinscher guards the door. Search toy shows, and read about toys and shows in *Antique Toy World*, published monthly from Chicago (subscriptions, $10 a year).

DANCE

By Holly Brubach

David Gordon—words to dance by

Just why it is that words and movement seem at odds by nature remains a mystery. As a score, words—whether spoken or sung—often overshadow the dancing. But in David Gordon's dances there is no contest: he makes words and movement work together, each commenting on the other. This month, under the auspices of the Dance Umbrella, Gordon and his wife, Valda Setterfield, with the Pick-Up Company, will present *The Matter*, December 4, 6, 8, and 9, at Camera Mart/Stage One in New York. (At Margaret Jenkins Studio, San Francisco; Dec. 30-Jan. 30.)

Gordon is by no means the first choreographer to explore the relationship between speaking and dancing. Kenneth King, for one, has made dances about subjects so diverse—and specific—as the World Trade Center and Susanne Langer's philosophy. But King, however interesting a dancer, is a



Choreographer David Gordon: he tightrope-walks the line between words and movement.

semeiologist at heart, more fascinated by relationships between words themselves than between words and movement. Among others, Twyla Tharp has at times made good use of song lyrics—the Beach Boys score for her *Deuce Coupe II*, for example—to set up humor, with movement that elaborates on the song. George Balanchine is notoriously wary of words—both spoken and printed—and the power they wield over movement, the way a program note or a lyric, even a remark in passing, can "pin" down a dance and all its possible interpretations to a single meaning. As Balanchine makes ballets "about" music and dancing—and the relationship between them, David Gordon makes dances about words and movement—and their relationship. Though both choreographers walk a line between two subjects, the fact is that, faced with the decision, both come out on the side of the dancing. In Gordon's case, this involves making the movement as specific as the words, then doing an about-face and revealing the words to be as ambiguous as the movement. In *What Happened*, the dancers act out their speeches as they recite them, with each word assigned a movement: Arms cradle an imaginary "baby," a handshake signifies a friend. It is when a hand drawn over the face comes to stand for "avail," and eye for "I," that we are made aware of the discrepancy between what we see and what we hear. Some words have the exact same sound but different meanings; it's all a question of context. As is dancing.

In *Wordsworth and the Motor*, Gordon leads us through Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy, movement for word, with pantomimed "slings and arrows." Fine, until the last line—"Aye, there's the rub," an oh-my-aching-back rub—when Shakespeare's high-flown poetry is shot to the ground.

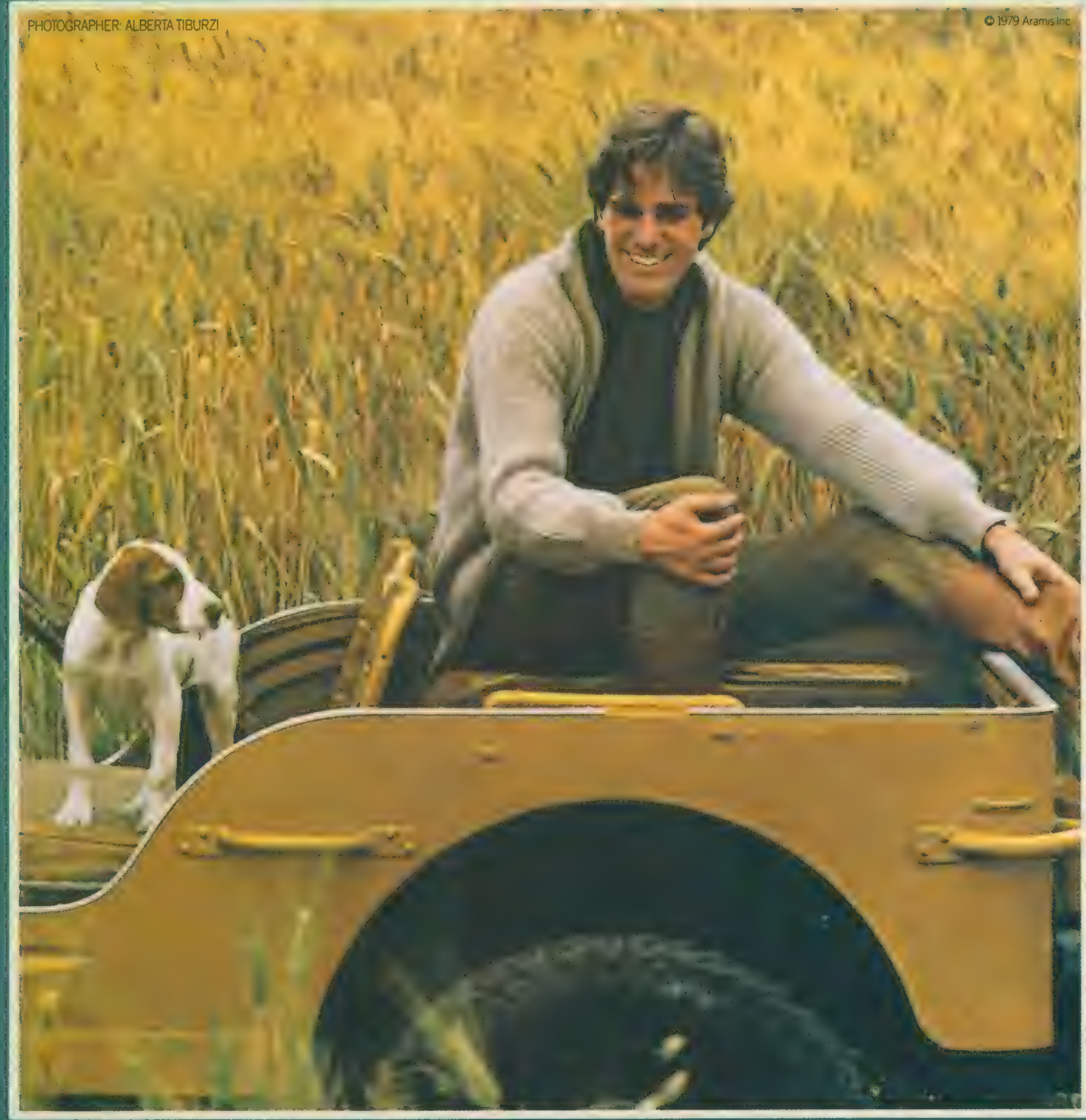
What makes all of this so charming in performance is the deadpan delivery, the dancers' seeming unconcern with the meaning of their speeches. That, and Gordon's ingenuousness—he walks the line between words and movement the way kids tightrope-walk a curb to test their balance.

MORE DANCE:

"From Hollywood to Harlem," tap dancing by some leading exponents—among them The Nicholas Brothers, famous for their "step" routine—with Dizzy Gillespie and Joe Carroll making music. Brooklyn Academy of Music, Dec. 29, 30.

PHOTOGRAPHER: ALBERTA TIBURZI

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Between Us

Moms you can rent...books you can hear...multiple helps with money problems

By Lorraine Davis

RENT-A-WHAT?

As an overworked divorcée with two young children whose own mother was miles away, Lorna Billhime often threatened to "rent a mom" when teenage babysitters failed her or the house got out of hand. Her children are in their teens now; but last spring Ms. Billhime found time to open her own business: Rent-A-Mom/Rent-A-Dad, Ltd., an agency that happily matches elderly women and men in need of occupation and purpose in life with young families or single people in need of baby sitting, light housekeeping, gardening, repairs, any task that you would delegate to your own parent (it's not a maid service). Though forty-year-old Lorna still works as a sales representative for an airline and a trucking firm while "moms" man her telephone in Northlake, Illinois, Rent-A-Mom is burgeoning in the Chicago suburbs, with branches and licensed outposts in the offing. Recruited from retirement homes and senior citizens' clubs, rental moms and dads choose their own part-time hours, often help out several families at once, working in their own neighborhoods so that transportation is easy on foot or public bus. Hourly rates may be adjusted to the client's income.

Lorna Billhime at first sought state support for her project with the elderly; but, when official red tape reined her to a crawl, she dashed ahead on her own with a bare $5000 capital—just enough for incorporation, insurance, and bonding. With clients clamoring for her service and a vast under-employed over-fifty population to hire from, the future looks good. . . . Just another example of an enterprising woman's turning a problem into a profit!

THE EXAMINED LIFE

Maybe it's because she has six children (remember those stories about Rose Kennedy's card file?) that Margaret Ann Marden, a registered nurse in Waterville, Maine, devised *Personal Records: The New York Times Book of Lifetime History* (Times Books). A large soberly bound volume, this *aide-memoire* gives you a recording place for every conceivable personal fact from the minute of birth onwards—genealogical, medical, insurance, investment, travel, legal, academic—with homilies by experts on why various records should be kept. If you're still scrabbling through shoe boxes in search of vaccination records, this book is a stress-reducer. And when you write your memoirs, it should prove invaluable.

BOOKS IN YOUR EARS

If your time for reading has been "traded off" in favor of career-bolstering homework or figure-shaping jogging, you can still enjoy books aurally, using those minutes and hours you must spend in your car, on planes and trains, even while doing—horrors!—housework. Two sources of books on tape: SBI Publishers In Sound, Willow Street, South Lee MA 01260, has recorded works by such women as Anaïs Nin, Nora Ephron, Jill Robinson, Mary Gordon, Doris Lessing. The Sound Editions tapes provide books on extended-time cassettes that play twice as long as the standard kind (at half-speed) on a specially adapted player/recorder that also handles regular tapes. An all-woman company, Everett/Edwards, Inc., P.O. Box 1060, Deland FL 32720, has a wide selection of cassettes by scholars, poets, lecturers in women's studies and discussions of works of major women novelists.

PRESSING THE UNIVERSITY PRESSES

WISP: the acronym is mnemonic but hardly descriptive. There was nothing wispy about the energetic, farsighted women who formed the organization called Women In Scholarly Publishing some months ago in Salt Lake City, during the annual conference of the American Association of University Presses. Distressed because the Association was meeting in a state that has not ratified the Equal Rights Amendment, a group of five women working for university presses had polled women delegates about joining a women's caucus. The resulting meeting of interested women explored goals for the group: sharing job information, creating a support network, forming a power base to work against sex discrimination in the university-press field.

Though the members of WISP feel that women in their firms are underrepresented on the top management levels and not always paid as well as the men, they do recognize the career possibilities of these small "farm team" publishers, where a beginner can learn what's going on in every department. "We're not radicals," said Barbara Ankeny, one of the group's founders, along with Joyce Kachergis and Carolyn Orr. "We're establishment women in scholarly publishing. We want to be effective carefully."

MONEY ON OUR MINDS

Help is expanding for those women, otherwise self-confident and capable, who regress into a confused paralysis when the topic is money. Programs are popping up in expected and unexpected places—from the YWCA to Macy's—to bring female financial savvy up to our other levels of competence:

- **Brides** have long turned to jewelers such as Cartier for silver information; but last summer, in New York, brides-to-be met at the Cartier shop to take part in a Financial Facts of Life Seminar, with panelists from Citibank. The women learned how to plan budgets, deal with stockbrokers, evaluate a mortgage, establish credit, apply for a loan. And, of special interest to this group, money writer Sylvia Auerbach discussed money's emotional role and "how to talk to your spouse about money without getting angry," suggesting a new vocabulary you might try: "budget" becomes "financial planning"; "spending money" becomes "my expense account"; "financial independence" is really "financial effectiveness."
- **Family finances** get a more specialized assist from Elizabeth Lewin, who began her own business, Budget Advisory Service, in Westport, Connecticut, two years ago. She can provide a family with foundation work in managing current expenses (even if it means having someone lock her credit cards in a safe-deposit box until all the bills are paid) before an estate planner tackles the more technical problems. Herself a divorcée with adolescent children, Ms. Lewin developed her interest in money management while studying toward a legal assistantship. Now she's a busy lecturer who teaches women how to plan for long-term goals. "Any good budget is not a straitjacket," she said.
- **Women in financial transition** can also find counseling at the Union Trust Company, in New Haven, Connecticut, where Joanne Bickel, a widow who found bank aid inadequate several years ago when she became executrix of her husband's estate, now is the coordinator of a service called Guidelines, as well as an assistant vice-president of Union Trust. With consultation, a kit of specially designed materials, a Resource Center for help in locating government agencies, and workshops and seminars, Guidelines provides advice on financial reorganization to people whose lives have been altered by death, divorce, marriage, retirement, or inheritance.
- **Loans without discrimination** and a way to save for self-sufficiency are offered by the New York Feminist Credit Union, 44 Carmine Street, NYC 10014. The Union also offers financial counseling and educational services for women on all money matters, sponsors a series of workshops—the next one beginning in January. Information: (212) 255-4664. Membership in the Union is open to nine women's groups, including NOW; you can join both with one application.



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band and case handsomely framing time in 18k gold. Both crafted by hand in Switzerland. Their Piagets become them.

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1929-1979: A CHRISTMAS TRADITION

BULLOCKS WILSHIRE



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WINES

Bottled stars: Champagnes at their brightest and best

By Barbara Ensrud

Peering down into the pale gold liquid shimmering in its crystal flute, I found it hard to believe that I was streaking through the atmosphere above the earth's surface at twice the speed of sound. The ride was so smooth that the strongest visible movements were the starry stems of bubbles weaving upward in my glass of Champagne. I was aboard the Concorde on my way to visit, among other places, the Champagne region of France. And, appropriately, I was getting myself into the proper mood with one of her best: Taittinger's Comtes de Champagne Blanc de Blancs, one of the twenty or so *cuvées spéciales* produced by the leading houses in Champagne.

My next glass of *le vin extraordinaire* was offered in a locale of the opposite extreme: two hundred feet beneath the city of Reims in the ancient chalk cellars of Ruinart, white vaulted underground cathedrals pitted like Gruyère from the days when the Romans used them as quarries nearly two thousand years ago. The house of Ruinart lays claim to being the oldest firm in Champagne. This year, they are celebrating their two hundred and fiftieth anniversary with a special *cuvée*—Dom Ruinart Blanc des Blancs 1973.

The man who appears to have started it all was the now-famous seventeenth-century monk, Dom Pérignon, cellar master in the Abbey of Hautvillers near Épernay. At the moment of discovery, he is said to have brought his fellow monks running with the cry, "Oh, come quickly, I am drinking stars." Le Dom didn't invent the bubbles—he devised the method for keeping them there. He discovered that in spring when all of nature began to awaken from winter dormancy the wine underwent a second fermentation in the bottle. Residual sugar and yeasts that had died down with the onset of cold weather the previous fall were reactivated, releasing carbon-dioxide gases that create the bubbles. Back then, most of the bottles exploded—a highly undesirable state of affairs—but by using heavier bottles to withstand the pressure and wiring the cork in place to secure it, Dom Pérignon hit upon the secret that enables us to launch ships, toast royal majesties, and usher in a new decade with flourish.

The gentle monk was also the first to experiment with blending the wines to achieve consistency and quality, a practice still followed in Champagne today. Champagne is usually a blend of wines from the black grapes of Pinot Noir (pressed separately from their color-rich skins to keep the wine a pale gold) and the white grape Chardonnay. As many as twenty different wines may be used. The *chef de caves* at each firm is a master blender with a fantastic palate memory, selecting wines from this part of the region or that to achieve the style of Champagne that his house is known for.

Further refinements of *la méthode champenoise* came, interestingly enough, through the efforts of a woman. The widow Clicquot, of Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin, searching to get rid of sediment naturally formed during second fermentation, discovered a way to stand the bottles upside down in special racks. Given a slight jiggle and turn each day by a specialist known as *le remueur*, the sediment gradually eased onto the cork where it was removed with minimal loss of wine—a process known as disgorgement.

"Style is what Champagne is all about"

Today, disgorgement is achieved by freezing the neck of the bottle in brine. When the temporary cap is removed, pressure from the base expels a lump of frozen sediment and wine. The lost wine is quickly replaced with a mixture of Champagne and sugar solution that determines the dryness. Brut, the driest and most popular, gets the least sugar, virtually indiscernible in most wines.

Style is what Champagne is really all about. The *chef de caves* at each house blends from many different vineyards to achieve the distinct personality that marks the house blend and sets it apart from others. The traditional blend is two-thirds Pinot Noir and one-third Chardonnay. The red grapes have more body and complexity, the white grapes more elegance and fruit. Up to 30 percent reserve from previous vintages is used to maintain consistency and make up for any deficiencies or excesses of the year's harvest. The differences in house styles are subtle but very noticeable when tasted side by side.

The style of a given house is determined primarily by its nonvintage Champagne and they proudly maintain its consistency. When the grapes of a particular vintage are exceptional, a vintage is declared. The *cuvées spéciales*—the "Super Champagnes"—come from the very top wines of a vintage year. They spend longer time on the yeast sediments before disgorgement than other Champagnes. Most get from two to four years of aging, the prestige *cuvées* get at least three and more often five, six, even eight. Longer time on the yeast sediments develops character and tiny, deep-set long-lasting bubbles that are the mark of fine Champagne.

The *cuvées spéciales* are some of the world's most expensive wines. They come in distinctive decorative bottles and with names that declare their grandeur. Laurent Perrier's Grand Siècle, Perrier-Jouët's Fleur de Champagne, Roederer's Cristal, Veuve Clicquot's La Grande Dame. The most famous, of course, is Moët et Chandon's Dom Pérignon—the household word for the best in Champagne.

No need for despair if you can't get Dom Pérignon, however. There are others you may like even better, especially if you go for the crisp green-apple-fruit elegance of blanc de blancs, Champagne made only from Chardonnay. These include Taittinger's Comtes de Champagne, Dom Ruinart, de Venoge's Champagne des Princes, Salon de Mesnil, and Charbaut's Certificate. Or you might try Roederer's Cristal, mostly Chardonnay; the 1973 unleashes a torrent of bubbles when you pop the cork.

I held a "blind" tasting (the labels and shapes of the bottles were completely hidden) of ten of the *cuvées spéciales* (those starred in the box below) in the company of several friends who love good Champagne and drink it often. Then we sat down to discuss the wines and unveil them after everyone had given their impressions. I asked the tasters to rank their top five choices. This produced such democratic results that it proved only how very good all the wines were. Bollinger's R.D. 1970, Clicquot's La Grande Dame 1973, Dom Pérignon 1971, Fleur de Champagne 1973, Charbaut 1971, and Grand Siècle 1973 each received one first-place vote. Dom Ruinart was the only wine to receive two first-place votes. Dom Pérignon and Grand Siècle got the majority of second-place votes. The rest were scattered fairly equally among the wines, except the Henriot. Though some appreciated its heavy-bodied fullness, it was not ranked among anyone's top five wines. I have liked it on other occasions, however, so I intend to give it another try. ▽

THE SUPER CHAMPAGNES

Here are the *cuvées spéciales* shipped to the U.S. with their approximate prices per bottle:

*Bollinger's "R.D." (recently disgorged): $33
*Canard-Duchêne's "Charles VII": $22
*Charbaut's "Certificate": $38
Charles Heidsieck's "Cuvée Royal": $35
*Clicquot's "Grande Dame": $32
*Deutz & Geldermann's "Cuvée William Deutz": $25
Heidsieck Monopole's "Diamant Bleu": $27
*Henriot's "Réserve Baron Philippe de Rothschild": $50
Lanson's "Red Label": $20
*Laurent Perrier's "Grand Siècle": $34
Louis Roederer's "Cristal": $46
*Moët & Chandon's "Dom Pérignon": $40
Mumm's "René Lalou": $35
*Perrier-Jouët's "Fleur de Champagne": $37
Piper-Heidsieck's "Florens-Louis Blanc de Blancs": $33
Pol Roger's "Blanc de Chardonnay": $21
*Ruinart's "Dom Ruinart": $25
*Taittinger's "Comtes de Champagne": $40 (blanc de blancs, rosé)
De Venoge's "Champagne des Princes": $25
Salon de Mesnil: $33

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As you might suspect, Lauren Bacall's gift list is a bit larger than most. Which is one reason she can't be bothered remembering things like sizes.

The solution, of course, is a set of monogrammed gold cufflinks instead of a monogrammed shirt. A quartz watch instead of silk pajamas. And, maybe an opal and gold ring instead of gloves.

And since you can select all your gifts from row upon row of diamonds and precious gems, aisles of gold jewelry, tiers of watches, walls of silverware and pewter and centuries of antiques, you might even find a little something for yourself.

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NEIMAN-MARCUS

Photography

The world according to Snowdon

EDITOR'S NOTE: For almost three decades, Anthony Armstrong Jones has been photographing his world—a world peopled by artists and fashion models, English nannies and international movie stars, scions of royalty and victims of poverty and war. His just-published book, "A Photographic Autobiography: Snowdon" (Times Books), is proof, not only of the photographer's depth and range of vision, but also of the down-to-earth romanticism of the man who once said, "I find it almost impossible to work without the pressure of a deadline or a patron." Here, a personal view of Snowdon by his long-time colleague and friend, novelist, script-writer ("Sunday Bloody Sunday") Penelope Gilliatt.

By Penelope Gilliatt

As they say in the Law Courts and in the House of Commons, I have to declare an interest in this book. The interest lies not only in that Anthony Armstrong Jones/alias Snowdon is one of my greatest friends. It also lies in the progress visible in this book. I know every photograph here—we worked on a lot of them together—and the development is good to see. It speaks for his stamina and simplicity. There are few people I have such fun with. While being serious, he has the gift of being blithe.

And then, the text. For decades, we have sustained a joke about his not reading, let alone writing. But now, as I always expected, there is this swift, skillful, and convivial piece of autobiography. He has always had something very close to the writer's instinct in his way of asking questions and staying shut up himself. He enters into a subject's temperament as a writer does. When we were very young, he had a studio in Pimlico Road. He had built a lot of it himself, including a spiral staircase and yards of bookshelves. Someone was coming to drinks. The screws of the bookshelves were all in, but there were no books. A snag. He rang and asked me whether I could get him X yards of books for £10. I found an amicable publisher who had remaindered a handsomely covered book called *How To Train Your Labrador.* Tony and I filled a good many shelves with foot upon foot of them. I also got him some rather carefully chosen other books, second-hand and cheap, to fill the rest. We were both rather broke. I suspect him, actually, of being a furtive reader. He writes with succinctness, funniness, and fondness. He merely hates showing off about any of his talents. He is a bit amused by show-off in the great. On a sitting we did with Bertrand Russell, the then octogenarian philosopher practically blew us out of the window with the force of his demand to choose from Tony's photographs. No actress had ever done this to us. A small crack of vanity in the substance of an innovative thinker.

Tony himself, who adores work, is without vanity. He underplays his growing gifts. He has a wit and compassion about seizing the moment that makes him marvelous to work with in the theater at rehearsal. He pays heed. No one in his photographs has ever looked posed. We happened lately in America to be going on the same tiny plane from New York to Long Island, and my daughter, Nolan, was there; Tony simply picked up one of the cameras that are always around his neck and took pictures of her. He is as accurate in recording the repose of children as Renoir was.

The thing to be celebrated about this book is that the work of Tony Snowdon has got better and better as he has grown older. And there are giant strides ahead.

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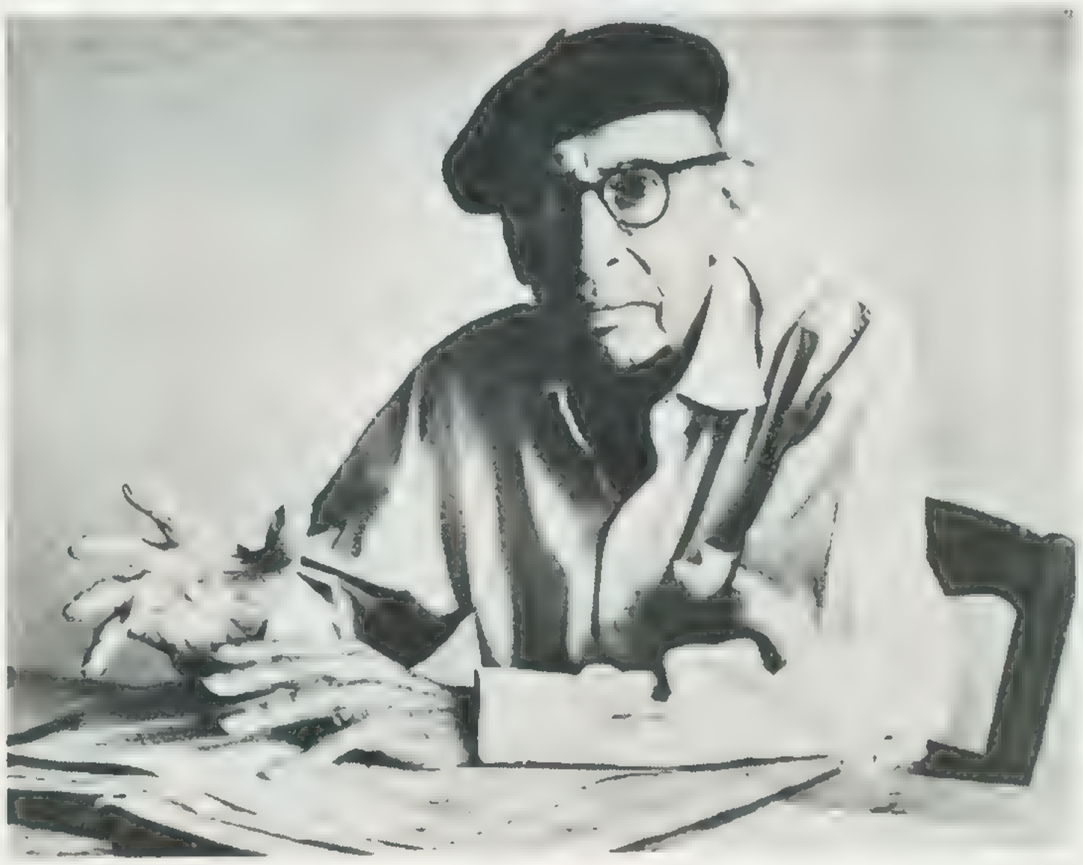


Inside Snowdon's world: (1) Nannies in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, London, 1958; (2) fashion photo, Vogue, British edition, June, 1958; (3) David Bowie, 1977; (4) Igor Stravinsky, aged eighty-nine, 1971 (5) portrait from "Some of our Children," 1965;

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The twelve months of Christmas.

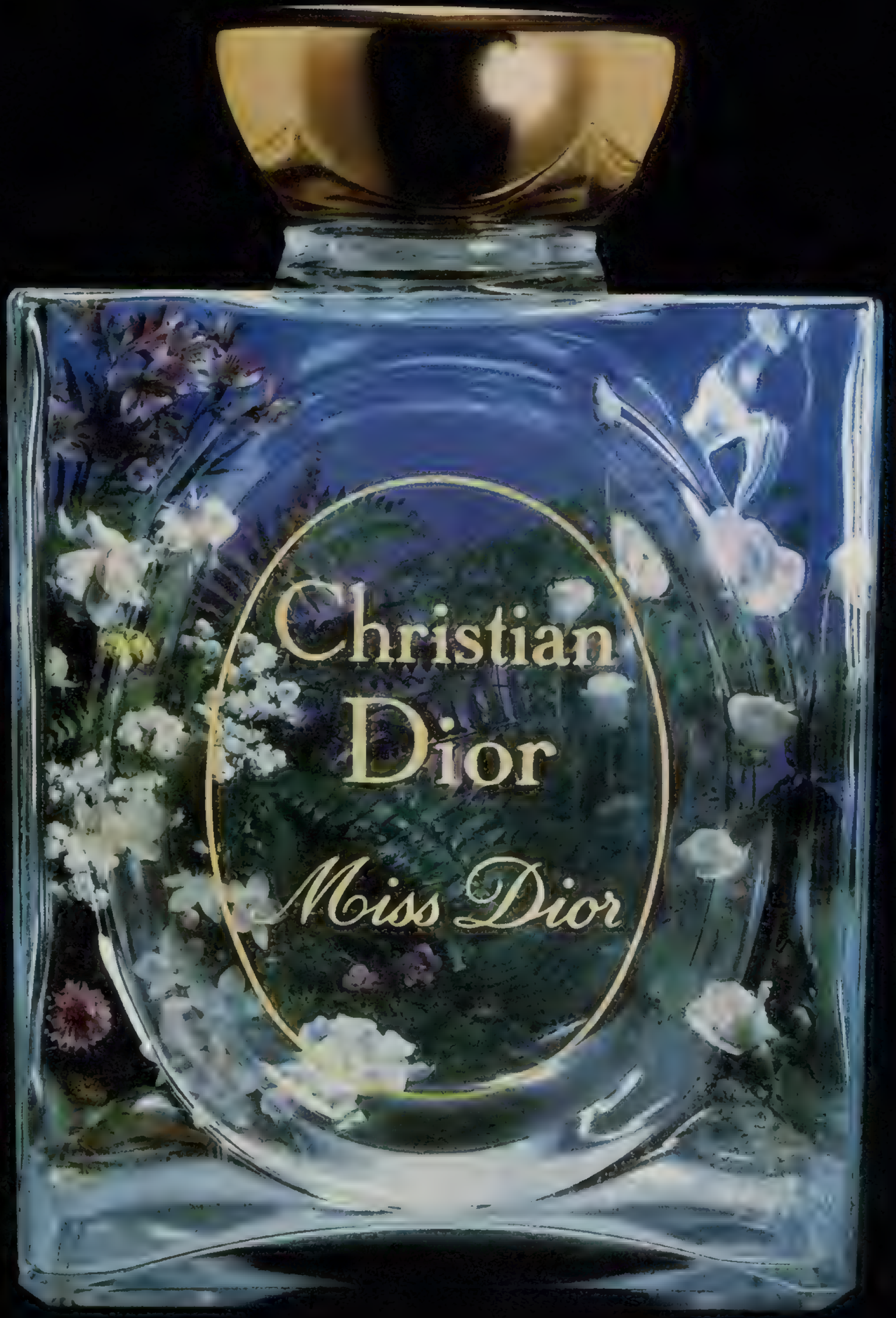


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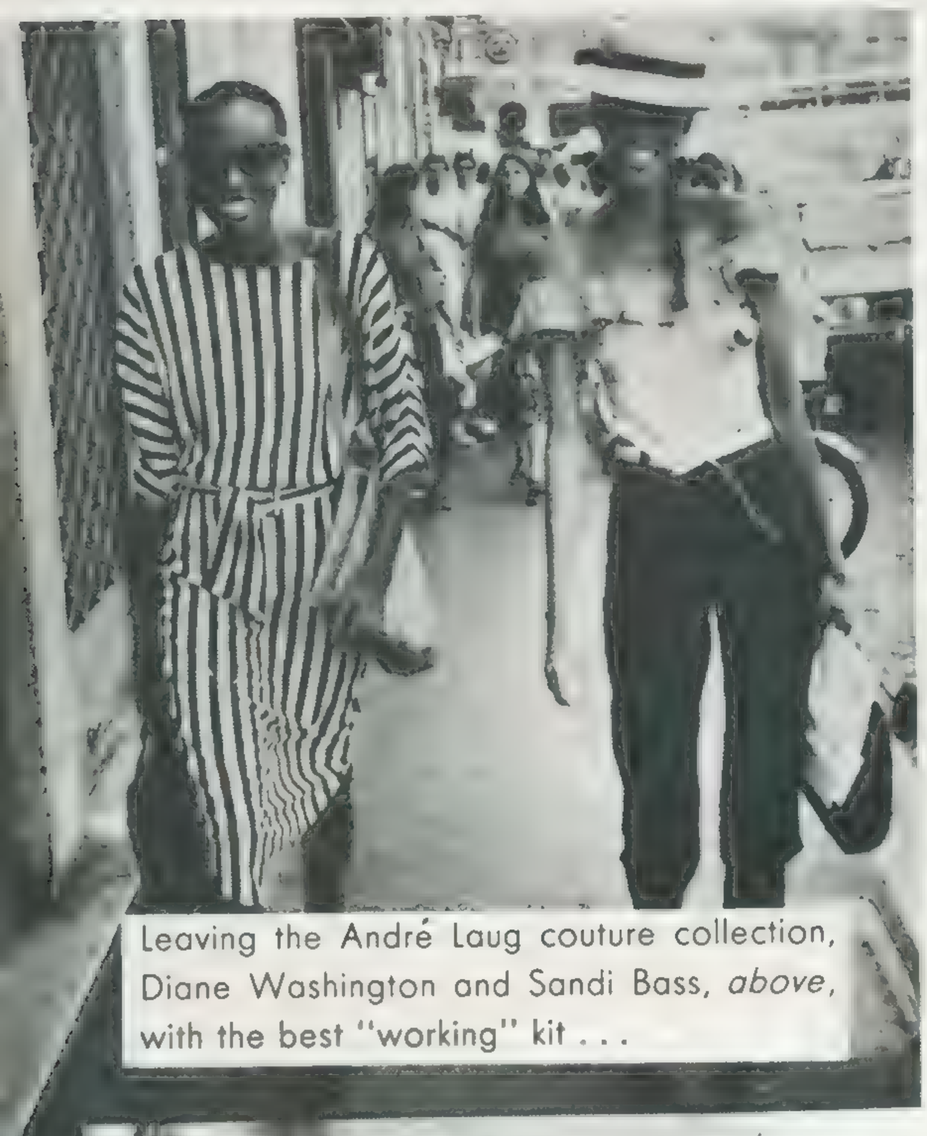




INSIDE THE SCARF-TIED BAG, ABOVE RIGHT: A MODEL'S PRO GEAR—MAKEUP, TOOLS, BRUSHES

Model Karen Bjornson, *above right,* stores her makeup gear in the wicker basket, *above left,* wraps it up in a big black-and-white print cotton scarf, ties it *furoshiki* style, slings it over her shoulder . . . and goes. Musts for her, for most models: a good range of brushes! For powder, blusher, shadow, lipstick . . . brows. Another good idea for travel: Makeup whiz Wendy Whitelaw stores her equipment—makeup, applicators, sponges, tissues, cotton swabs, the works—in a compartmented fishing-tackle box, available at sporting-goods stores.

The one must for every on-the-go woman today—a well-edited makeup kit, small enough to carry with you, that has everything you need—when you need it!



Leaving the André Laug couture collection, Diane Washington and Sandi Bass, *above*, with the best "working" kit . . .



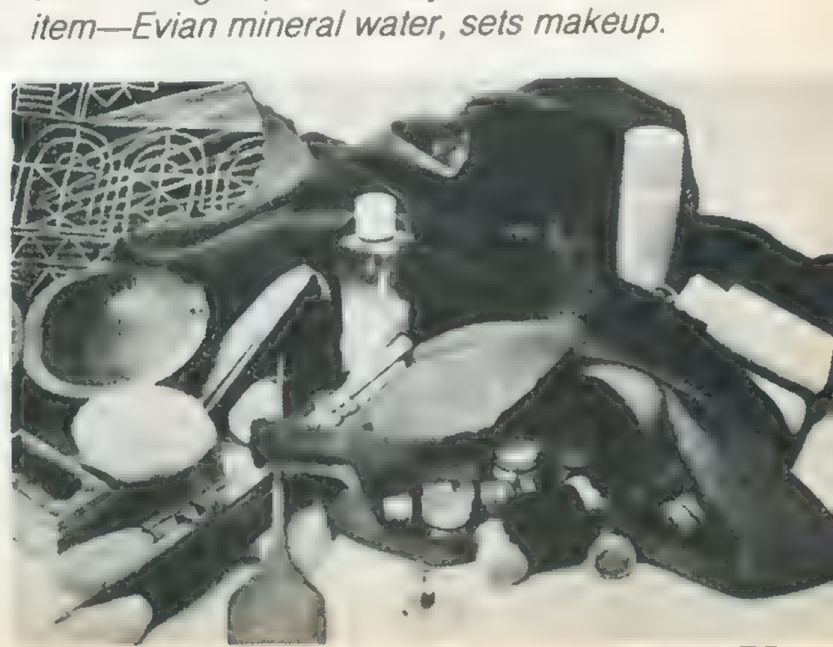
ANDREA ALBERTS

Editor's choice for stashing makeup: the see-through plastic zippered makeup case, *above right*, when you need it, you have it—in seconds! One all-purpose must-to-carry: a small size Johnson's Baby Powder, works as a translucent powder, shine eliminator. Celebrity makeup bag. . . . Hi-tech way to carry makeup in multiples: the khaki-steel boxes, *above*, found in a Paris surgical supply house and used by free-lance makeup pro Harie Von Wijnberge.

WAY BANDY'S SILK BEAUTY BAGS—ULTIMATE LUXE! *Top makeup man Way Bandy says, "I like to bring as much beauty as possible to the ceremony of applying makeup." His way: with glorious red-and-black silk "furoshikis"—untied, below, and made for him by Roza Glenn. In them: well-edited tools of his trade, plus pure Bandy touches: a wood box of scented potpourri; a gold paper fan—for keeping makeup dry under hot lights; and Way's never-without-item—Evian mineral water, sets makeup.*



THE MAKEUP BAG TO OWN . . . BEING CARRIED BY FASHION MODELS EVERYWHERE! *Almost every model in Europe at the couture collections this year was carrying it—the Make-Up Center's neat portfolio-size makeup bag, left. It unzips, unfolds, so you can get everything in it; get at it easily, quickly. Plus lots of plastic pockets to organize bottles, jars, pots, pencils, brushes. Terrific for traveling; it's waterproof inside and out. To order: $17.25 ppd.; Make-up Center, 150 W. 55th St., NYC 10019.*



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Beauty Now

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This season's P.M. beauty news: touches of evening glamour . . . deeper makeup, well-defined lips, eyes. In other words, a little more makeup, a little more color than you wear for day. Plus, the extra dazzle, the extra glamour you get from makeup with shimmer, shine. . .



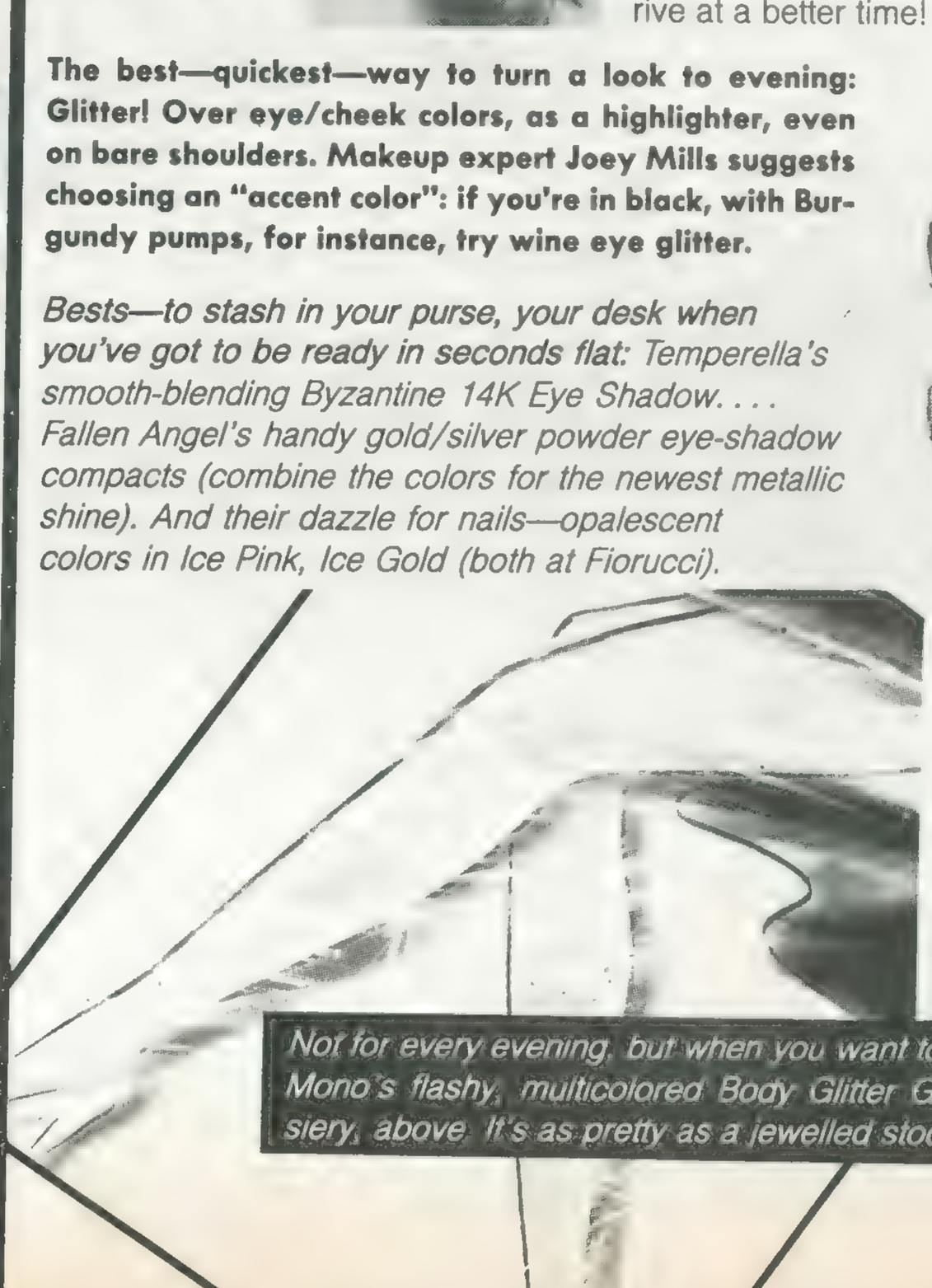
One way of learning to apply P.M. makeup—the pro way: with Sandy Linter's new book, *Disco Beauty* (Simon & Schuster), a good step-by-step guide with a lot of how-to's, tips, tools, plus basic makeup to own. Every P.M. makeup idea is photographed, then sketched to show you how it's done *(left)*. It couldn't arrive at a better time!

The best—quickest—way to turn a look to evening: Glitter! Over eye/cheek colors, as a highlighter, even on bare shoulders. Makeup expert Joey Mills suggests choosing an "accent color": if you're in black, with Burgundy pumps, for instance, try wine eye glitter.

Bests—to stash in your purse, your desk when you've got to be ready in seconds flat: Temperella's smooth-blending Byzantine 14K Eye Shadow. . . . Fallen Angel's handy gold/silver powder eye-shadow compacts (combine the colors for the newest metallic shine). And their dazzle for nails—opalescent colors in Ice Pink, Ice Gold (both at Fiorucci).



Eye-color best: these stackables, *above*, in "gold & diamonds," fuchsia, bronze. Order: $12.50 ppd. Electa & Corrado, 2183 Crescent St., Montreal, Canada H3G2C1. . . . For fun: My de Myrurgia, "his/hers" fragrances that "work" together.



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Profit from vacation house

What to deduct?

BY JULIAN BLOCK

Do you own a summer or winter second home that you use for part of the season and rent out for the remainder? If so, you need to familiarize yourself with some tough income-tax restrictions on owners who rent for less than fifteen days during the year. You do not have to declare the rental profit or loss on your return; and, just as on your year-round home, you are entitled to itemized deductions for mortgage interest and property taxes, as well as for any casualty losses. But you forfeit any business-type write-offs for maintenance and depreciation during that time.

You will need a pocket calculator when the yearly rental period runs to more than fourteen days and you use the place yourself for (1) more than fourteen days or (2) 10 percent of the number of days it was actually rented (not merely held out for rent), whichever period is longer. Unless your personal use stays below those limits, your deductions for maintenance and depreciation are limited to what is left after offsetting gross rental income with deductions for interest, taxes, and casualty losses attributable to the rental period. Similarly, your itemized deductions for interest, taxes, and casualty losses are limited to the amounts allocable to your personal use.

Assume you have a vacation haven that gets one hundred days of rental and personal use. You occupy it for thirty days and collect $2900 from a tenant who stays seventy days. Say also that you pay annual interest and taxes of $2000 and maintenance of $1000, and depreciation comes to $1200. You compute rental income and expense in this sequence:

(1) Gross rental income	$2900
(2) Less: interest and taxes allocable to rental use ($2000 times 70 percent)	$1400
(3) Excess of rental income over allocable interest and taxes	$1500
(4) Less: maintenance allocable to rental use ($1000 times 70 percent)	700
(5) Excess of rent over allocable interest, taxes and maintenance	$ 800
(6) Less: depreciation limited to lesser of allocable amount of $840 ($1200 times 70 percent) or line 5	800
(7) Net rental income	$ 0

You must report the rental income and expense on Part II of Schedule E of Form 1040, and it specifically asks whether "you claimed expenses connected with your vacation home rented to others." You can include only $600 ($2000 times 30 percent) of interest and taxes allocable to personal use with your other itemized deductibles on Schedule A of Form 1040. For detailed information, contact your local IRS office for a free copy of "Your Federal Income Tax" (Publication 17). ▽


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Latest Smoker Research Just In: MERIT undisputed victor over leading high tars in tests comparing taste and tar level.

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Smokers find the taste of low tar MERIT matches that of high tar cigarettes.

New taste-test results prove it.

Proof: A significant majority of smokers rated MERIT taste as good as—or better than—leading high tar brands. Even cigarettes having twice the tar!

Proof: Of the 95% stating a preference when tar levels were revealed, 3 out of 4 smokers chose the MERIT low tar/good taste combination over high tar leaders.

MERIT smokers rate low tar MERIT satisfying taste alternative to high tar brands.

New national smoker study results prove it.

Proof: The overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers polled felt they didn't sacrifice taste in switching from high tar cigarettes.

Proof: 96% of MERIT smokers don't miss former high tar brands.

Proof: 9 out of 10 enjoy smoking *as much* since switching to MERIT, are *glad* they switched, and report MERIT is the best tasting low tar they've *ever* tried!

You've read the results. The conclusion is clearer than ever: MERIT delivers a winning combination of taste and low tar.

A combination that seems to be attracting more and more smokers every day and—more importantly—satisfying them *long term.*



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

MERIT

Kings & 100's

Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **December**

Aries: A rush of opportunities. **Taurus:** Bank on your judgment. **Gemini:** Say "no"! **Cancer:** Push for peace. **Leo:** Don't miss the message. **Virgo:** Pressure days. **Libra:** Friends have answers. **Scorpio:** Truce time. **Sagittarius:** A legal test. **Capricorn:** This is your month! **Aquarius:** Seven exquisite days. **Pisces:** Late-month pleasures

Aries

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

You are working so diligently right now that you fail to look up and appreciate the love that someone close to you is showing at full moon on the 3rd. Your judgment is off on the 6th, too, and you fail to recognize an obvious opportunity. The 11th to the 15th is another important time—when luck is your best friend. On the 12th, especially, recognize a giver. On the 16th, it's essential to resolve everything for the coming year. The 23rd ends your run of good fortune. Your opportunities exhausted, take a vacation.

Taurus

APRIL 21-MAY 21

This month finds you highly organized and bent on putting everything into perspective: people, company, self. On the 6th, a timely idea is brought to your attention and you start on a new and splendid course. At the same time, speculative and legal matters reach a crisis, but your judgment is correct—and you win. On the 22nd, you become less self-involved and slowly switch into a more outgoing holiday mood. A devoted friend pulls you over the line on the 30th.

Gemini

MAY 22-JUNE 21

The full moon on the 3rd reveals problems that delay and obstruct your flow until the 12th. You seek to plan for the holiday and to initiate these plans on the 14th. But new moon on the 19th brings forward two snags: one is a money matter; the other concerns a friend who insists you come to the rescue. This is an old and familiar complaint of yours: allowing so-called friends to disturb your happiness. On the 20th, try—just this once—to say *no*! The 23rd brings relief. Then, take steps to break away and have a holiday. Take off on the 26th or 27th, but stay off the road on the 30th or you could encounter minor delays. You can expect successes in the coming year.

Cancer

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Knowing how to deal with questions and decisions always upsets you emotionally and the full moon on the 3rd really puts you to the test. At a time when peace and home comforts are essential, work and financial pressures caused by partners seem determined to force you into making definite agreements. Venus (money) is in Capricorn (your opposite sign) until the 22nd. This means that the power is with the other side. The cloud lifts on the 23rd in time for you to reschedule your plans. Rather than brave the holiday exodus, you are better off in the comfort of your home. To take off now would only gnaw at the peace you need.

Leo

JULY 23-AUGUST 23

Practicality has never been your particular inclination; but the current atmosphere demands just that. The full moon on the 3rd does not affect you until the 13th when Mercury—planet of communication—enters Fire Sagittarius. Then, you begin to flow. The new moon on the 19th sets off the action. A decision has to be made at this time; so make it! The 21st and 22nd pressure you into following through on promises. Squeeze as much joy as you can out of the period from the 26th to the 31st. On the 27th and 28th, an important message will come through . . . if you really listen.

Virgo

AUGUST 24-SEPTEMBER 23

Both Jupiter—that's the good news—and Mars—there's the rub—occupy your sign and compete with one another all month. Jupiter will overwhelm you with rosy promises (most are true)—while, at the same time, Mars will make you suspicious. On the 12th, 13th, and 14th, pressures are especially heavy and it is difficult to separate truth from yarn. Stranger days still are the 16th, 17th, and 18th when your opinions are harassed by superiors. Not until the 23rd does the atmosphere clear. The 26th and 27th see you calm down to welcome a new year that will be good to you.

Libra

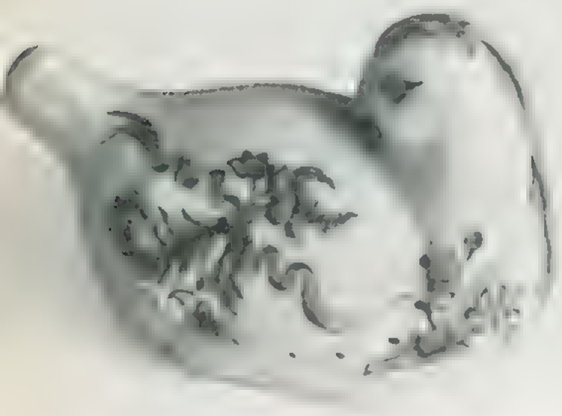
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 21

You seem to be working in the background, trying to get your next year's schedule organized. But you have little help since your ruler, Venus, is in restricting Capricorn. Cooperation comes from a friend on the 6th; press the day for all it's worth. On the 15th, take time out for a pleasant diversion and seek valuable counsel from another friend. Visit with someone from the past on the 19th—the new moon—a splendid time to work out a new plan with someone professional. On the 23rd, freed from tedium, take a short trip to wait for the tide to turn in your favor.

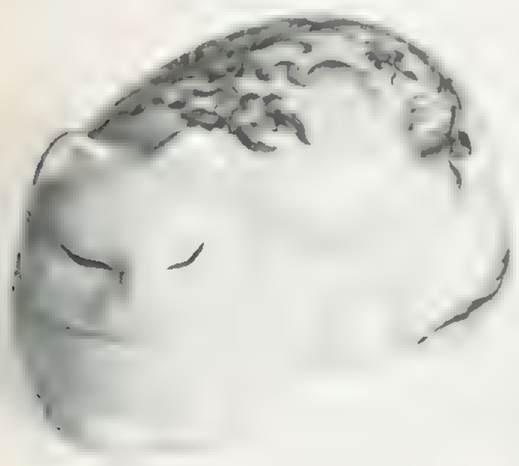
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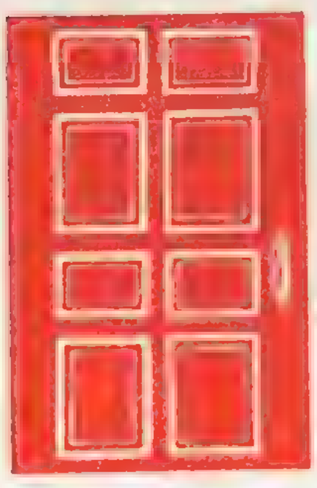
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Elizabeth Arden THE SALON

HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 83)

Scorpio

OCTOBER 22-NOVEMBER 22

You are on top of things—especially the twelve days of the month when Mercury teams up with Uranus. Now is an opportune time for big business contracts and other important undertakings. But watch out for legal and financial situations that could pose irritations on the 5th. A personal duty that you've neglected must be dealt with on the 9th. The 12th ends controversy. The 17th is a good day to propose—or to accept—a truce in a relationship that means a lot to you. Organize on the 20th. Take off on the 22nd.

Sagittarius

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 21

During the first twelve days of the month, there could be difficulties with written agreements—or legal matters could test you. Relief comes on the 13th when Mercury enters your sign, giving you answers to unresolved questions. The new moon on the 19th stresses the urgency of dealing with these answers. On the 20th, a message comes that is overwhelming; wait for it. Harsh words could come on the 21st. The 23rd is the day to resolve all. Take off on the 25th or 26th. On the 28th, all things become clear.

Capricorn

DECEMBER 22-JANUARY 20

This is *your* month—since you have lovely Venus in your sign until the 22nd. You can expect a month full of advantageous social activities. Active Mars is in Virgo—a working sign good to you—and boosts your career accomplishments. Jupiter in Virgo rewards you on the 6th with reassuring news concerning finances. The 15th is a great day to realize a dream. The 17th brings a stunning surprise. Finally, on the new moon on the 19th and 20th, an old friend takes you on a whirl.

Aquarius

JANUARY 21-FEBRUARY 18

Your ruler, Uranus, is still well placed in powerful Scorpio along with two important companions: Saturn (ruling security) and Neptune (ruling the spiritual). Saturn organizes you, while Neptune assures rewards. From the 15th to the 22nd, you have seven exquisite days to plot, plan, and get results. Don't waste a day! Expect love on the 15th. The 17th is perfect for insuring the success of a plan. Use insight on the 19th and 20th. You can make splendid progress—if you do what you should do precisely on time.

Pisces

FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 20

The full moon on the 3rd is in your seventh house and emphasizes your dependence on others. Now, it pays to cooperate with partners, coworkers, everyone—if you want to get ahead. There are two important people on the scene at this time. One could be good to you, offering invaluable advice. Listen to what is said! The other person will criticize. Don't let this disturb you—for out of this criticism comes information that will be useful to you. Be especially attentive on the 15th and the 17th—two critical days. The 27th is the day when you are happiest; look for good news and a pleasant journey.

hana mackler

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SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80 PROOF.

Can you look this man straight in the eye and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?



Christmas Now

Thoughts on gifts, wrapping, decorating, and entertaining—from Vogue editors

DON'T OPEN UNTIL. . .

The one gift to satisfy absolutely anybody on your list: there's no such thing. Try, instead, to pinpoint an interest or a "type" of present to zero in on. Suggestions:

- For travelers: strong, roomy High Tech luggage. Zero Halliburton of Los Angeles does it in "gold" or "silver" finish. Nice to include: a flashlight, plenty of batteries.
- Gifts to send in envelopes: plane tickets and reservations for a week at a spa. A subscription to the opera. A museum membership.
- If you love flowers, hate to throw them out—don't. Dry them and make potpourri to give in baskets, tuck inside pillows.
- Some of the best gifts aren't found wrapped under the tree—like white flowers delivered to a friend's apartment every Monday of the year; a regular appointment for a manicure, pedicure, massage, or facial; a standing order with the best bakery in town for two angel-food cakes a month; four house calls annually by a plant doctor.
- An intimate idea: give a couple two very special glasses for their own private toasts.
- A dozen outsized white plastic dinner plates from the Bailey-Huebner shop (at Bendel's in New York) make a great gift. They're good for informal dinners, country picnics—anytime you don't want to pull out the china.
- To go along with the plates—another gift from Bendel's—beautifully colored cloth napkins and placemats by Frank McIntosh.
- If you have to be apart much—the ultimate gift: WATS line to ease telephoning.
- For a bird-loving friend: fill an enormous plastic trash can with sunflower seeds—for keeping bird feeders supplied all winter.
- Start something: sign up a friend for ballet classes, tennis lessons, an adult-education course. Or give tiny herb plants (to be transplanted later), gardening supplies.
- Colorful gifts: a half dozen pairs of socks in bright colors . . . or Lloyd Allen's windbreaking raincoats . . . cashmere sweaters.
- Make a present of Christmas breakfast. Start with a dozen croissants, some homemade jam. Add: a coffee grinder and an assortment of beans, a juicer, porcelain egg cups, baskets for rolls.
- For the not-so-organized: give a filing cabinet stuffed full of papers, pens, pencils. Marlene Dietrich says this was one of the best presents she ever received.
- One editor's advice: "Always buy yourself a marvelous present. It makes you feel terribly charitable toward everyone else."

CRANBERRY-ORANGE RELISH

½ cup water
½ cup orange juice
1 cup sugar
1 lb. fresh whole cranberries
grated orange rind (1 orange)
3 cloves
pinch of cinnamon

In a three-quart saucepan stir together water, orange juice, and sugar until sugar dissolves. Add the cranberries, cloves, cinnamon, and orange rind. Bring mixture to a boil and cook for five to eight minutes, stirring occasionally, until the skins of the berries begin to pop. . . then they are tender. *DO NOT OVERCOOK.* Pour this mixture into Mason jars, or any other decorative glass container. Refrigerate. Add ribbons and labels for gift-giving. Makes one quart.

ORNAMENTATIONS

Decorating for Christmas doesn't just mean putting up a tree and placing a wreath on the front door. Smaller touches (that can make all the difference): Dry and lacquer artichokes, pomegranates. Place in bowls around the house. . . . Keep by the fireplace: baskets of chestnuts—for roasting, pine cones—to toss in the fire. (They smell nice, sometimes give off a sapphire-blue light.) . . . Place pinecone trees on low, mirrored tables—to reflect their depth. . . . Think fragrance: fill antique baskets with dried sage; surround the wick of a candle with fresh whole cloves; keep apothecary jars filled with lemon soaps in the bathroom. . . . For nibbling: Sauté shelled English walnuts in butter until golden. Remove to a paper bag, add salt and sugar immediately. Shake. Put into silver bowls. . . . String tiny white lights on outdoor trees and bushes.

Simple, super-looking packages: gifts wrapped in bright-colored tissue, encased in strong Cellophane bags (the kind that make a noise when crinkled), tied up with bright ribbons. More subdued, Oriental in feeling: rice paper as the wrapping, jute cording as the tie (with maybe a few dried flowers tucked under the cording). Pretty and practical: gifts that come in good-looking reusable containers—baskets, wooden crates, even something as utilitarian as a clear Lucite box—no wrapping necessary.

THE GETTING TOGETHER

Where Christmas really begins—at home, with family and friends. Tips for the times when you're the hostess: When people arrive at a party, they're very affected by the sounds they hear. Welcome guests with music, not necessarily traditional carols, anything festive is appropriate—Beethoven's country dances, performances by contemporary artists such as Pinchas Zukerman, Claude Bolling. . . . Always show overnight houseguests where things are kept (books, liquor, extra pillows and comforters) so they won't feel they have to bother you each time they need something. . . . A good cold-night supper (to warm you after you've been out in the snow): a big pot of lentil soup, spiked with brandy, and some spicy Polish sausage. . . . Most important: Be aware that Christmas is not an easy time for everyone—many people feel overwhelmed by the pressure to "act merry." Never force a guest to participate in an activity—if others are going out caroling and someone wants to stay home, fine. Just make sure you have plenty of good books around for amusement.

...Just when they think

You're hard to keep up with. Sometimes you're restless and reckless and couldn't be sassier.

And neither could your fragrance: Ritz.

Ritz. The fragrance that's filled with spirit. And expresses yours.



Ritz
by Charles of the Ritz

Because you'd rather be yourself than anyone else.

they have you pegged.



Gown by Lore. © 1979 Charles of the Ritz Group Ltd.

But there's the other you, too. The you that's soft and gentle, romantic, even vulnerable.

And so is your other fragrance: Charles of the Ritz. The fragrance that's absolutely undeniable.

The fragrance that's as incredible as you are.

Well, almost.



Charles of the Ritz
by Charles of the Ritz

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• Soothes and aids dry, chapped, peeling or scaling skin due to sunburn, windburn, scrapes and abrasions

So if you're tennis-ing or jogging or just feeling good about your body, feel even better drench your skin in health

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Because you'd rather be yourself than anyone else.

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Stretch to feel good, to enjoy sports more

Shape-up For Now



For better workouts, fewer injuries: when you run, play tennis—or do any sport—warm up and cool down by stretching . . . to limber muscles, avoid soreness



SKIING Start with 10–25 minutes of pre-ski stretches, *above*. [*Note:* Do all stretches in two parts. Do an easy stretch for 15–30 seconds; increase the stretch slowly, hold 15–30 seconds. The key is to feel relaxed—don't bounce or strain.] 1. For knees, ankles, front of thighs. Sit as shown. (If there's strain, use hands as support.) To stretch, lean back slightly. 2. For front of hip, back of thighs, groin. Bend leg forward until knee is directly over ankle; your other knee should rest on floor. Stretch forward. 3. Quarter-squat—relaxes hamstrings. After ski: 4. For inside of upper legs. Sitting with legs open as far as comfortably possible, feet flexed, lean forward at hips; keep back straight. 5. Sit with legs straight in front of you, feet four inches apart; bend at waist, touch toes (easier: use a towel; work fingers down towel towards feet).



RUNNING A stretching routine to use before *and* after running: 6. For hamstrings, back of knees. Standing feet apart, bend forward at waist; keep arms and neck relaxed. Bend knees slightly; return to standing position. 7. For hamstrings, quadriceps, back. Sitting; left leg straight, right leg bent, as shown. Stretch forward at waist toward foot. 8. Same as (4), *above*. 9. To stretch calf, ankle: face wall, rest forearms on wall with forehead on back of hands. Bend one knee and bring it toward wall keeping back leg straight, heel down. Move hips toward wall. Alternate legs. 10. For hamstrings. Rest leg on chair; keep both legs straight; bend from waist.

TENNIS Pre-tennis stretches: 11. For back of arm, shoulder. Grab elbow with opposite hand, gently pull elbow behind head. 12. For back, shoulders, chest. Hold onto fence or doorway with hands behind you, shoulder level. Lean body forward; keep arms straight. 13. Same as (5), *above*. After-tennis stretches: 14. To revitalize feet, legs after any workout. Lie on floor, elevate feet against the wall. 15. To ease tired, sore leg muscles. In a warm tub, with legs straight, gently lean forward at waist. . . . These exercises, from physical education instructor Bob Anderson, are available as wall charts ($2.50 ppd.). Stretching, Inc., Box 767, Palmer Lake CO 80133.



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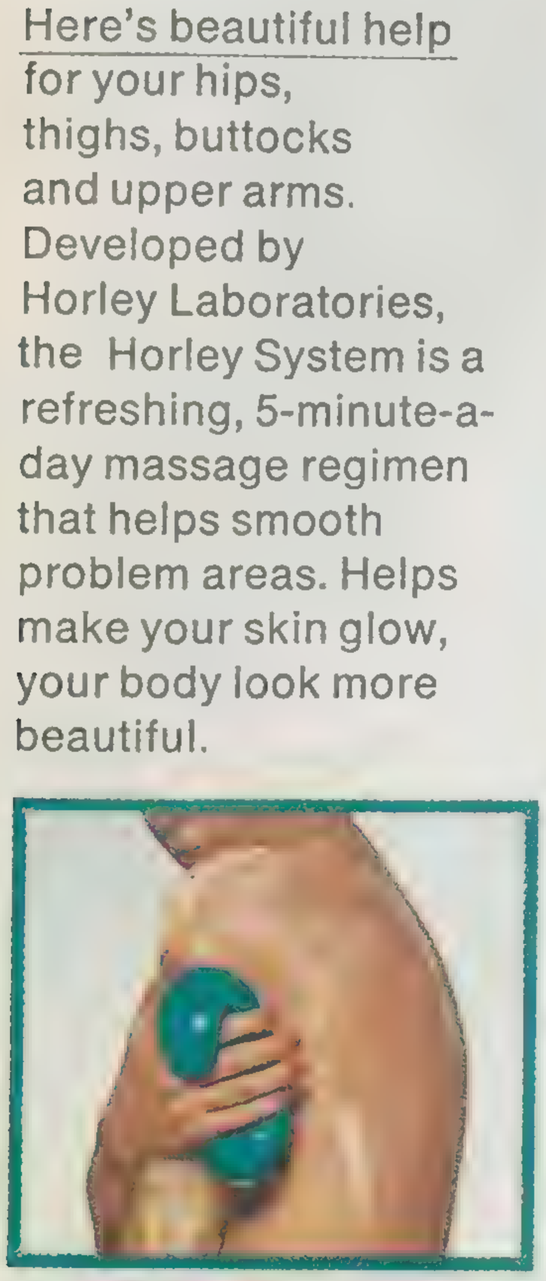
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Introducing The Horley System

Here's beautiful help for your hips, thighs, buttocks and upper arms. Developed by Horley Laboratories, the Horley System is a refreshing, 5-minute-a-day massage regimen that helps smooth problem areas. Helps make your skin glow, your body look more beautiful.



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Spot Massager, with soap inside, is designed with a snap-out rubber pad for easy refilling.



This body-conscious era calls for the kind of help the Horley System can give you. Pick up your Horley System Kit complete with Spot Massager, Natural Sea Moss Soap and Massage Cream plus a "How To" booklet — all for only $8.95 (suggested retail). Your body will love it.

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"The Body Beautifier"

Beauty Q & A

All about: choosing the best foundation... eyebrow shaping ...leg waxing

Q I am an Oriental woman. How can I choose a proper foundation that will match my skin tone and look natural?

A According to makeup expert Way Bandy: "Many Oriental women make the mistake of trying to camouflage the yellow undertones in their complexions by using a makeup base with pink in it. This never works," says Way, "because it gives the skin a greyish cast and looks artificial." Select a foundation that has some yellow in it or is honey toned. Match the makeup to the skin on your neck, *not* your face, for the most natural look.

More tips for natural-looking makeup: Use a liquid base. Mix it—for extra sheerness—with a moisturizer. To make the base-plus-moisturizer easier to work with, thin it with a few drops of distilled water. . . . *To apply*: Start on the face and blend the foundation, with light, massaging strokes (use fingers) toward the chin and onto your neck. Blend and smooth your makeup out until there are no lines of demarcation. . . . *Remember*: If you want to warm-up your skin coloring, apply hot pink or fuchsia blusher high on the cheekbone (blend it—up toward the temples); don't use a ruddy foundation.

Q I have been having my legs and brows waxed at a salon for years, but find it very expensive. I'd like to start doing this at home. Can I?

A Home depilatory kits can be found at cosmetics counters and at any drugstore. (Dorothy Gray happens to make a good one) . . . but use it for leg-waxing *only*, never for your brows (leave those to a professional), because wax must be applied precisely and with great care to that area.

Depilatory kits contain a special beeswax, which adheres to your hair but not to your skin. The wax is melted (be *very* careful doing this; test the wax first to be sure it is not too hot and won't burn your skin). Then the wax is applied in three-inch strips along your legs. After the wax hardens (about one minute), each strip is pulled off in a single motion, taking hair growth with it. When you're done: apply witch hazel, which is soothing, to your legs. Wait a few hours before applying *(Continued on page 94)*



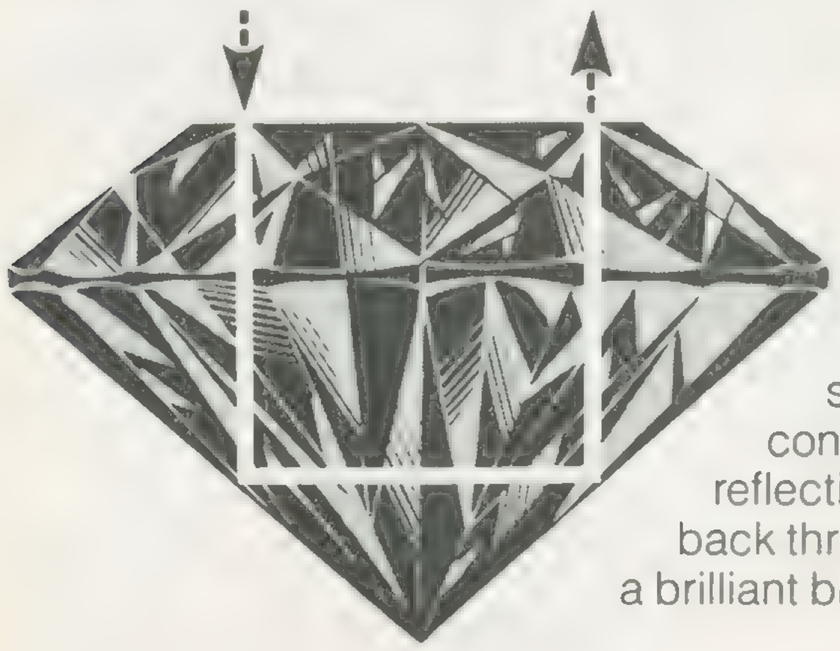


It pays to be an idealist when you buy a diamond.

A diamond is not a casual purchase. You want it to be worn and enjoyed throughout a lifetime.

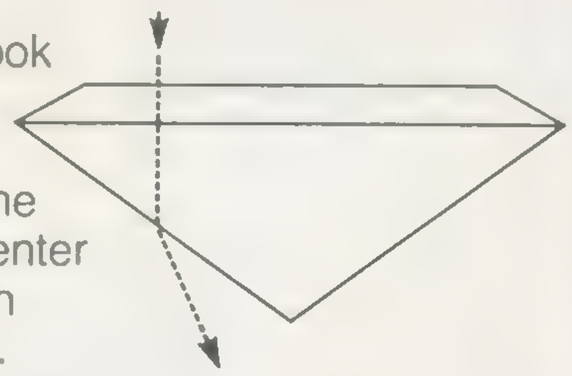
That's why you should never compromise on the beauty and value of the diamond you buy, regardless of its size. You should look for a diamond that's been painstakingly cut and polished to bring out all of its natural brilliance and beauty, one that meets the exacting standards that have been established as ideal. These are called ideal cut diamonds.

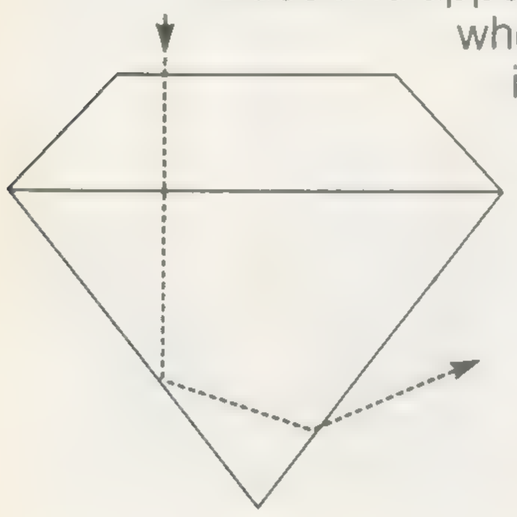
Why is cut so important? Because with diamonds, unlike colored gems, beauty depends on light reflection.



When a diamond is ideally cut, its 58 facets are placed in precise symmetrical relation to others. They act as a series of tiny mirrors, constantly capturing and reflecting light and bouncing it back through the top of the stone in a brilliant blaze.

A diamond cut too shallow to make it look bigger lets some of the light "leak out" through the bottom and appears watery. One cut too deep lets light "leak" through the sides and appears black in the center when compared to an ideal cut diamond.





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BEAUTY Q&A

(Continued from page 93)

body lotion, as skin may be sensitive.

Since the waxing process removes hair by its roots, the regrowth rate is slower than shaving, which removes hair only at the skin's surface. The real benefit: you need to wax your legs only once every four to six weeks.

Q My eyebrows are quite thick and grow straight across. How can I reshape them?

A We took your question to pro makeup artist Sandy Linter, who gave us the following tips: First, tweeze any stray hairs between your brows. Then, tweeze any hairs that extend past the inner corner of your eye toward the bridge; your brow should begin just a little past the inner corner. To shape an arch: raise your brow by tweezing more stray hairs underneath as you work towards the brow's center. The brow should "peak" just outside your pupil. Your brows should be as long in length as possible. If you draw an imaginary line from the outer corner of your eye to your temple, you will have an idea of how long your brows should be.

While you're tweezing, brush your brow up from time to time. Pluck one hair at a time from *underneath*, never from above. Use a slant-edged tweezer for greater control. Keep the shape simple and natural-looking . . . thin, exaggerated brows look artificial and require too much time to maintain.

Q Help! I've noticed my first streaks of grey hair. What can I do to cover them?

A We asked Mallory, colorist at the Pipino-Buccheri Salon (14 East Fifty-fifth St., NYC). She suggests using non-peroxide rinses—vegetable-based tints or hennas—to cover your grey hair. These processes are available in many colors and generally last two to three months. For the easiest maintenance, stay within the natural range of your hair color to avoid "roots." If you're a blond or redhead, highlighting or "sun-streaking" your hair will camouflage your grey.

Q I've read recently about head-to-toe "facials." What does this process involve; what can it do for me?

A A body "facial," which Anna Blau, co-owner of Anushka (11 East Sixty-seventh St., NYC) calls a "therafin wrap," starts with allover cleansing. That's followed by a mildly abrasive vegetable cream, which peels off dry, flaking skin.

The real pampering begins with the next step. Following the application of a moisturizer during massage, your body is wrapped—Egyptian-mummy style—in strips of cheesecloth, soaked with warm wax (it won't remove any hair). The idea behind the wrapping: the warmth helps the moisturizer to penetrate skin. You're also given a facial—so when the treatment is over, your skin is really soft and silky . . . from head to toe. ▽

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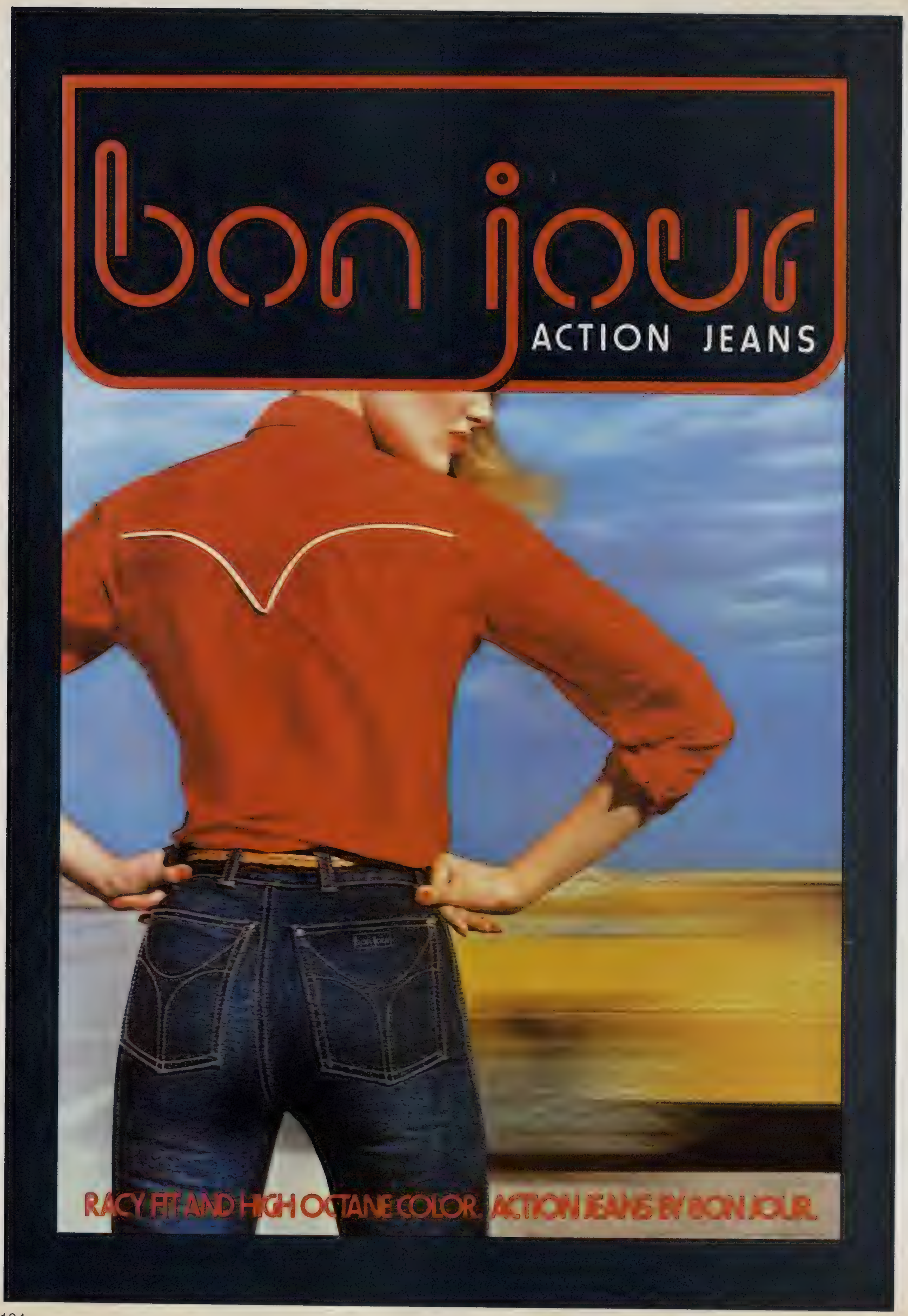
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Living: Ideas and Trends

By Barbara Plumb

Blass style for your house ...train chic for meals...new language in your pocket



RR glamour: train café arrives in New York

Named for the famed train that once carried chic passengers from Paris to the French Riviera, Le Train Bleu, now stationed on the sixth floor of Bloomingdale's New York store, dispels forever the notion that department-store eateries must be genteel ladies' tea-rooms. This "club car" (above) with its East River/Queensboro Bridge views, serves five sophisticated rotating menus to smartly turned-out "passengers" in a railroading interior: green-velvet walls and chairs, mahogany paneling, brass luggage racks. Detraining, buy souvenirs of "trip"—gold-bordered plates, stainless-steel water pitchers, French faceted wineglasses—in nearby housewares department.



For chocoholics—both confessed and covert: *The Chocolate Bible* (G.P. Putnam), a guide to the best cacao-bean confections found in America, Canada, Europe. Author Adrianne Marcus titillates us with mouth-watering details of her sweets-finding mission, listing histories, shop names, with addresses for mail ordering. *Above*, a Cailler Label: the top of Nestle's Swiss chocolate line.

Exciting advances in decorative possibilities of written, printed, or otherwise reproduced word—from 9000 B.C. Mesopotamian clay tokens to the metal plate earth sent into space in 1972—can be seen in "Ten Thousand Years of Recorded Information" (poster, right), a show at Xerox Corp., Stamford CT 06904. Appointments: (203) 329-8711, X3218. ▶





ITALIAN DESIGN NEWS: WOODEN "PASTRY"

A rich striated wood—with the appeal of a many-layered French pastry (that's "millefogli" in Italian)—is the medium of a talented Sicilian carpenter-turned-designer in Milan: Pino Pedano. He creates his handmade furniture by laminating sheets of French pine (he's been working with wood since age seven). Pedano's collection of round-, square-, and oval-topped tables and accessories now sold in America for the first time at Abitare, NYC. Above, 47¼-inch table, $2745.



DESIGNER BILL BLASS, in his new sheet collection for Springs Mills, contrasts crisp geometrics for an urban bedroom with soft florals to use in a country retreat. "New York is really my kind of town," Bill says. "I love the skyline, the excitement and pulse of the street. Yet, there are times when I prefer the tranquility of the country." Washington Square pattern (with Bill, *above*) is cocoa brown or navy blue on off-white, in sheets, comforter, spread, pillow shams, quilted draperies, and towels.



The next best thing to going abroad with your own bilingual companion: this new talking Language Translator. Texas Instruments' calculator-sized gadget, *left*, speaks fluent French, German, Spanish; spells, too. $300. Language modules, $60 each.


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Losing weight—successfully

You must look at what you eat . . . how you eat . . . and why you eat, too

BY ELLEN BILGORE

Physicians, nutritionists, and psychologists have recently been advocating a new, more successful interdisciplinary approach to weight loss that allows for all the vagaries of the human psyche . . . nutritious eating, carbohydrates (in limited quantities), and occasional "splurge" foods coexist with a minimal amount of angst. You can diet and exercise *and*, as new research indicates, keep weight off with the help of a trio of medical specialists, whose separate skills mesh to make the process of weight loss easier—and more permanent.

"We are still an obese society—twenty pounds overweight on the average and getting fatter all the time," says Henry A. Jordan, M.D., associate clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, director of the institute for behavioral education, and author of *Eating Is O.K: The Behavioral Control Diet* (New American Library). "Studies indicate it's wise to combine nutritional information, medical evaluation, and psychological counseling in an effort to help people diet." Which is the pivot of the new methodology. (Some university-affiliated hospitals have weight-loss clinics that use this interdisciplinary approach. If you're interested in this weight-loss method, ask your physician for recommendations.)

Doctors agree that *anything* that works to help you lose weight is probably a good idea—for a short time. At any moment, 12 percent of the adult population in America is on a diet. Twenty-eight percent of us are watching what we eat; and another 12 percent flip back and forth between dieting and bingeing. Out of all those on diets, almost 95 percent are doomed to failure—weight lost will be regained. Doctors who advocate the behaviorist approach to taking weight off, however, claim a higher rate of success. In a five-year follow-up study, conducted in 1971, that kept tabs on one hundred fifty-four patients who had lost fifteen pounds or more with behavioral methods, only 18 percent regained their weight. Thirty percent retained weight loss (or lost even more); the remainder regained some weight they had lost.

"The problem isn't *taking* weight off," says Judith S. Stern, D.Sc., associate professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis, "It's *keeping* it off. Anybody can lose weight, and most overweight people know that, because they've done it . . . dozens of times.

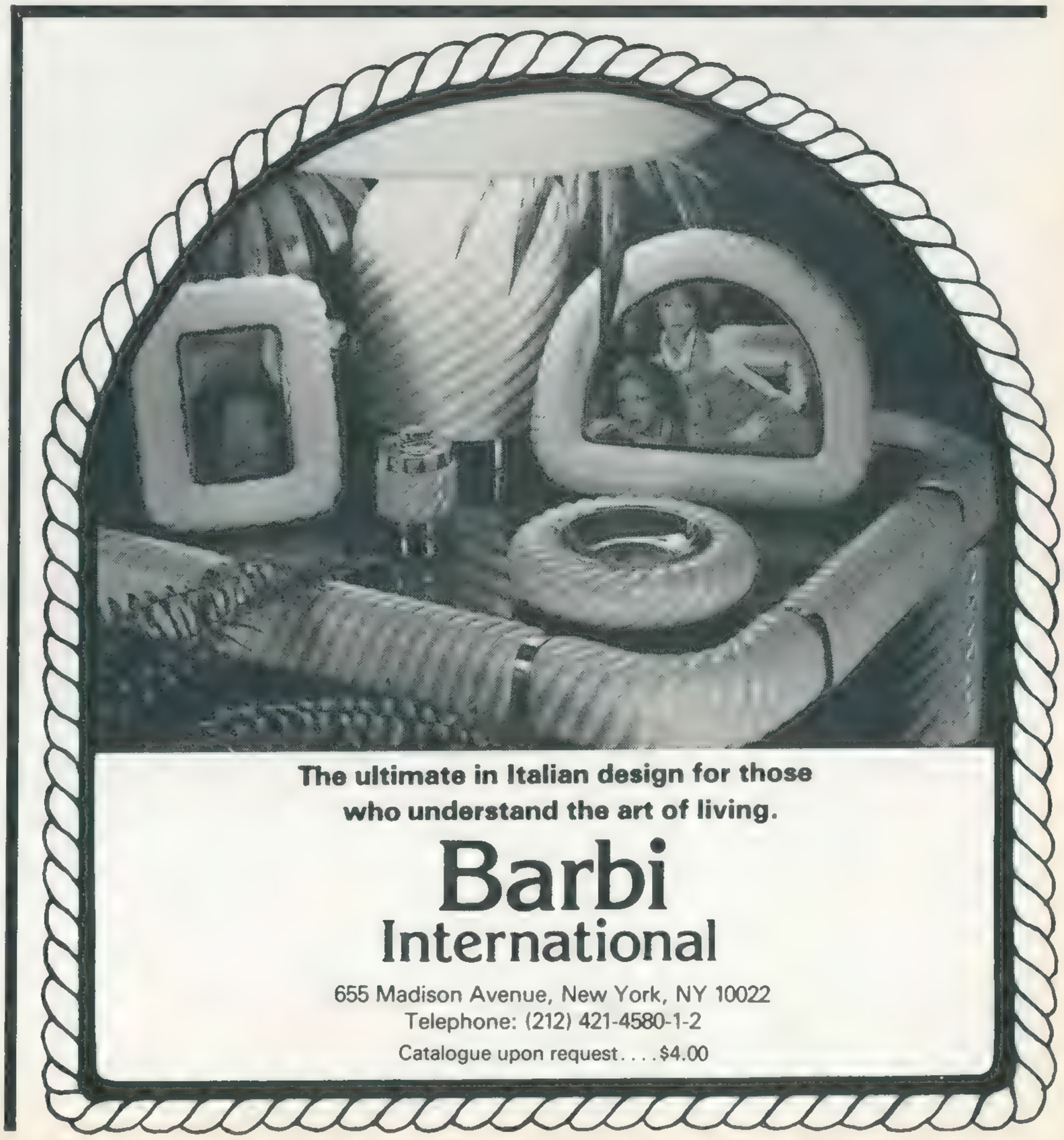
"With the behavioral-cognitive approach," Dr. Stern maintains, "patients not only change their patterns of food intake and energy expenditure but also their attitudes about food." What has to be done if you're going to lose weight successfully is to separate the elements involved in weight loss and find out why you eat so much, and then, change those patterns that lead you astray.

"The first thing that has to be done," says a doctor who is an advocate of the interdisciplinary approach, Richard S. Rivlin, M.D., professor of medicine at Cornell University Medical College and chief of the division of nutrition at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, "is for the physician to determine whether there is medical cause for overweight." Dr. Rivlin says that this is rarely the case, though some tumors of the pancreas will lower blood sugar sufficiently to make a person very hungry. Head injury and certain tumors of the brain may have some effect on the appetite center, too. Diabetes may be associated with weight gain; and diseases of the adrenal gland could cause an increase in fat in the face, neck, and trunk—although the actual weight of the person rarely changes more than ten to twenty pounds from adrenal disorder.

"An under-functioning thyroid gland, by itself, is rarely the cause of obesity. In fact," says Dr. Rivlin—dispelling all the old notions of "glandular problems" as a cause of overweight once and for all—"a professor of mine used to say that the major gland involved in overweight is the salivary gland! . . . In healthy people, the causes of overweight are overeating and under-exercising. It's the role of the physician to discourage the former and encourage the latter—a role that, unfortunately, too few physicians take seriously."

Even behaviorists can't add anything new to the method of healthful dieting. Careful attention to caloric intake and well-balanced eating is critical to the success of any diet. But, the experts say, it's also critical to the new approach that the pattern of food consumption be changed. Behavior must be thoroughly explored and analyzed before your diet begins. For that, a psychologist or psychiatrist trained in the behavioral approach can be helpful. So can a friend—or dieting in groups, for the support and analytical help that that situation provides.

"We try to help our patients avoid situations in which willpower is bound to crack," says Dr. Jordan. "When willpower fails (as it usually does when a dieter is feeling deprived), eating gets out of control. We try to avoid that at all costs. My patients often say to me, 'I can't eat one cookie and stop,'" he says. "And that's *(Continued on page 114)*





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FITNESS NOW

(Continued from page 113)

probably true. But it's a help to know that you *can* have a cookie, under controlled circumstances.

"Many people who diet have the idea that there is 'bad food' and 'good food.' It's unfortunate," Dr. Jordan went on, "that what's considered 'bad food' is very often the favorite food, so that when the dieter eats it, he feels guilty, feels that he's failed, and then gets depressed. Our idea is not to regard any food as bad, but to make eating controlled."

"It's not a good idea to give up favorite foods," Dr. Stern heartily agrees. "My sister, for example, adores spaghetti. So, she plans to eat a small and measured amount of it every so often. She plans her food intake; when she wants to have spaghetti for dinner, she has a very low-calorie lunch. In that way, she doesn't feel deprived, doesn't feel guilty, and is in perfect control of her weight."

"The premise is that eating is both enjoyable and necessary," says Dr. Jordan. "And our idea is to help a person become aware of his eating behavior, his attitude about food, and life events that can trigger overeating. That's why we explore a person's life style so carefully . . . to put dieting in its proper context."

Tips for controlled eating

Do you eat alone? With your family? Standing by the fridge? Snuggled in bed? Is there someone at home who constantly offers you food? Have you asked yourself why they do that to you? Do you put extra food on your plate to avoid getting up for more?

- Take the time to sit down with food you want to eat. Concentrate on eating; let nothing else interfere with that—reading newspapers, watching TV, even mealtime conversations, while pleasant, may be distracting. You may find you really didn't want as much as you took to eat.
- "Heavy people eat alone, mostly after dinner," says Dr. Rivlin. "It's one of the classic patterns of the obese. In fact, in many overweight people 50 to 75 percent of the calories are consumed after dinner. The obese individual characteristically doesn't eat breakfast, has a light lunch, then builds gradually toward heavy eating in the late afternoon or evening. We find it useful to disrupt that pattern."
- Eat on small plates. Always sit down. And eat slowly—concentrate on chewing. Never stand at the refrigerator to munch a snack; don't eat in bed. Keep a chart of what you eat, the time of day you ate it, the physical position you were in while you did so. You may, for example, discover that you always snack lying down. You can then break that pattern.
- "If ice cream has always been your downfall—eat it," says Dr. Jordan. "But go to the ice cream parlor to have a cone, rather than scooping ice cream out of a half-gallon tub in the refrigerator."
- "You have to look at the things that govern your way of life," says Dr. Rivlin. "Family history is important—are there other overweight people in the family? Do you have a pet? Fat people tend to have fat pets," he says. "Is food viewed as a reward? Even economic factors are important: studies show that men get heavier as they get wealthier."
- "The season of the year counts, too," says Dr. Jordan, who warns that the months between Halloween and the first of the New Year bode trouble for dieters. "The problem with the holidays is that it isn't just one day that's damaging to a weight-control program. It's the whole ethos of the holiday season. Stores begin to display holiday food about a month early," he says. "So that by the time Halloween rolls around, for example, you may have bought (and eaten) candy two or three times. The Christmas hype starts at Thanksgiving. Which means more trouble. In addition, at this time of year, we are subjected to fast-paced schedules, which throw us off balance. Work loads don't let up, and, in addition, there's a heavy party schedule.

"Losing weight during the holidays is impossible," says Dr. Jordan. "So you must alter your goals, and aim at maintenance. Become fussy about what you eat. Eat your favorites, and stay away from foods that aren't important to you. For example: If you like stuffing, eat it. But stay away from potatoes. Skip a first course in order to eat dessert. If you're at a cocktail party, stand at the other end of the room, away from the hors d'oeurves tray, and walk to it—and away from it—each time you want a canape.

"The way calories are managed within the human body varies from person to person," says Dr. Jordan. "The only way to lose weight is to restrict caloric intake and increase your level of physical activity. (Experts say it takes twelve calories a day to maintain one pound of body weight. They also say that between the ages of twenty-five and fifty-five the average person can expect to gain between sixteen and twenty-five pounds.) A sedentary person, for example, needs to reduce his caloric intake more than a more physically active person, such as a construction worker, to lose the same amount of weight."

Dr. Jordan points out, however, that so-called sedentary types are not all the same. While one desk worker might use the phone to take care of the smallest errand, another might travel on foot to see that the errand is done. All of that has to be taken into account (that's where food diaries and activity charts help) when planning a weight-loss program.

"Also, it's important to realize that as people lose weight, the total number of calories that resulted in weight loss when they began their diet will not cause weight loss later on," Dr. Jordan says. "This is because people generally lose about twenty pounds and then hit a plateau. At that point, they have a choice: they can either reduce calories further, or increase the expenditure of calories by doing more exercise." Dr. Stern says that you needn't do formal exercises to expend extra calories. "Walking some stairs, if you're used to riding an elevator, burns up more calories," she says. "Whatever your solution, you consciously must be more active. Which has this good benefit: Activity depresses the appetite."

What this all adds up to: Instead of always trying to save time and energy, expend them—e.g., walk, when you can, from place to place to use extra calories; take time to eat without distraction; take time to think about the things that have made you eat too much in the past; determine which habits you're willing to change, and change them—forever. Behaviorists claim that traditional diets fail because the dieter gets discouraged and gives up the moment he fails to lose weight. They're aiming at a diet that lasts a lifetime—based on eating patterns that are healthy and controlled. ▽

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In the sun, in the evening, or incognito...the news in frames

On the beach, on the ski slopes: nothing looks racier than white against glowing skin. The latest way to show off a good thing, white frames. Polaroid's version, *left,* $12.

Eyes only

NOTE ABOUT GLASSES FRAMES For the past few years, large eyeglass frames (what eye doctors call "oversize") have been very popular. These frames look great; but, according to Peter Laino, M.D., associate professor of ophthalmology, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, they often can warp your field of vision. This means: a square might look like an ellipse; a door frame might appear bowed; floors may seem to rise or float in places; and you may imagine yourself taller or shorter than you really are. Dr. Laino's advice: if you have a moderate (or worse) refractive problem, best to stick to small or medium-sized eyeglasses, which have the most accurate prescriptions.

QUICK TIPS FOR EYES IN WINTER Use waterproof makeup products on cold, windy days—when your eyes tear, your mascara won't run. . . . Don't squint—wear solid-tint sunglasses (Private Eyes' Primetta Driving Glasses are excellent)—they fight snowy glare better than gradient lenses. . . . Some days, go without makeup; protect eyes with the same eye cream that you wear to bed at night; then, slip on a pair of tinted glasses—instant "makeup." . . . Always remove makeup with an oily or creamy product that leaves a protective residue on your skin.

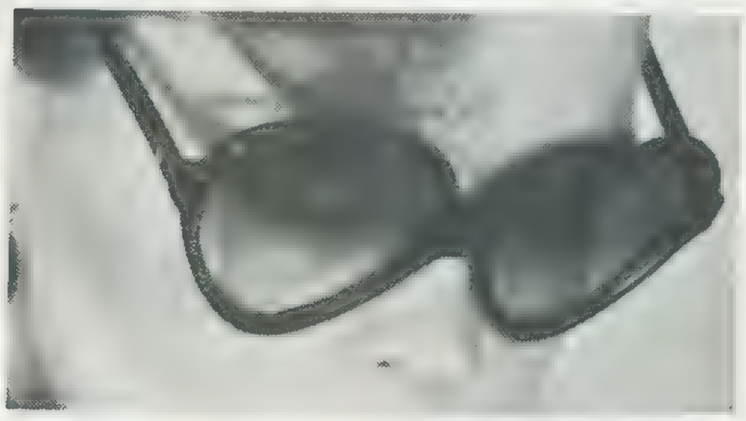






Do you know who's hiding behind these dark glasses?

Everyone knows that movie stars wear dark glasses so they won't be recognized, but sometimes the glasses become as recognizable as the faces they're hiding. Above: three seen on the runway at fashion designer Carlo Tivioli's star-inspired couture collection. More Hollywood glamour-to-buy: Paul Newman's custom aviators, from Lugene; the "Annie Hall" look, Colors in Optics, Ltd. ". . . and there was my Riviera love peering at me over dark glasses," wrote Nabokov. And those "Lolita" glasses!—heart-shaped, red, glamour—with a sense of humor. Below, Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics, Ltd. About $20. At Bloomingdale's.



INSTANT EYE "LIFT," *BELOW:* If you're going out at night and your eyes look tired, try this tip from makeup artist Alberto Fava: Put eyelash glue on the lid's outer corner, then lift the skin. It will "hold" all evening.





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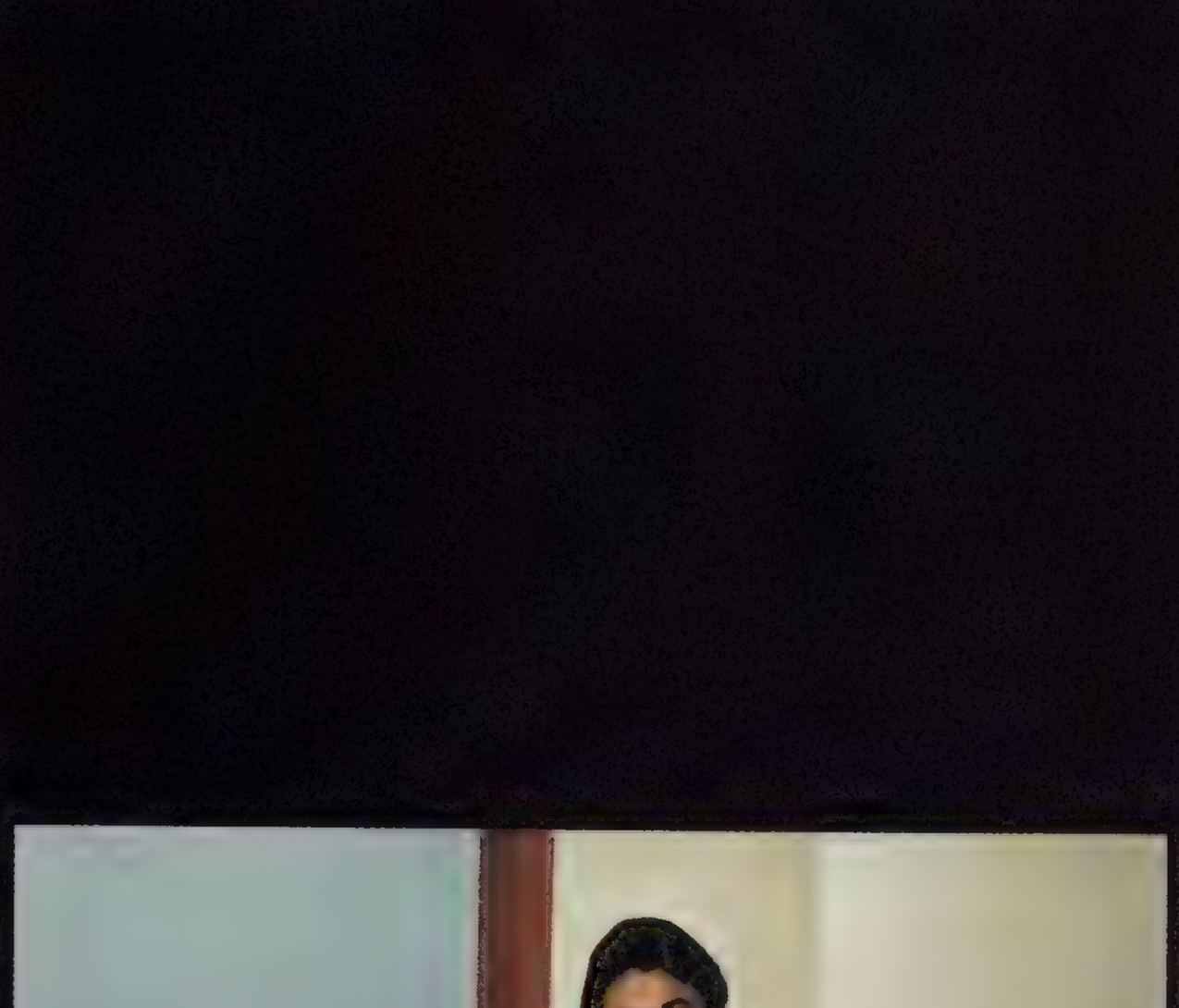
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Health

Baking soda for smoke addiction...
exercise for cramps in the night
...and latest word on vitamin E

By Melva Weber

BICARB FOR SMOKE QUITTERS?

Smoking, not acid indigestion, was the target for treatment of volunteers who took sodium bicarbonate pills (ordinary baking soda) under the direction of social-science researchers A. James Fix, Ph.D., and David Daughton at the University of Nebraska College of Medicine. The theory being tested was that making the urine alkaline instead of acid allows more nicotine to be reabsorbed into the bloodstream, making the drug effect last longer and cutting down the craving for the next cigarette.

In three weeks, the entire study group had cut its smoking rate from twenty-nine to 7.8 cigarettes a day; smokers on bicarb pills smoked about as much as those not taking the pills. But, at the end of the fourth week, soda-pill takers were down to an average .14 cigarettes a day—about one cigarette a week—while non-soda users were still averaging close to half a pack a day. By recycling part of the nicotine, the bicarb treatment may ease smoking withdrawal symptoms. But Dr. Fix warns that some people, such as those with high blood pressure, should not take extra sodium without medical supervision.

HOLIDAY CAUTION: LEAD-BEARING GIFT WRAPS

Burning the wrappings of Christmas gifts in your fireplace may release toxic metals into the air of the room. And a small child's chewing on colorful gift wrappings could result in lead poisoning. Lead and other toxic materials were found in most gift-wrapping papers laboratory-tested by Sidney A. Katz, Ph.D., associate dean and professor of chemistry at Rutgers University in New Jersey. It isn't a good idea to allow discarded wrappings to go to a landfill dump, either. The reason: toxic metals quickly leach out, contaminate ground water that finds its way into drinking-water supplies. Best to do: Pack old gift wraps into a plastic bag and let your sanitation department dispose of it.

Lead toxicity is particularly bad news for health. The body accumulates lead inhaled or taken in food or drink. Too much lead causes brain damage, convulsions, may lead to coma and death. Earlier, the American Medical Association warned against fireplace-burning colored Sunday magazine sections because of risk of airborne lead. Safe from lead, says Dr. Katz: most comic books and children's magazines (but not necessarily their slick covers), black-and-white newsprint, gift wraps printed with lead-free inks.

DAD vs. DRUGS

It has been generally recognized that a pregnant woman's use of drugs, alcohol, and cigarettes can have harmful effects on her unborn child. Now, evidence is mounting that the male parent also may cause birth defects through using drugs and chemicals just prior to the time of conception. At the University of Vermont, doctors studied laboratory rats whose fathers—but not their mothers—had been given morphine or methadone. Compared with rats with non-drugged sires, the offspring of drug-dosed fathers had low birth weights, many died in infancy, and others showed abnormal behavior, reported Lester F. Soyka, M.D., and Justin M. Joffe, Ph.D. In the physician's magazine "Current Prescribing," Sumner J. Yaffe, M.D., director of clinical pharmacology at The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, advised doctors to caution prospective fathers against using drugs.

EASE FOR P.M. LEGS

The sudden agony of a cramp in the calf at night can be prevented by a simple daytime exercise, according to Harry W. Daniell, M.D., of Redding, California. Dr. Daniell's cramp-curing stretch: Face a wall two to three feet away; shoes off, heels flat on floor. Lean forward, steadying with hands or elbows, until you have a fairly intense but not painful pulling sensation in the calf muscles. Hold ten seconds, push back to rest five seconds, and repeat. Do this three times each day until you no longer have cramps at night (usually two to three days); then do exercise just often enough to stay cramp-free.

MENOPAUSE BLUES: NO SUCH COLOR

Is there really such a disease as menopausal depression? The American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, second edition, does list "involutional melancholia," described in terms of worry, anxiety, agitation, insomnia, guilt, preoccupation with and even delusions about bodily health. This depression is associated with menopausal years and is distinguished from other listed disorders by not occurring earlier nor being "due to some life experience."

But the description is a myth, says Myrna M. Weissman, Ph.D., of Yale University School of Medicine. She points out that depressions occurring in menopause-age women are not a distinct clinical entity. Certainly, you can have a depression in the menopausal years—or at any other time of life. But in several studies reviewed by Dr. Weissman, no higher risks of depression and no increases in mental symptoms were found around the menopausal years. In fact, she reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, rates of depressive symptoms were highest in women *younger* than thirty-five years, and decreased gradually with age. Moreover, there is no distinct symptom pattern in women who get depressed during menopause; first episodes of depression don't occur more often at menopause age; and an absence of life-stress owing to other factors does not prevail among depressed menopausal women.

Questions remain as to whether involutional melancholia ever existed. But Dr. Weissman adds that it could possibly have disappeared in recent years, as early and effective treatment became available.

TO "E" OR NOT TO "E"?

The argument goes on, whether it's ever necessary or wise for people to take supplemental vitamin E (tocopherol). Opposers say vitamin E deficiency is virtually unknown, that most diets supply enough of the vitamin. Supporters say vitamin E, an antioxidant, protects against effects of air pollution, retards aging, improves sexual performance, supports growth and reproduction, may protect against some forms of cancer. Recently, Cheryl F. Nockels, Ph.D., of Colorado State University, reported in the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology's *Proceedings* that vitamin E dosage in excess of bare nutritional needs improves disease resistance in experimental animals. Test creatures given extra vitamin E produced more antibodies when challenged by antigens, bacteria, and viruses. Chicks and turkeys were infected with *E. coli*, bacteria also found in the human gut. Sheep were exposed to *Chlamydia*, which also belongs to a family of organisms that cause human disease. The animals receiving extra vitamin E had improved disease resistance. Guinea pigs given a vaccine made from animal virus had increased immune response with supplemental vitamin E. Dr. Nockels adds that vitamin E's immunity-enhancing effects depend on the dose, the chemical form of the vitamin, the way it's given. It has yet to be proved helpful for human immunity.

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Plants Now

Fast plant design tricks for your home...how to water without wrecking floors...



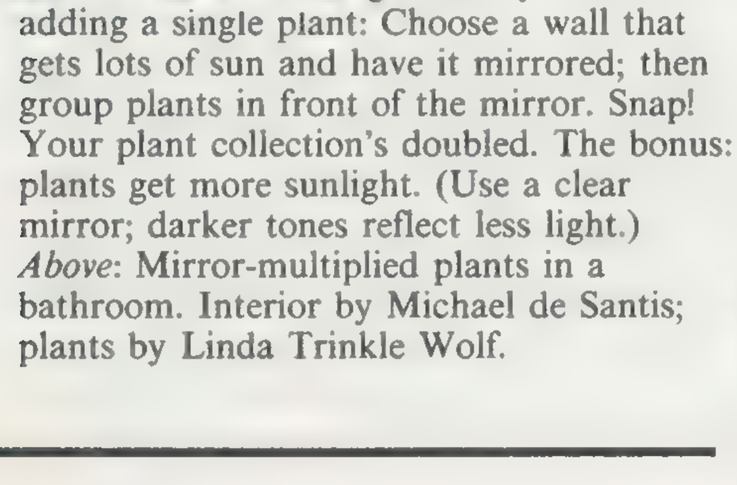
By Linda Trinkle Wolf

Multiply the effect of your indoor greenery without adding a single plant: Choose a wall that gets lots of sun and have it mirrored; then group plants in front of the mirror. Snap! Your plant collection's doubled. The bonus: plants get more sunlight. (Use a clear mirror; darker tones reflect less light.) *Above*: Mirror-multiplied plants in a bathroom. Interior by Michael de Santis; plants by Linda Trinkle Wolf.

Spindly . . . plus scrawny . . .

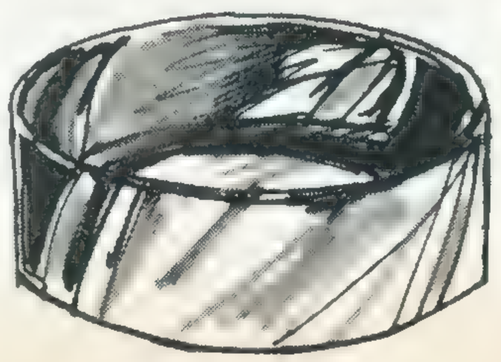
equals lush!

A lush, healthy plant livens almost any room, but one that's leggy or scrawny can look pathetic. It's hard not to be emotional about a plant you've nurtured from infancy, but ask yourself: Would I buy this plant if I saw it at a florist's shop? When the answer is no, you have two choices: (1) Give the plant to a friend with better growing conditions or (2) give the plant a friend. Potting two or even three spindly plants together can produce instant verdancy. Example, above and right. Two weaklings combine for a strong display.

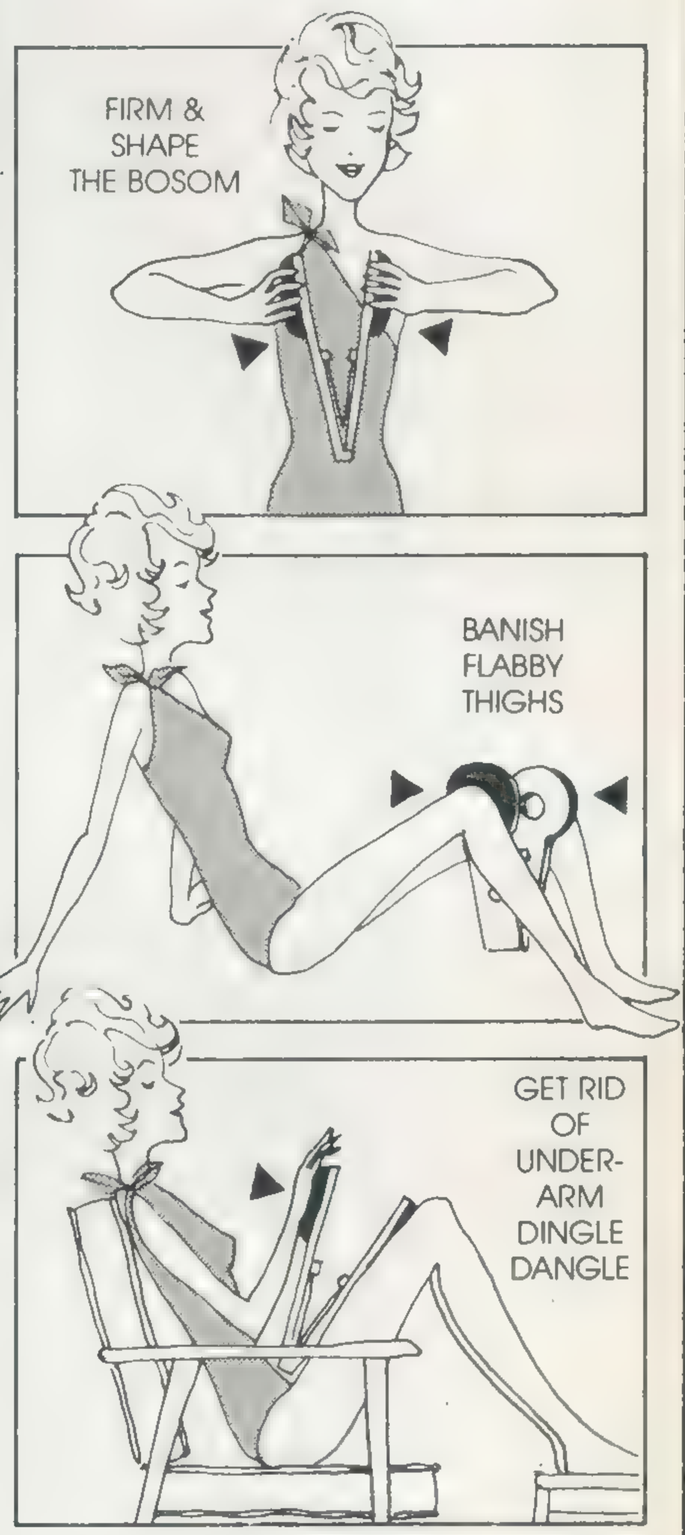


Plants need daylight—natural or artificial—to flourish; but "after hours," you can light them for drama. Turn off lights in the room and try placing an "up" light under one or more of your plant groups. Many fixtures are available (two by Koch & Lowy Inc., NYC, *left),* using 75-watt floodlights—or try soft pink or yellow bulbs. Vary shadows by changing angles.

Underneath every plant a saucer . . . and each should be at least one inch wider than the top of its pot. Porous clay saucers don't really protect; instead use new waterproof plastic ones that have the warm look of terra-cotta. Or have a tinsmith make galvanized-steel saucers with four-inch sides; hide both pots and saucers inside baskets. Right: 4 x 14-inch pan, A & L Sheet Metal Works, NYC.



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LORD & TAYLOR

LETTER FROM PARIS

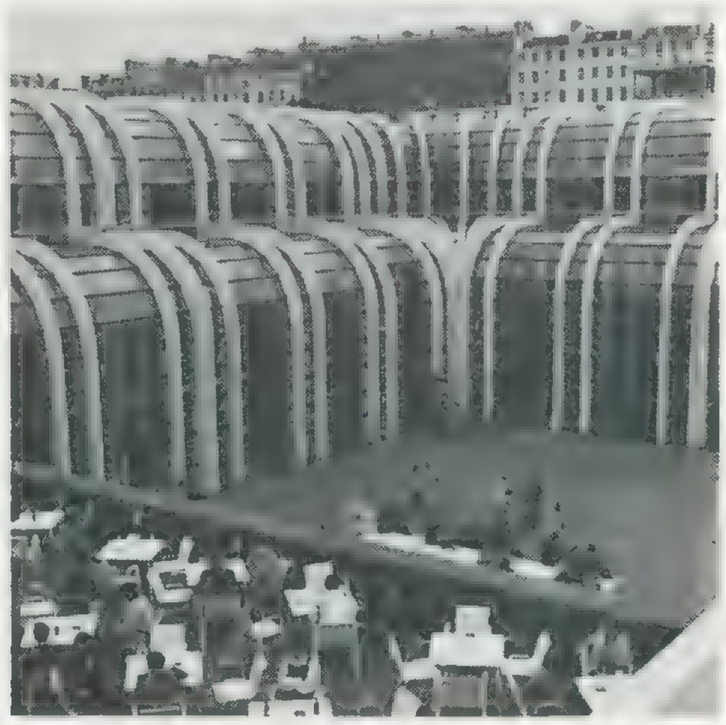
Many-tiered treat: the Forum

Latest on Parisian places to shop, eat

BY MARY RUSSELL

The amazing new Forum

The Forum, on the site of the old Les Halles, is the best attraction to hit Paris since the Beaubourg Museum. Intellectual purists will always find something to criticize—the architecture, the architects, the choice of shops or the sculptures in the open-air piazza in the center—but, despite their niggling, its success is obvious. The variety of shops and "things" within the four levels are all lit by natural and artificial light so you really never know whether you are underground or not.



View of outdoor terrace, open-air courtyard, in city's spectacular new Forum.

Getting to the Forum is next to impossible except by Métro: three stops direct from St.-Germain or the Champs-Elysées, you walk through brightly lit clean corridors to an escalator, ascend to the Forum. First impression: a beautiful smell of *pastisseries*—unbelievable in a Métro! But there it is, an open market version of a croissant bar, called Le Croissanterie, with every hot bun, croissant, and apple tart one could want. This is a must as a first stop on your way around the Forum.

At first I wanted to write a mini-guide to the Forum, but I had to abandon this project as the map to all the levels is so complicated. Instead, I decided just to flow with the movement of the corridors, escalators, and elevators. The top level is the chic one; that's where the top-name boutiques are located—a beautiful St. Laurent Rive Gauche boutique, a new (and first) Angelo Tarlazzi boutique next to Chantal Thomass, Charles Jourdan, Ungaro, and Stéphane Kélian. More delights: gigantic columns made of ceramic tiles with painted animals by Rieti.

This mixture of art, architecture, and exciting fashion pervades all the levels. Areas that are still unfinished have been turned into individual galleries for avant-garde artists who set up sculptures, light shows, or objects. The architecture, light, people strolling create a wonderful mood. And to think that this is all inside—so perfect for cold rainy Paris winter days! You can just hop on the Métro on the corner and spend all day at the Forum.

And we're not finished: there are six cinemas, an outdoor terrace with tables (for warm weather, of course), children's day-care centers, restaurants of every description: a Chinese restaurant like a very chic cafeteria where you can take out lacquered ducks; Hédiard with all the exotic fruits; L'Herbier de Provence, just like the one in St.-Germain-des-Prés with herbs and teas and tisanes that you can order for a quick bracing "pep up" or *mal de foie*; an English imported tea and jam shop specializing in a special "Forum" tea blend. Italians (and others) will love the Italian gourmet market with adjoining Italian restaurant that offers the best pasta directly from Italy. And more: a piano bar in white filigree wrought iron with hanging green ferns, several *brasseries* and bars, a discothèque, banks, telephones everywhere, and lovely carved wooden benches so you can sit down and look at the action.

The Forum is truly mind boggling—a totally extraordinary treat!

What Paris is wearing

Paris is as usual its own mixture of fashion "safes," "avant-gardes," "classics," and "status." The suit is everywhere. Thierry Mugler's knits and stretch jumpsuits are being worn by the avant-garde. He has great black knit and ciré stretch pants with a very wide waist cinch; and his sweaters, skirts, and matching tights are sellouts, as are his Mondrian knit shifts worn with stirrup-footed tights. New jewels to wear with Mugler stretch clothes are in geometric forms—triangles within triangles, asymmetric plastic in brightly colored Vasarely shapes by Benaroya and Frangeul for "Aussi." Shoes to wear with stirrup-footed tights are the biggest problem. Sacha, a trend-setting shoe shop in St.-Germain, sells their corkscrew-heeled ankle boot in black suède. And their silver elf's boot with upturned toe is *the* boot for stirrup pants. (The young are crazy about silver accessories—shoes and boots in particular, but also silver bracelets, chains, wide leather cinches.) Maud Frizon does a low-heeled soft leather pump in silver, and the same style in iridescent pink. Her superb zigzag-topped nut-brown suède boots go for a mere $450.

More shoe news: lots of fake crocodile and lizard shoes and Western boots at Sacha and the Boot Shop (another trend-setter in St.-Germain), lots of hot colors, especially purple. The flat tassel loafer has undergone French treatment: it's two-toned, in purple and green fake crocodile, or with black-and-white pony inset for the vamp, or in vivid purple with a pointed toe at Harry Cover (pronounced *haricots verts* in French) in Les Halles.

Also at Harry Cover, big T-shirt buys—a bright red T-shirt emblazoned "Gay," another "Bad." The Harry Cover T-shirt is a large white one with a green-and-white Hollywood chewing-gum package printed over the heart but the name of the gum is changed to Harry Cover—the ultimate in subtle chic.

The lycée set all *(Continued on page 130)*

UNFORGETTABLE WOMEN

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LETTER FROM PARIS

(Continued from page 129)

hang out at Benetton, at the rue Bonaparte and rue Dauphine, where the classic V-neck lambswool sweaters they love come in a myriad of bright colors at only $15 a throw.

A passion for fashion

Fashion really does seem to be the new "drug" here. People seem to take out all of their desires and frustrations on buying clothes. Boutiques are packed. The Plaza-Athénée is still the firm bastion of *couture*, and Yves Saint Laurent is the big winner. His new boutique on the corner of Place St.-Sulpice in St.-Germain-des-Prés is all beige travertine and marble, very mausoleum-like. It lacks the intimacy of the sadly forsaken first Rive Gauche boutique on rue de Tournon.

Victoire Boutique, on the Place des Victoires, is an interesting indicator of what more conservative fashion mavens are buying: Emmanuelle Khanh's wrap fringed plaid kilt, sweater dresses in angora by Angelo Tarlazzi and "Caroline," Popi Moreni's black-and-white tweed fitted suits, silk T-shirts from Enrico Coveri—beautiful in bright orange with his name over the heart in rhinestones—Angelo Tarlazzi's wide-shouldered coat with long fringed scarf and straight matching skirt.

Dorothée Bis is selling wonderful knit shifts; the best is in cassis with a black turtleneck and black flame pattern continuing over the shoulders. . . . Sonia Rykiel's ankle-length cotton velours jogging pants and blue or striped sweatshirts seem to be the least expensive designer clothes around.

Where to eat

Le Jardin, at 100 rue du Bac, for "haute" vegetarian cuisine in a lovely setting—Liberty of London tablecloths, lots of green plants, peace and quiet, rooms follow rooms—white, pale, clean. The kitchen is in the middle; and, in back, there's a patio covered with a translucent skylight. Soft-spoken, *kind* waiters and waitresses serve the best fresh soups made of barley and fresh vegetables, anise tea, bouchées of creamed beets and mashed carrots, onion and dessert tarts, whipped creamed apple sauce, the best *salades composées*. A place to gossip with a friend or to eat alone with a good book.

Les Quatre Saisons, 2 rue du Jour, a new hideaway for tea and crumpets, light pastry-free tourtes, desserts.

The restaurant in the little-known *Parc Montsouris* in the fifteenth arondissement (a place where large artists' ateliers and small houses still exist), recently taken over by a journalist and publicity man well-known around Paris. It's all Art Nouveau, and simple *nouvelle cuisine* dishes are added to the traditional menu.

La Porte Fausse, a new restaurant at 72 rue du Cherche-Midi (now that the Cherche-Midi has become so chic that Giscard d'Estaing's daughter eats there). Lunch is like afternoon tea: leek, tomato, and spinach tarts, gratins, coconut and tangerine teas, delicious cakes, white cream cheese with cinnamon, *salades composées*. Another one of the "light" food establishments for a rendezvous after the cinema or shopping in St.-Germain. ▽





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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 26)

Solomon. Holly is not merely beautiful, chic, witty, and charming. She is a wily, intelligent dealer—both savvy and passionate. She is articulate about the work she shows; and in a realm infamous for its ruthlessness, she is generous both to her artists, and in my own experience, to institutions.

And she photographs at least as well as your Big Six.

Marilyn Z. Zeitlin, Director
Freedman Gallery—Albright College
Reading, PA

Judith Goldman replies: *Women have played crucial and pioneering roles as art dealers. Peggy Guggenheim, Betty Parsons, Edith Halpert, Ileana Sonnabend, Elinor Poindexter, to name but a few. But my article focuses on an art world in which money now plays as important a role as esthetic judgment. Today's current financial kings are men.*

I enjoy reading Vogue, but would like to point out two rather blatant errors in your current August issue. I am an Art History major at Stony Brook University. With due respect to Leo Castelli and Judith Goldman (i.e., "Powers in the Art Mart" by Judith Goldman), it was not Mr. Castelli who "created Pop Art." The term was originated by Lawrence Alloway in England during the mid-fifties. Dr. Alloway is a professor at Stony Brook under whom I have had the good fortune to study. Credit should be awarded where due.

A second error was even more obvious. In "Talking About Art", by Barbara Rose, a Greek kouros was incorrectly dated A.D. 560. By A.D. 560, the Greek states had long been assimilated into the Roman Empire, which, itself, by this time was virtually dissolved in power and scheme by the barbarian invasions. The kouros should have been dated c. 560 B.C. . . .

Linda J. Merz
North Babylon, NY

Judith Goldman replies: *The coining of the term Pop Art is generally attributed to critic Lawrence Alloway, who published it in a 1958 essay. The term made its first visual appearance in English artist Richard Hamilton's 1966 collage "Just what is it that makes today's homes so different, so appealing?" Whoever coined the phrase, dealer Leo Castelli was Pop Art's impresario. He promoted the style and made Pop Art a household word.*

Editor replies: *Barbara Rose, who knows better, had nothing to do with the typing error that led to our placing the Greek kouros in the wrong century; 560 B.C. is correct.*

More aural info

In reference to the recent article entitled "Inner Info: Your Ears" (September 1979) by Melva Weber, at no point did the author mention the profession of audiology. We are a body of individuals licensed by the American Speech-Language and Hearing Association for the often difficult but rewarding process of evaluating hearing, conferring directly with the otologist, prescribing fitting and dispensing of hearing aids, and counseling patients in regard to their hearing problems.

In order to achieve the status of audiologist, one must have a master's degree, undergo a clinical fellowship year of employment, and finally pass an examination that is administered by the American Speech-Language and Hearing Association. Upon the successful completion of these tasks an individual is awarded the Certificate of Clinical Competence in Audiology. . . .

M. Cara Erskine, M.Ed.
Audiologist/Speech Pathologist,C.C.C.
The Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine,
Department of Otolaryngology
Baltimore, MD

Editorial expansion

As of the September issue, Vogue is overweight. Two pounds, two ounces. How gross.

Sally Hunter
Alexandria, VA

Self-respect at any age. . .

Thank you for printing Sandi Cushman's delightful article in the September issue entitled "Women Now." It was refreshing, realistic, and very encouraging. I've always enjoyed your excellent fashion layouts; an article like Ms. Cushman's adds icing to the cake.

Jeanne Banks
Austin, TX

Photo: Helmut Newton

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La galerie des Glaces vue par Jean Desprez



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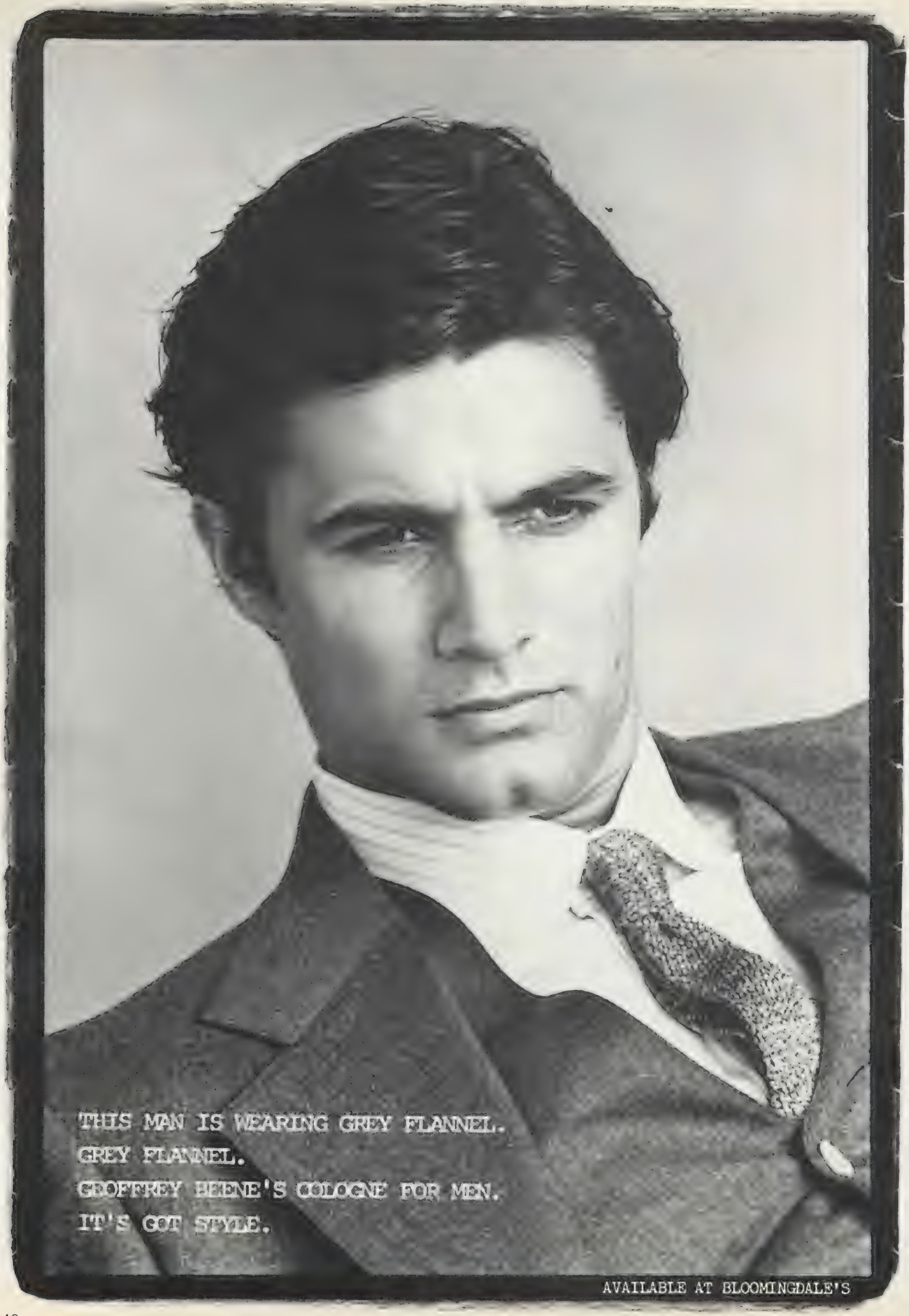
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The European Goldfinch, one of the world's most charming birds, inaugurates the collection. Crafted in fine, hand-painted porcelain, it is both an impressive work of art and a model of ornithological accuracy. And it will be issued at the very modest price of $90—which may itself be paid in three convenient monthly installments of $30 each.

This new and original work of art has been designed to the Society's commission by the internationally renowned wildlife artist Peter Barrett. The Goldfinch is portrayed clinging to the branch of an almond tree that's aburst with blossoms. The vivid scarlet, black and white of the head . . . the bright bars of yellow upon the wings . . . the delicate formation of the tail feathers . . . all are depicted with realism and accuracy, in authentic natural color.

Moreover, *The European Goldfinch* will be sculptured *life size* in this enchanting work of art, which will be created for the Society by Franklin Porcelain in Japan—home of some of the world's most gifted and experienced porcelain craftsmen.

In the tradition of classic works in fine porcelain, *The European Goldfinch* will be made available in a single, limited edition, reserved *exclusively* for those who order from the Society's first collection of international bird sculptures during 1979. When all valid orders from those individuals have been filled, the edition will be permanently closed. A Certificate of Authenticity bearing the signature of the Director of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds will accompany each sculpture.

The European Goldfinch, by Peter Barrett, will provide a fascinating focal point of beauty for your home. It will be a conversation piece of which you will never tire.
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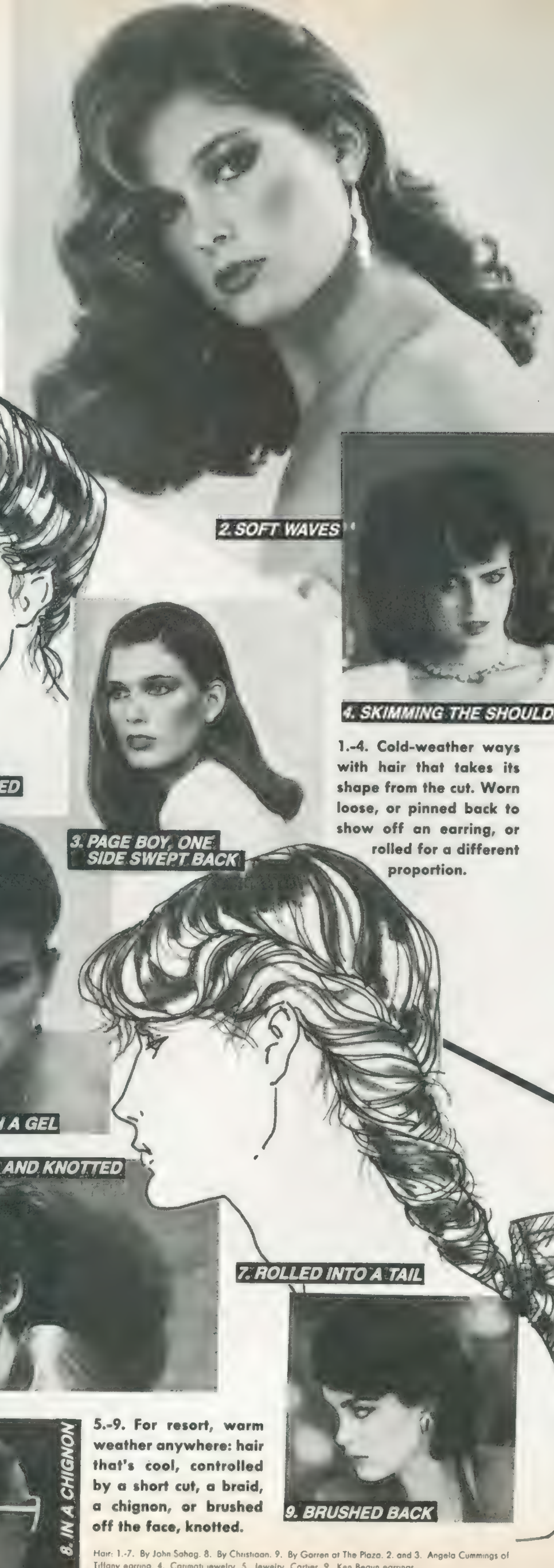
Hair Now

Winter/resort: styling ideas for coping with cold/hot extremes

Dependency on your hairdresser for styling, a weekly comb-out is fast becoming a thing of the past, a luxury few busy women can afford. The direction to go in: a good cut, well-shaped so you can style it yourself, with alternatives—a loose braid, a soft knot—that are simple and easy, also your own doing (also the new trend in hair coloring that's subtle enough to grow out gradually). A more efficient, more sensible approach—one that gives your hair style the leeway to miss an appointment and look fine in spite of it. Whether you're living where it's winter or going south where it's warm, this is the time of year when your hair is exposed to extreme weather conditions, and a good way to cope is a style you can manage yourself. Right, you see some of our favorite hairdressers' solutions to the problems posed by winter/resort climates.

In any weather, year-round: styling is easier when your hair's in good condition. Henna is Clive Summers' (645 Fifth Ave., NYC) prescription for this time of year—it coats the shaft and seals the cuticle, preventing moisture loss. For a more subtle effect—more suited to mid-winter skin tones—he mixes neutral (colorless) henna with camomile tea to brighten blond highlights, with coffee for richer brunette coloring, with yogurt for shine on any shade. . . .

Other tips for winterizing: Dampening your comb combats the static that comes with pulling hats on and off, living in dry indoor environments. Mallory, at Pipino-Buccheri Salon, suggests investing in a humidifier, also advises lathering only once in winter if you wash your hair often. . . . Travel tip: Condition your hair just before you fly to minimize high-altitude dryness. . . . For resort: The best defense against dryness—from chlorinated or salt water—and sun damage is constant protection. Try combing wheat-germ oil through your hair, then twisting hair into a chignon for the beach. Shampoo before you dress for evening: if it's humid, use a gel for styling—mixed with conditioner is the formula from Edward of Pipino-Buccheri Salon. . . . Or use glycerine (at any drugstore)—Davian's tip for extra control.



1.-4. Cold-weather ways with hair that takes its shape from the cut. Worn loose, or pinned back to show off an earring, or rolled for a different proportion.

5.-9. For resort, warm weather anywhere: hair that's cool, controlled by a short cut, a braid, a chignon, or brushed off the face, knotted.

Hair: 1.-7. By John Sahag. 8. By Christiaan. 9. By Garren at The Plaza. 2. and 3. Angela Cummings of Tiffany earring. 4. Carimati jewelry. 5. Jewelry, Cartier. 9. Ken Begun earrings



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Hair Now

What to know, what to do about the most common hair problems...

There are about one hundred thousand hairs on your head. And the rate at which follicles grow or shed hair is affected by many factors. Things such as hormones, climate, season all play a part . . .

1 Hair grows faster, thicker, and longer during pregnancy. "During the third trimester of pregnancy, women have the best hair growth of any time in their lives," says Norman Orentreich, M.D., clinical associate professor of dermatology, New York University School of Medicine. Several of the hormonal changes that take place within the body during pregnancy protect hair follicles. There is less hair shedding (each follicle usually grows one thousand days, then rests one hundred days; during the third trimester of pregnancy, the growing period is longer). However, about three months after delivery, a large number of follicles usually go into the resting phase simultaneously, causing profuse shedding. "This is temporary and hair will return to normal in a matter of months," says Dr. Orentreich. "If the loss continues, a topical hormone can be applied to the scalp to ease shedding."

2 From October through December, there is an increase in hair shedding, with November the peak month. "When the leaves fall, hair falls," says Dr. Orentreich. This is due to hormonal changes that are related to the length of daylight hours and to the drop in temperature during cold-weather months.

3 Birth-control pills can be a common cause of hair loss—as is any change in your hormonal balance. "Birth-control pills may lead to hair loss," says Dr. Orentreich, "if you are taking one that does not have the right balance of estrogen and progesterones for you." The Pill in a very simple way mimics pregnancy, so sometimes it may aid hair growth, according to Dr. Orentreich. However, some of the androgenic (male hormone) chemicals in the Pill may lead to hair loss in women who are prone to it. If you stop taking the Pill after two to five years, you may have temporary hair loss, as you would after delivering a baby.

4 Baldness may be inherited—in women as well as men. Baldness that follows a male pattern, called androgenic alopecia, is "the commonest form of hair loss in women as well as men," says Dr. Orentreich. Thinning starts at the crown and frontal peaks, as it does in men, though usually it is not as noticeable in women. This type of balding depends on heredity and on the presence of male hormones (androgens), which all women have, but to a lesser degree than men. In some cases, the balding can be severe and become noticeable even during the teenage years. "If you treat this condition early on, it is possible to stimulate regrowth," says Dr. Orentreich. Daily shampooing may help. So may tests that help detect hormonal imbalances, which can be corrected. In cases that are too advanced for medical treatment, Dr. Orentreich recommends hair transplants.

5 Avoid hair styles that place too much stress on the hair. Continuous pulling—from excessively tight pony-tails, braids, upsweeps, curlers, or combs—may produce permanent hair loss if you do it too frequently, according to Dr. Orentreich. Also, excessive brushing (e.g., one hundred strokes a night) may damage your hair rather than help it, says Dr. Orentreich.

6 Hair loss can result from high fever and/or medications. Illness accompanied by a high fever can cause temporary hair loss. Shedding usually becomes noticeable about ten weeks after the fever has ended. Some medications also can contribute to hair loss, depending on your sensitivity to them. Hair usually regrows in about three or four months, according to Dr. Orentreich.



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Jane Fonda's super exercises

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How does Jane Fonda keep in shape? With this series of exercises, *below*, done daily, for tightening, firming, strengthening . . . thighs, buttocks, abdomen. They are one part of the program taught by fitness instructor Audrey Pressman at The Workout, Ms. Fonda's recently opened exercise school at 369 South Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills. More about Jane Fonda, her exercise philosophy, page 280.

Buttocks tuck: For tightening, firming buttocks, upper thighs. Lie on your back, with knees bent, feet apart and pointing straight ahead. Arms rest on floor, palms down. Squeeze buttocks and raise them slightly off the floor. This is not an arching motion; movement is from the hip down. Repeat 30 times slowly, then 30 times rapidly. (The Workout conducts these exercises to music—you should, too.)

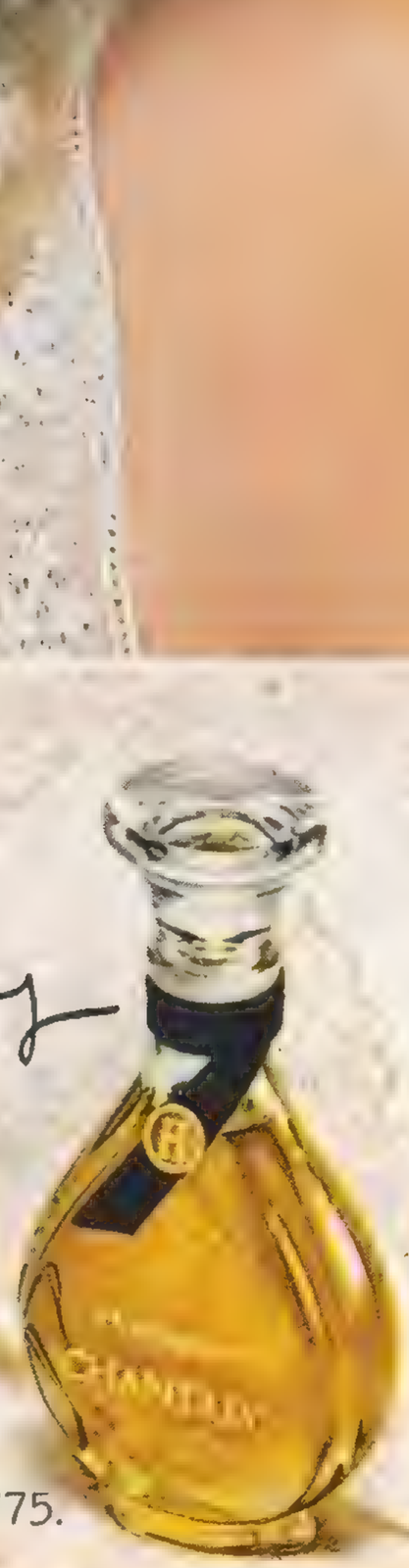
For inner thigh: Lie on your right side, both legs straight. ("Always keep your buttocks muscles contracted, as it gives you support," says Ms. Pressman.) Lean on your right elbow. Grab your left ankle with your left hand and bring left leg straight up towards the ceiling. Then, bring left leg down (keep it bent) and place it over the right leg. The left leg now forms an arc over the right leg. The right leg remains straight. Now lift right leg up and down in a scissor-type motion, with inner right thigh facing ceiling. You should feel the pull on your right inner thigh. Bounce 20 times, with right toes pointed; 20 times, with toes flexed; 20 times, pointing and flexing.

For outer thigh: Kneel on floor on hands and knees, with elbows straight. Keep left leg bent; lift leg out to the side (your outer leg should face the ceiling). Lift 50 times, each leg. "On all exercises, make sure you exhale on the effort," says Ms. Pressman—in this case, on the lift.

Also for outer thigh: Start in the same position as above, on hands and knees. Lift leg out to the side, keeping it bent. Then stretch it out straight. Flex foot so outer leg faces ceiling. Lift straight leg up and down 20 times each leg.

For abdomen: Lie on your back with knees bent, feet apart. Squeeze knees together. Lock your hands together at the base of your neck, tuck your chin down into your chest. Elbows should be parallel to your ears so your chest is open. (It is important not to put pressure on your neck, says Ms. Pressman.) Sit up slowly, concentrating on pulling in lower stomach muscles. This is *not* a full sit-up; just lift your upper body 6 inches or so from the mat. Do 10 times slowly; then 20 times double-time, without lowering your body all the way to the floor between raises. Remember to exhale on the effort—as you rise. ▽

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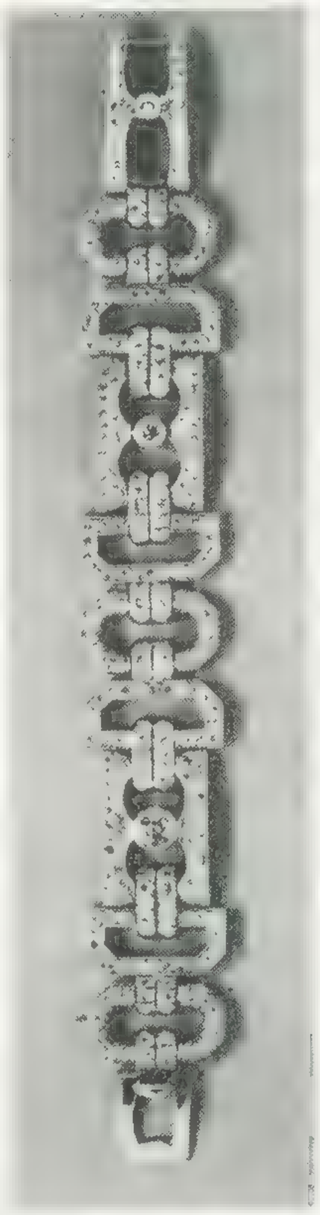
Talking about... Collecting

Christmas auctions—what and where... Americana guide... art investing: pros and cons

By Judith Goldman



Treasures for jewelry buffs: a Deco brooch of diamonds, emeralds, platinum (left), a geometric-design diamond bracelet (right), brought high prices this year.



Sotheby Parke Bernet and Christie's hold the sales that draw crowds, bring prices, and make headlines. But at **New York City's smaller houses**, auction goers have other options. One won't find the best Louis XV commode or the grandest Old Masters selling at **PB Eighty-Four** or **Christie's East**; both specialize in **minor period pieces** and less expensive merchandise. Still, Christie's East sets record prices; a French Bru Bébé doll recently sold for $6000; and the $12,000 paid for Ansel Adams's "Moonrise Hernandez, New Mexico, 1941" was the highest price ever paid for a single twentieth-century photograph.



Kid stuff: this Bru Bébé sold for $6000

At **PB Eighty-Four**, sales called **"Victorian International"** (a phrase that covers the overdecorated and until recently undervalued) helped revive the market in Victoriana. Shoppers who regularly visit **William Doyle's** New York auction room can acquire **furniture, china, and rugs** that are often better values than what is currently available in large department stores.

The New York salesrooms of the British-based **Phillips** also offer **china, paintings, furniture and jewels; but toys, particularly miniature lead soldiers, are among their specialties.** Phillips is also an oasis for **American drawings**; and English dealers are reportedly buying them to take back to England, where they then mark the drawings up three times.

At the **Plaza Fine Art Auctioneers,** buyers have bid on everything from Joan Crawford's clothes and trinkets to Jasper Johns's lithographs. And confirmed bibliophiles attend weekly sales, held every Thursday, at the **Swann Galleries,** where they auction **rare books, literary properties, maps, atlases, autographs, photographica, and prints.**

Many of the smaller auction houses hold **special Christmas sales.** All year long, William Doyle's stashes away odd, interesting, and elegant items that make good gifts and sell for under $400 for his annual Christmas sale. At this year's December 11 sale, Doyle sells: an eighteenth-century English mahogany pipe box ($100-$200); a sterling-silver Tiffany shoehorn ($100-$150); antique paisley shawls ($200-$400); and a small rose medallion Chinese export bowl ($100-$150). **Christie's East**'s Christmas sale on December 11 includes **French, German, and American dolls, quilts, textiles, and assorted toys for grown-ups.**

On December 5, **Phillips** sells **fine jewelry: gold bracelets, diamond rings, and antique necklaces** at prices from $200 to $20,000. On December 6, **Swann Galleries** sells rare medical books by such great physicians as Hippocrates. On December 20, when Swann sells **Bibles, bindings, and illustrated books,** there should be a wealth of options for last minute-shoppers.

The new art market: what investors want

The new art-investment funds: Sotheby Parke Bernet advises Citibank's private clients with portfolios of one million dollars or over to spend on art. Artemus, the international art cartel, has a new advisory service for banks, lawyers, brokerage firms who want art properties. One optimistic reaction to the Sotheby Citibank collaboration: "It's good for the art world: it means more money for art." The rebuttal from a partisan of the other major auction house: "When Charles Wilson said, 'What's good for General Motors is good for America,' he forgot to say it wasn't good for Chrysler." The art funds are another sign of new collecting that's not about art, antiquities, or private obsessions, but about money and fluctuating dollars. The irony: aside from the few great pictures and objects, the art market may be the riskiest market of all; although art is not liquid, it's given to as much fluctuation as the dollar.



This vintage Currier and Ives lithograph went for $1600

Americana at Auction, the collaborative effort of a trio of experts, is a pictorial record of seven hundred American antiques sold at twenty auction houses in 1978. Authors Samuel Pennington, Thomas M. Voss, and Lita Solis-Cohen—all meticulous reporters—pooled talents to create the book they wanted to own. Arranged categorically, in ascending order of price, the broad selection ranges from a block-front kneehole mahogany desk, attributed to the Goddard-Townsend Newport workshop, which sold for a record price of $140,000 (Christie's) to stenciled stoneware crocks with prices as low as $40 and as high as $330 (Kinzle, Duncansville PA). Prices are also given for Windsor chairs, Currier and Ives prints, silver tankards, quilts, hooked rugs. Nowhere is there an iota of hype. Trends aren't proclaimed or bargains heralded. Succinct captions detail condition, provenance, prices paid, estimated prices, the sale and its date. Here and there illustrations lack clarity; but that is a minor flaw in this no-nonsense guide. *Americana at Auction* is an indispensable reference, an endorsement of why to shop at auction. (Dutton, $12.95).

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FOOD

Classic for our times: Fannie Farmer updated

Christmas-dinner recipes

BY JAMES A. BEARD

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Throughout the history of American cooking at its best, the name that dominates the rest is that of Fannie Farmer. Her classic "The Boston Cooking School Cookbook," (Little, Brown and Company) first published in 1896 at her own expense, has guided the home cook, helped to maintain the reputation of great hostesses ever since.*

Now the original "Fannie Farmer" has been completely revised in a twelfth edition by Marion Cunningham with Jeri Laber (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.) for the new lighter way we like to eat and cook today. Here, James Beard (his own cookbooks are modern classics) reminisces about Miss Farmer's influence on his childhood eating experiences; and we offer, Christmas dinner recipes excerpted (with slight textual changes) from the new Fannie Farmer cookbook.

When the first edition of *The Boston Cooking School Cookbook* came out in 1896, Fannie Farmer was not the household word that she has become since then. In fact, through the final years of the nineteenth century and the early decades of this century, Miss Farmer's stature and position in American dining and planning grew enormously.

Of course, this was another age. It was a time when people lived comfortably in rather large, roomy houses at a much more leisurely pace than we do today. Alongside nearly every home was a kitchen garden that provided bushels of new potatoes and peas, and spring onions, radishes, and shallots. There were always a few fruit trees that bore cherries, plums, or apples.

Through the summer and the waning months, there were such things as summer squash, zucchini, peppers, tomatoes; and, then in the fall, there was a noticeable surge in canning and preserving. And then the days came when you'd go into the house, perhaps after school, and there would be that heavenly smell of vinegar, tomato, and pepper. Chili sauce was being made or pepper relish. There would be extraordinarily good food that you learned to love and you'd always wait for repeats. Suddenly, there'd be a new recipe, you'd ask to have it again, and you'd be told that this was something from Fannie Farmer. There was a feeling of pride from the kitchen and a feeling of achievement when new things were tried out. I learned to love food from much that was Miss Farmer, and much that Miss Farmer preached and wrote about.

My birthday is in May, and I would have a sunshine cake or a coconut cake that came from Miss Farmer and sprigs of hawthorn would decorate the plate that made it seem spring-like, light and remarkably friendly.

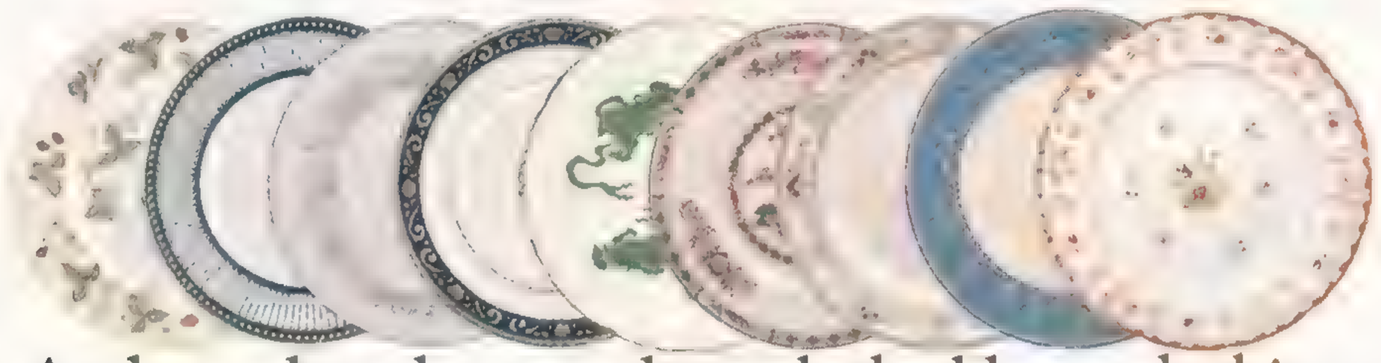
With the First World War, our living pattern changed. It took a great deal of time to come back to an idea of gentle living again. People traveled more and became much more knowledgeable, and the utter lack of serving folk in one's home became a serious problem. There was no longer that sort of secret wonderment of what the kitchen was going to produce. Food took a nose-dive along with a great many other things. Lately, however, that has changed enormously.

Once again it has become a time of good food. The homemaker is not necessarily the producer in the kitchen; the servant is gone utterly and completely. People have gone to cooking schools, and read all the latest cookbooks—specialty books and those by foreign cooks. Men and women, young and old, have adapted themselves to enjoying and, indeed, taking enormous pride in their prowess in the kitchen. In the days of the original Miss Farmer, people cooked and ate with incredible care and conformity. Today, we cook better, we don't follow conventions, and we eat in a way that is quite pleasing.

There has been a rebirth of the joys of bread making and cookie making. I can well remember my mother's close friend who had a remarkable cook who kept ten-pound lard pails filled with a variety of cookies—sugar, ginger, chocolate, *(Continued on page 162)*



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FANNIE FARMER

(Continued from page 160)

and oatmeal—crisp and meltingly good. The homemade cookie gave way to packaged things, but once again there is a pride in doing your own baking. The cult of bread making is growing. People learn the basics and then learn to do variations on themes and bring forth interesting, light, delicious breads that would give pride to any early twentieth-century homemaker. We have learned that we don't have to depend on hands for everything anymore: we have food processors, mixers with dough hooks, pasta machines, and ice cream machines. I think Miss Farmer would be proud of these aids in cooking today. These tools have given us shortcuts to the things that we enjoy doing, and have in no way detracted from the deliciousness of the product that is being served.

The rebirth of interest in growing and cooking foods has been one of the things that brought about this twelfth edition of Miss Farmer's *Boston Cooking School Cookbook*. I feel that what she had to say in the early part of the century holds true again today in various and sundry ways. She foresaw that people would learn to take pride in their cooking and she was right. The twelfth edition is much larger than any of the previous editions and includes modern appliances and many recipes for dishes that were made with ingredients that Miss Farmer didn't know. It represents a monument to her steadfast belief that good cooking and good food and its enjoyment were some of the rare delights of life.

CREAM OF CHESTNUT SOUP

six cups

1 quart chicken stock or canned broth
1 cup chestnuts, shelled (see Note)
1 cup cream or milk
Salt to taste
1 teaspoon paprika

Put stock and chestnuts in large pot, heat to boiling point, and simmer until chestnuts are soft. Put through strainer or vegetable mill or purée in food processor or electric blender. Return to pot, stir in cream or milk, and season with salt and paprika. Reheat before serving.

Note: To shell chestnuts, cut a slit on flat side of each nut and drop several at a time into pan of boiling water. Boil for a couple of minutes, remove from pot, and cut away shell with small knife. Peel off dark skin. If skin is stubborn, drop chestnut back into boiling water for another minute or two; heat usually will loosen skin. Discard any chestnuts that are very hard and shriveled, and cut away any possible moldy spots.

ROAST GOOSE WITH APPLES AND PRUNES

six servings

2 dozen prunes, pitted
1 cup red wine
5 tart green apples
8-10 pound goose
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups chicken or goose* broth

(Continued on page 164)

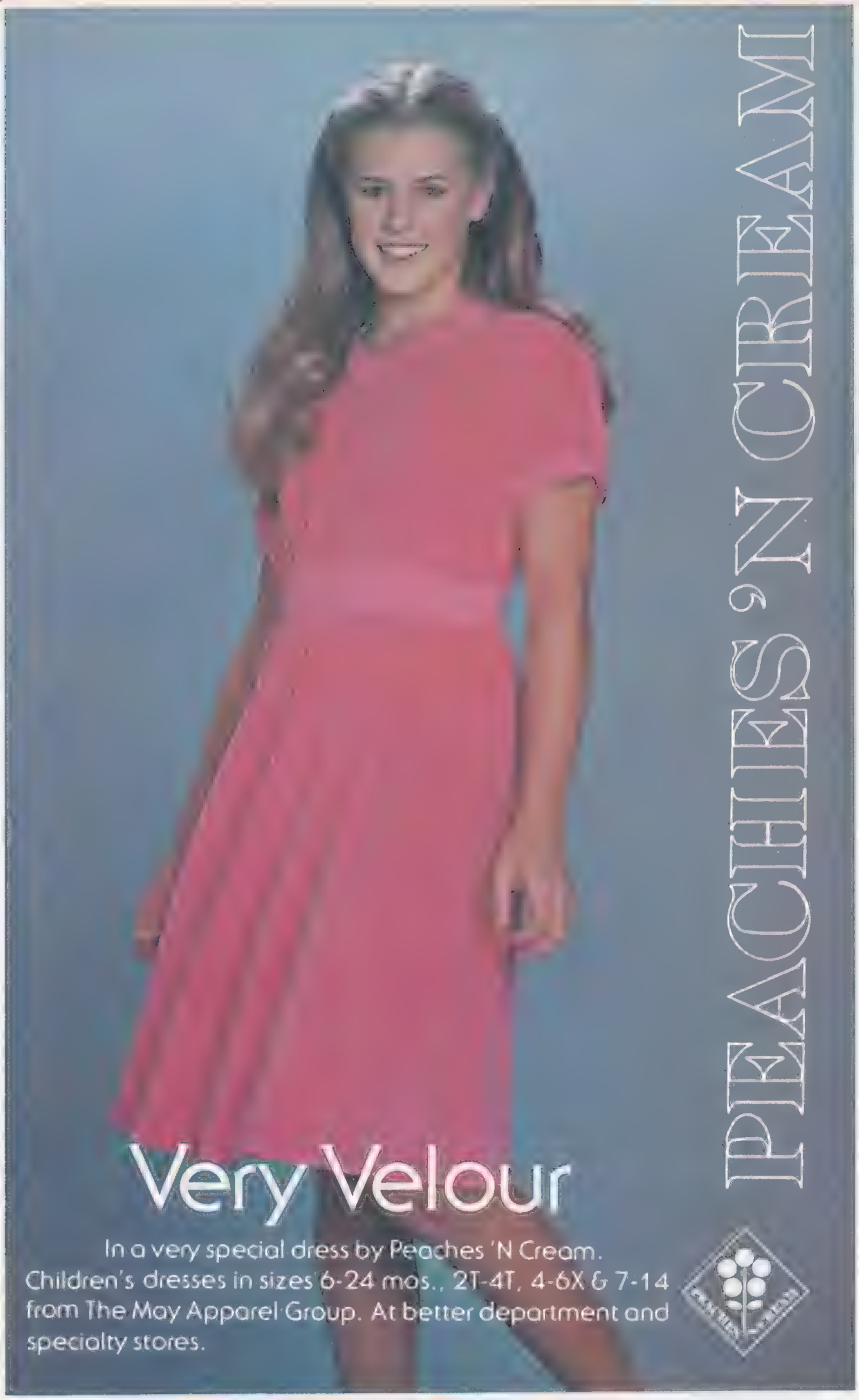
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FANNIE FARMER

(Continued from page 162)

Soak prunes in wine for 30 minutes. Peel, core, and quarter apples. Rub goose inside and out with salt and pepper. Drain prunes, toss with apple sections, and stuff into goose cavity. Sew up or skewer opening. Place goose on rack in shallow pan, pricking skin all over to release fat as bird roasts. Cook 3 to 3½ hours in preheated 325° oven, until juices run clear when skin is cut at upper thigh or when a meat thermometer registers 185°. During roasting, pour off fat every 20 minutes, using bulb baster or spoon. Save and process fat (see Note). Remove goose to platter and keep warm. Remove all but 1 tablespoon fat from roasting pan. Set it over a burner, stir in flour, and brown it lightly. Slowly add chicken broth, stirring until thickened. Season gravy with salt and pepper, strain it, and pass with the goose.

*If the neck and gizzards come with the goose, simmer them with small carrot and onion in about 4 cups water for 1½ to 2 hours. Broth will reduce to about 1½ cups.

Note: Goose fat is a kitchen treasure. Use it to fry golden-brown potatoes or to season bowl of freshly cooked vegetables. Take rendered goose fat and put through a fine strainer or cheesecloth and set aside. When it congeals, it will separate from liquid. Remove and preserve by placing it in covered jar in refrigerator. Goose fat must be free of liquid and clean of all residue or it will spoil; cleaned and chilled, it will keep for months—up to a year, in fact, if well refrigerated.

From the book *The Fannie Farmer Cookbook* (12th edition) revised by Marion Cunningham with Jeri Laber © 1979 by Fannie Farmer Cookbook Corporation. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc

BRAISED CELERY

two to three servings

1 pound celery
2 tablespoons butter
Chicken broth
Salt
Freshly ground pepper

Wash celery and cut off leaves and any discolored parts. Cut stalks in even lengths, about 3 inches long. Sauté in butter for about 5 minutes, then add about ½ inch of broth, just enough to keep celery from burning. Season with salt and pepper, unless stock is already well seasoned. Cover and cook over low heat until celery is just tender, about 12-15 minutes. Put celery in serving dish. Rapidly boil liquid in pan until reduced to just a few tablespoons. Pour over celery and serve.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

six servings

10 slices white bread
1 cup scalded milk
½ cup sugar
4 eggs, separated
1⅓ cups raisins, lightly floured
½ cup finely chopped dried figs
3 tablespoons finely chopped citron
¾ cup finely chopped suet
3 tablespoons brandy
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
¼ teaspoon mace
1 teaspoon salt

Butter a 2-quart mold, one with a tight lid. Heat water in pot large enough to hold mold. Crumb bread, and soak in hot milk. Cool and add sugar, well-beaten egg yolks, raisins, figs, and citron. Break suet up with fork and mash until creamy, or use food processor. Add to crumb mixture, then stir in brandy, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, mace, and salt. Beat until well blended. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Stir a third of whites into pudding mixture, then gently fold in remaining whites. Spoon mixture into well-buttered mold and cover. Put in large pot and steam for 6 hours. Remove and let cool for 10 minutes before unmolding. Serve warm with Hard Sauce. Recipe follows.

Steaming tip: Put pudding mold into large pot that can be tightly covered. Raise mold from bottom with a rack (or hollowed-out ring from small tuna fish can) so water can circulate around it. Add enough water to pot so mold will be covered halfway up its sides. Bring water to boil, then place covered mold on rack and cover pot. Lower heat so water boils gently, cook as directed.

HARD SAUCE

one cup

5 tablespoons butter
1 cup confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla, or 2 tablespoons brandy, or 3 tablespoons sherry or Madeira wine instead of vanilla

Cream butter, then slowly add sugar, beating well with electric beater or by hand until creamy and pale yellow. Add vanilla, or brandy, sherry, or Madeira, and blend. Cover and refrigerate until needed. ▽



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MONEY

Holiday presents with a future

You can give trusts, even insurance

BY WILLIAM FLANAGAN

There are more ways to give away money, securities, bonds, even insurance than you can shake a checkbook at; and the traditional gift-giving season is also the end of the taxable year: the last chance to arrange your finances before your taxable income is determined. If you give your own child more than $3000 in a given year, for example, you might incur a gift tax. Each type of financial gift should be discussed carefully with your tax attorney or accountant. Here are just three types of financial presents to consider: one is for your children or aging relative; one for your favorite charity or alma mater; and the third, since you are being so generous with everyone else, is for yourself.

The Clifford Trust. With a Clifford trust—named for the chap who argued its legitimacy before the Internal Revenue Service—you can give money away to someone, allow him or her to get the benefit of all interest or income, and eventually get your investment cash back intact. This is a very popular vehicle for funding a young child's future education, or to supplement the income of retired parents or other relatives who might need a little financial help in the years ahead. This type of trust must be set up for a minimum of ten years and one day, so it does take some planning. But the advantages are clear. So clear that some parents even borrow money to set up such trusts for their youngsters who are a decade or more from the campus.

Let's examine how the Clifford trust can work. Suppose you are married and you and your husband are in the 49 percent income-tax bracket (your taxable income is over $45,800 a year). Let's assume that you have $20,000 to set aside for a child who is now eight years old. Let's also assume that by the time he or she goes to college, the cost will be at least $8000 a year.

If you put the $20,000 into a Clifford trust which invests the cash in a simple savings account at 8 percent annual interest, at the end of ten years, the interest accumulated will total a hefty $21,250. The interest each year is income to your child, not you, and is taxed at a much lower rate. After ten years, your child starts withdrawing $8000 each year from the accumulated interest. After all four years of college, you will still get back all but $730 of your initial $20,000 investment, and your child will have had $32,000 for college expenses over four years.

On the other hand, if you put that $20,000 in a savings account in your own name, at the same 8 percent annual interest, the cash on hand—interest and principal both—will total only $29,833 after a decade because you are in a high tax bracket. After four more years of school, and $32,000 of withdrawals, your entire savings will have shrunk to $996, about one-twentieth of the amount you would have using the Clifford trust.

Now let's take a look at how you can use the trust to benefit an aging parent. Let's say you are single, earning $36,000 a year, which puts you in the 49 percent income-tax bracket. You also have a $50,000 savings account at 8 percent interest, which nets you only $2040 a year, because of your tax bracket.

You also have a widowed mother who, in addition to Social Security, has an income of $5000 a year, on which she pays taxes of $98. Since you are living up to the limit of your income, you can give your mother only the $2040-a-year savings-account interest. By setting up a Clifford trust, your mother could net $3311 a year from your nest egg—$1271 more than she is getting now from the same source—since she is in a much lower tax bracket.

Jay S. Goldenberg, an attorney who specializes in taxes, *(Continued on page 173)*

Long, dark and handsome. That's the look of the SE-9500 with AM/FM stereo, automatic turntable, built-in cassette deck and separate Thrusters" speakers.

But since no love affair can survive on looks alone, this system has the heart, soul and technical features to make a hi-fi fan happy. Take power. *25 watts per channel, minimum RMS into 8 ohms, both channels driven from 40-20,000 Hz with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion.*

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Beneath this sleek, sophisticated exterior



LETTER FROM AUSTRIA

Winter in Vienna . . . the season of splendor

In Europe's newest "now" city: grand opera, gala balls, U.S.A. art

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

Vienna has a new look: with a vast three-month-old glass-and-steel U.N. City on the Danube . . . and a bright fresh gleam to its lacy baroque "Vienna Glorioso" buildings, now being sand-blasted from soot to splendor. During the holidays, parks and palaces blaze around the Ring, that avenue circling the Inner City. There, the Kärntnerstrasse, cobbled and tree-lined, links a maze of walkways into a huge parade ground of pleasures. Waves of international diplomats, bankers, businessmen, OPEC members, journalists, and secret agents make Vienna an intriguing crossroads of East and West.

In Vienna, English now rivals German, with American films on television, American broadcasts on the Blue Danube radio, American and British plays at the Vienna English Theatre, movies at the Burgtheatre. Incredibly, that bastion of Austrian *Kultur*, the Vienna State Opera, with its superlative Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, will have American conductor Lorin Maazel as its new director in 1982. And at the new Museum of Modern Art in the baroque Liechtenstein Palace, the Peter Ludwig loaned collection contains a Pop surprise of American artists—Warhol, Rauschenberg, Oldenberg, and Roy Lichtenstein—as well as Picassos and contemporary German and Austrian artists. On view there from December 12 to January 27: *American Art since 1945.*

Winter has a Winterhalter dazzle in Vienna, relentlessly romantic with grand opera, gala balls. Some three hundred balls unfurl for *Fasching*, the carnival season between New Year's Eve and Ash Wednesday—the beginning of Lent. Everybody has a ball: huntsmen, doctors, firemen, postmen, and police. If twenty of these affairs are leading social events, three are super spectaculars:

The Imperial Ball at the Hofburg—the winter palace of the Hapsburgs—opens the season on New Year's Eve. Pageantry begins with a ceremonial changing of the guard before guests move up the grand, scarlet-carpeted stairway to the banquet hall. There, under a sheen of candlelit crystal chandeliers, dinner is served by liveried footmen. Myriad mirrors reflect the dancers and singers of the Vienna State Opera who perform just before midnight when the bells of St. Stephen's Cathedral ring in the New Year. Champagne flows, the 1980 Congress dances, as five orchestras explode into a delirious rendition of—naturally—"The Blue Danube."

The Vienna Philharmonic Ball in the *Musikverein*—the orchestra's crimson-and-gold concert hall—is the pet party of many Viennese. Small, elegant, intimate; virtuosi play under the silvered pipes of the baroque organ. The date: January 17, 1980.

The Opera Ball—in the Vienna State Opera House—always highlights the last Thursday before Ash Wednesday. This time, it's February 14, 1980. With orchestra seats removed and a floor leveled to the stage, the Opera House becomes a gigantic ballroom, scented by fourteen thousand carnations flown in from the Italian Riviera. Guests glide through the galleries into the five tiers of gilded loges set *(Continued on page 172)*

And because you want a lot of music, the speakers are our famous Thrusters® (SB-950) with 7" Double Drivers for a wide, full midrange. A 2½" tweeter with diffuser for crisp highs. And a 10" passive radiator for an extra thrust of bass Thrusters are so famous for.

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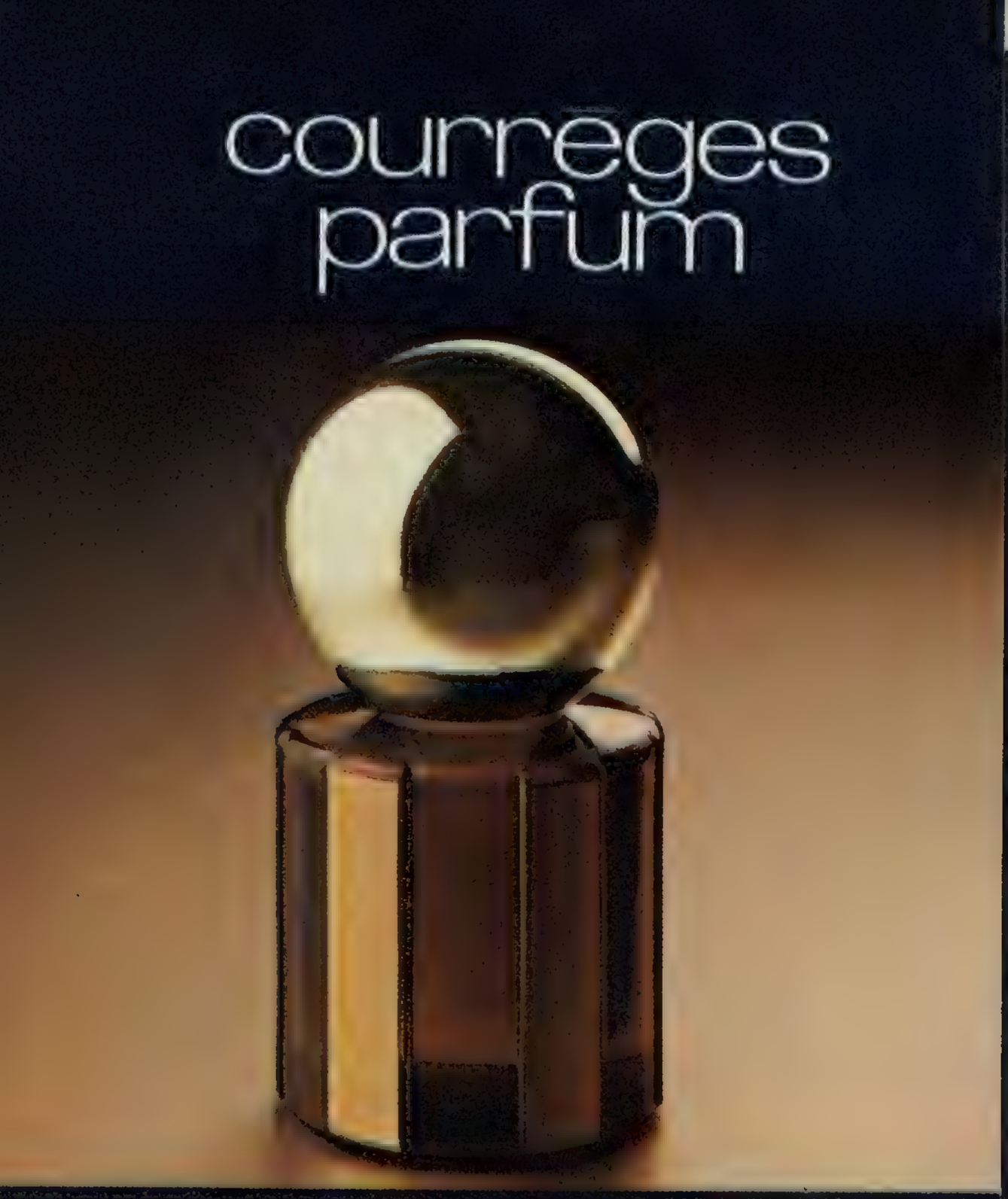
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Vienna's Kärntnerstrasse is a carnival of streets and shopping lanes stretching from the Ring to the Graben, and to Stephensplatz with its soaring cathedral and belltower, constant beacons to lost travelers.

For ballgowns (couture and ready-made), suits, dresses, leather, and furs, *Adlmüller* (Kärntnerstrasse 41) ranks as most classical and costly, with fine embroidery on silks; also good for men's dress clothes, Hermès ties. . . . *Trixi Becker* (Weihburggasse 4) has evening clothes, Italian leather, silk shirts. Every year they create a new scarf with a fauna design; this year's features parrots. . . . At *Knize* (Graben 13), classic tailoring for men and women, plus a new gentlemen's toilet water—"Knize Two"—musky, sharp, and a unisex fragrance.

Go to *Laghani* (Kärntnerstrasse 8) for Laura Biagiotti designs, Sanlorenzo coats and suits, Italian knits and silks. . . . For opulent furs—and fun ones too—designed by Fendi, Dior, Givenchy, *Liska* (Kärntnerstrasse 8) is run by Sylvie Liska, an American. Among her clients: singer Leontyne Price, dancer Judith Jamison.

For collectors, *The Gallerie Ulysses* (Opernring 21) stables contemporary Austrian abstract sculptors and painters. Among them: Markus Prachensky, Josef Mikl, Arnulf Rainer, Wolfgang Hollegha (all have works in the new U.N. City) . . . plus such contemporary Americans as Frankenthaler, Olitski, Motherwell. John Sailer, the gallery's Austrian owner, works with New York's André Emmerich Gallery. Ulysses' spring show: Larry Poons and Kenneth Noland.

Galerie 10 (Getreidemarkt 10) clings to the Vienna School of Fantastic Realists with such artists as Fuchs, Hutter, Brauer. The gallery also features works of the *Jugendstil* (the equivalent of French Art Nouveau) and those Art Deco dreams of Gustav Klimt. . . . *Galerie Nebehay* (Annagasse 18) leans toward classic portraits and lithographs of the Franz Josef era; also books of Klimt and the Secessionists. . . . *The Dorotheum* (Dorotheergasse 17), a peach-colored auction house with twenty-five-hundred sales a year, has a mishmash of furniture, paintings, silver, gold, jewelry; some of it good. In room #48, English-speaking brokers will interpret at sales for a small commission.

For dining in Vienna, *Belvedere Stöckl* (Prinz Eugen-Strasse 25) is the "now" place. This cozy burnt-gold house with green shutters has pretty rooms—upstairs and down—for lunch and dinner. Order smoked salmon with fresh horseradish and cream sauce, stone mushrooms—an Austrian forest delicacy; frothy desserts.

LETTER FROM AUSTRIA

(Continued from page 169)

with tables. The president of Austria and his party preside from the royal box. At 10:30, the *Fasching* fanfare sounds. Like prima ballerinas wearing small crowns and gossamer white, two hundred debutantes—with their escorts—form a procession to the lilt of a polonaise. After a swirl of ballet by the Opera dancers, the two hundred couples—especially chosen for their ballroom-dancing skill—launch into a Strauss waltz. In other rooms, five orchestras (one Pop) go on until five. Then, the young head for bistro goulash and beer—traditional riders to any Viennese ball.

Of the fifty or so museums that light Vienna, the Museum of Fine Arts tops the list with its Velasquez portraits, its Rubens, Vermeers, and matchless collection of Bruegel the Elder, including his haunting painting "The Wedding Feast."

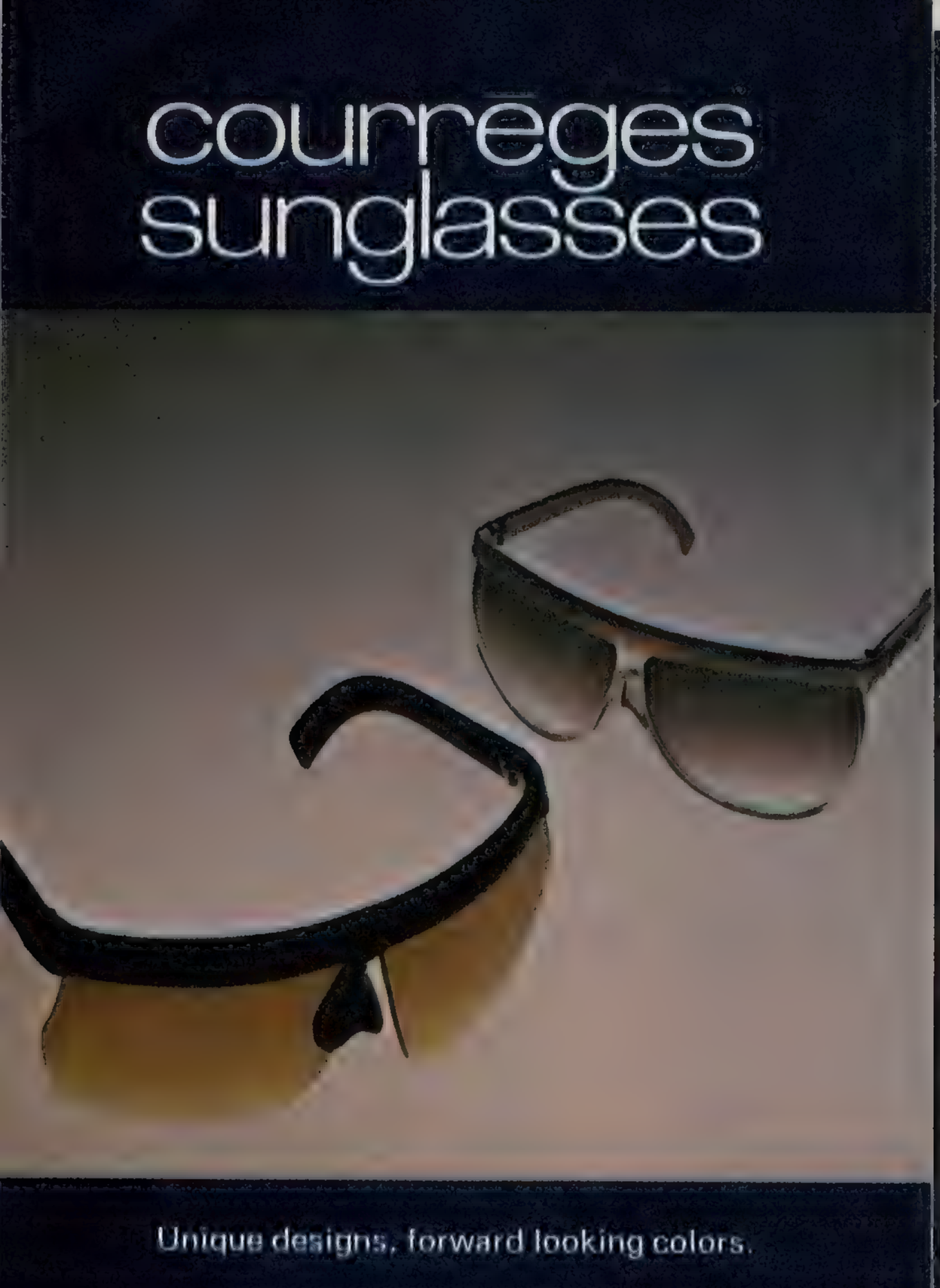
Americans intrigued by the golden, shimmeringly nervous eroticism of the great Secessionist painter, Gustav Klimt (1862-1918), can see a group of his paintings—notably "The Kiss"—hanging with works by Egon Schiele, Kolo Moser, Richard Gerstl, and Oskar Kokoschka, on the squeaky second floor of the Upper Belvedere Palace Museum. The lower Belvedere holds baroque art, diaphanous and flamboyant. In the lavish gardens is the pavilion where Anton Bruckner composed his symphonies.

In Vienna's Ninth District, Schubert was born, Johann Strauss wrote waltzes, Beethoven died, and Sigmund Freud analyzed in his apartment at Berggasse 19. There, the lace-curtained waiting room still contains Freud's original plush furniture, and his consulting rooms have photographic friezes of his life and work. Among the memorabilia at Berggasse 19: a colored photograph of "The Couch," rug-covered, looking hard and scratchy, but yours for fifteen schillings. On the hall wall rack hang Freud's coat, hat, cane, and flask. Perhaps for Slivowitz? "Professor Slivowitz" was the pet name given Freud by those musicians of the School of Vienna—Schoenberg, Werben, and Alban Berg—whom he once treated for asthma. (*Note:* Tram 71 goes to the Central Cemetary and the graves of Schoenberg, Brahms, Schubert, and Beethoven—where Japanese music students often leave roses.)

courreges
homme



Fresh as the morning, warm as the night



MONEY

(Continued from page 168)

trusts, and estates, pointed out in a recent article in the *American Association of Individual Investors Journal* that there are two basic questions you should ask yourself to determine if a trust might make economic sense: (1) Is the income which is being taxed to me being spent or accumulated for someone in a lower tax bracket? and (2) Do I have income-producing assets which I can surrender for a period of time?

Your tax specialist or attorney should be able to establish a Clifford trust for you for $300 to $500, says Goldenberg. You can put the money in any number of investments, even name yourself custodian. The requirements are: You cannot touch any of the money in the trust until it expires; and the income must go to someone else.

When it comes to making gifts to charities and/or your alma mater, the insurance people have come up with a very interesting method. According to the American Society of Chartered Life Underwriters, you can increase the coffers of the charity or school and get a handsome tax break on your donation as well. The most common approach is to purchase a whole-life policy in the amount you want the charity to receive, name the organization policy owner and beneficiary, and pay the premiums as they come due.

One businesswoman decided to make a $10,000 donation to her alma mater. The annual premium on the $10,000 policy was $226; but, since she is in the 50 percent tax bracket, her premium cost was only half that—or $113—each year. The donation annually grows in value to the college, which is also collecting dividends. And, of course, the college will be $10,000 richer when she dies.

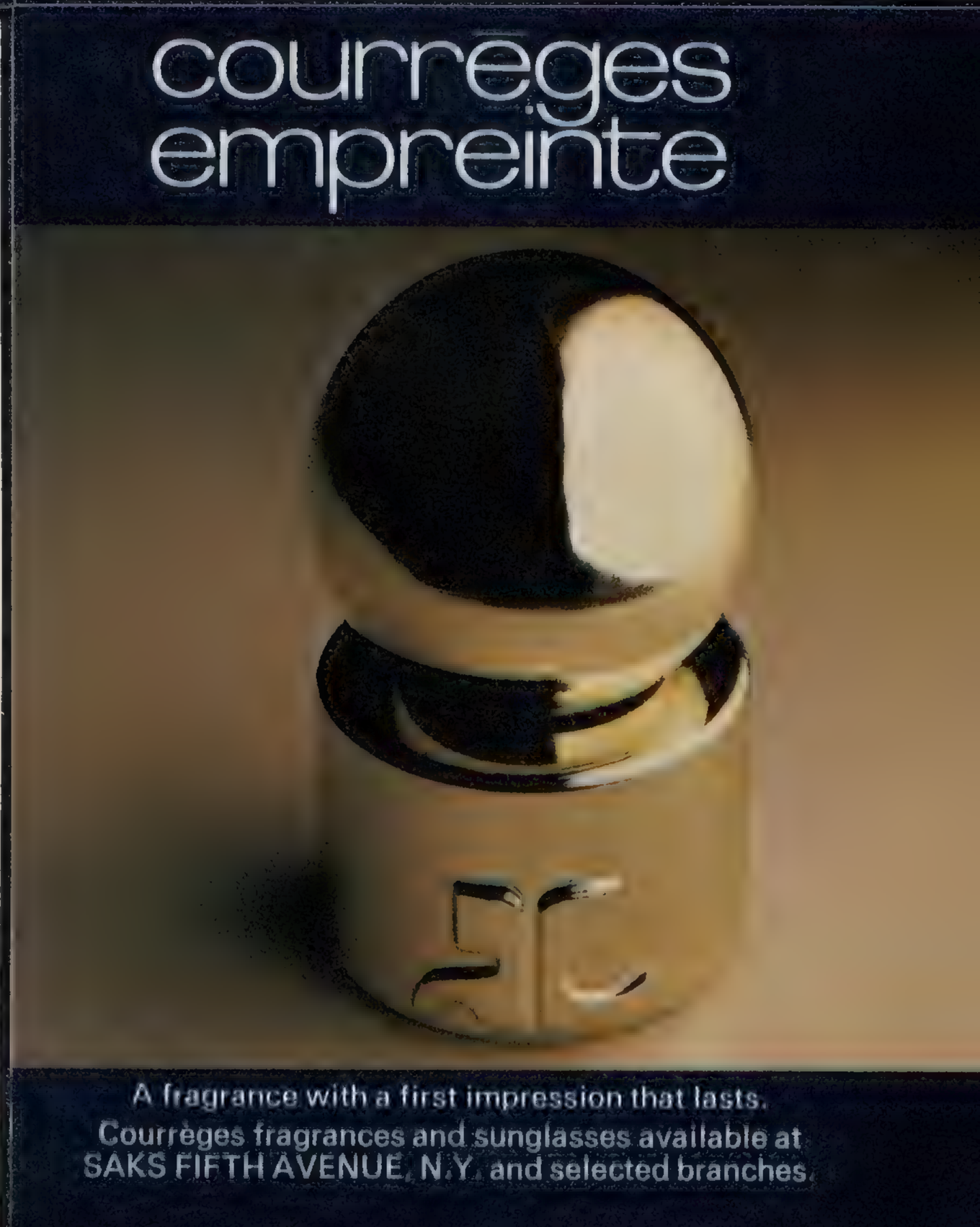
Should you decide to give yourself a little present, if you are looking toward retirement some years down the road—at least five, says the IRS—few things can beat an annuity. The main advantage of annuities is that your money can accumulate totally tax-free until you start to withdraw earned income from it. So, if you put $20,000 in an annuity now, at 8 percent interest, in ten years you would have double that amount; in twenty years you would have a total of $93,219. There is another attractive feature about an annuity. When you do start to withdraw cash from it, you are taking out all your own money first—not the taxable interest. It can take years before tax is due on withdrawals. ▽

In the flowered-and-fountained dining room of the legendary *Hotel Sacher*, the specialty is *Tafelspitz*—long-simmered beef, served with a pair of secret sauces and Vöslaver red wine. In the Hotel's moss-green café, sip a mélange (creamy coffee) with a Sachertorte—that unique, yummy chocolate cake that's known—and shipped—around the world.

Rimming the gardens and museums of the Belvedere Palace, *Zu den 3 Husaren* (Weihburggasse 4) is known for Austrian as well as such French delicacies as tournedos Rossini, bouillabaisse, turbot *pouché au vin blanc*. . . . *Ali Baba*, on Thaliastrasse, is allout Oriental with a belly dancer, a tent where Turkish coffee is served. . . . *La Cucaracha*, on Koppstrasse, specializes in couscous, paella, and pizza; not a posh place but posh people go there. . . . *Zum Weissen Rauchfangkehrer* (Weihburggasse 4) is popular with Viennese for typical dishes and wines. . . . *Bei Max* (Landhausgasse 2) is a family bistro where journalists lunch on dumpling-wrapped meat or cheese; large or small portions, both inexpensive. . . . *Lotus Haus* (Jasomirgottsrasse 3) has the best of Chinese food. . . . *A Cavallino*, on Dorotheergasse, has pasta, scampi, Zuppa Inglese, Italian wine and Banana Splits.

American-style bars are new to Vienna—but the city now has *Harry's* on Naglergasse and *Reiss*, off the Kärntnerstrasse. . . . *Montevideo* on Annagasse is a disco for the young—all lilac, flashing lights, and loud. . . . *Queen Anne* (Johannesgasse 12) and *Jack Daniel's* play for all ages. . . . *Gerard's* is for dancers who prefer their music slow.

Newspapers rolled on poles, plush banquets, Thonet chairs around small round marble tables mark the typical Viennese coffee house—where several different kinds of coffee are served as well as a lavish assortment of pastries. *Landtmann* (Dr. Karl Lueger-Ring 4) faces the Burgtheater, has frescoes by Gustav Klimt on its 1888 entrance as well as clutches of famous names in its visitor's book: Sophia Loren, Laurence Olivier, Romy Schneider, Marlene Dietrich, Oskar Kokoschka. . . . *Hawelka* (Dorotheergasse 7) is all musty and crowded with students. When the Fantastic Realist painters were young and poor, they paid their tabs for steamy coffee and homemade cakes with paintings that now hang in the café. . . . Finally, *Demel* (Kohlmarkt 14) is a Viennese classic. Everyone goes there for "elevenses"—to glut on stuffed mushrooms, vegetable-cheese concoctions, tender meats, and fantastic pastries complete with *Schlag* (whipped cream). This is Vienna, where time seems forever. ▽



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Your own car care: learn how

What to do when you self-serve gas

BY LILLIAN BORGESON

Today, there are more under-serviced cars on the road than ever before, cars whose owners risk premature repair jobs or unnecessary accidents because they're running on under-inflated tires, under-watered batteries, or under-oiled innards. What causes this disturbing trend?

Something is happening to the institution that was once aptly known as the "service station." Less and less often is it staffed by attentive youths who scurry around with hoses and ask if they can look under your hood. More and more often, the only place you can find gas is at some "mini-serve" or "self-serve" station, where car and driver get attention only at the cash register.

There's only one sure way to avoid driving an under-serviced car yourself. When you fill the gas tank—and the odds are you'll have to do it yourself eventually and often—you should also be prepared to perform the routine and essential service chores. And the prospect should be no cause for panic. Once you've located the crucial service points on your car, the whole thing is a lot easier than affixing a set of eyelashes. Here's how:

● **Getting the gas.** For starters, locate the gas cap on your car. Practice getting the cap off and on; in most late-model cars, the cap makes a clacking noise when it's on tightly.

When you pull up to the self-service pumps, turn off the ignition; if you're smoking a cigarette, stub it out in the ashtray. Then get out and read the directions on the self-service unit. Pick the pump that delivers the right fuel for your car, and make sure that the price window reads $00.00. Now lift off the fuel hose with this in mind: the hose nozzle should be upright and vertical *out* of your gas tank, pointing down as much as possible *in* your gas tank.

In most cars, the fill-up process is very easy. You just take off the gas cap, insert the nozzle, and squeeze gently on the fuel-flow trigger. All gas nozzles come with a shutoff valve that automatically turns off the flow when the tank is full and the fuel backs up in the nozzle. And when the filler neck on your gas tank is close to vertical, that's exactly what happens.

But, in some cars, the filler neck is nearly horizontal. When that's the case, the shut-off may not be automatic: you have to monitor the flow and turn it off before it splashes over. If you do get a spillover or some drips, wipe the gas off the car with a tissue or paper towel right away; it's rough on paint. In no case should you top off the tank by squeezing in the last drop possible; gas expands as it heats, needs room to grow.

● **Cleaning the glass.** Some service stations provide neither window-cleaning solution nor paper towels; that's why it's smart to carry your own in the trunk. Every time you fill up the gas tank, you should polish the windshield, clean off your wiper blades, clean the rear and side windows, and wipe off mirrors, headlights, and taillights. That's the only way to be sure you'll see and be seen on the highway.

"Check air pressure when tires are cool"

● **Checking the tires.** The air pressure in your tires should be checked about every five-hundred miles, but only when the tires are *cool*—that is, when you've run on them for less than a mile after the car has been parked for several hours. A label glued onto the inside edge of the driver's door tells the recommended pressures for your tires; a number stamped into the tire itself tells the maximum pressure.

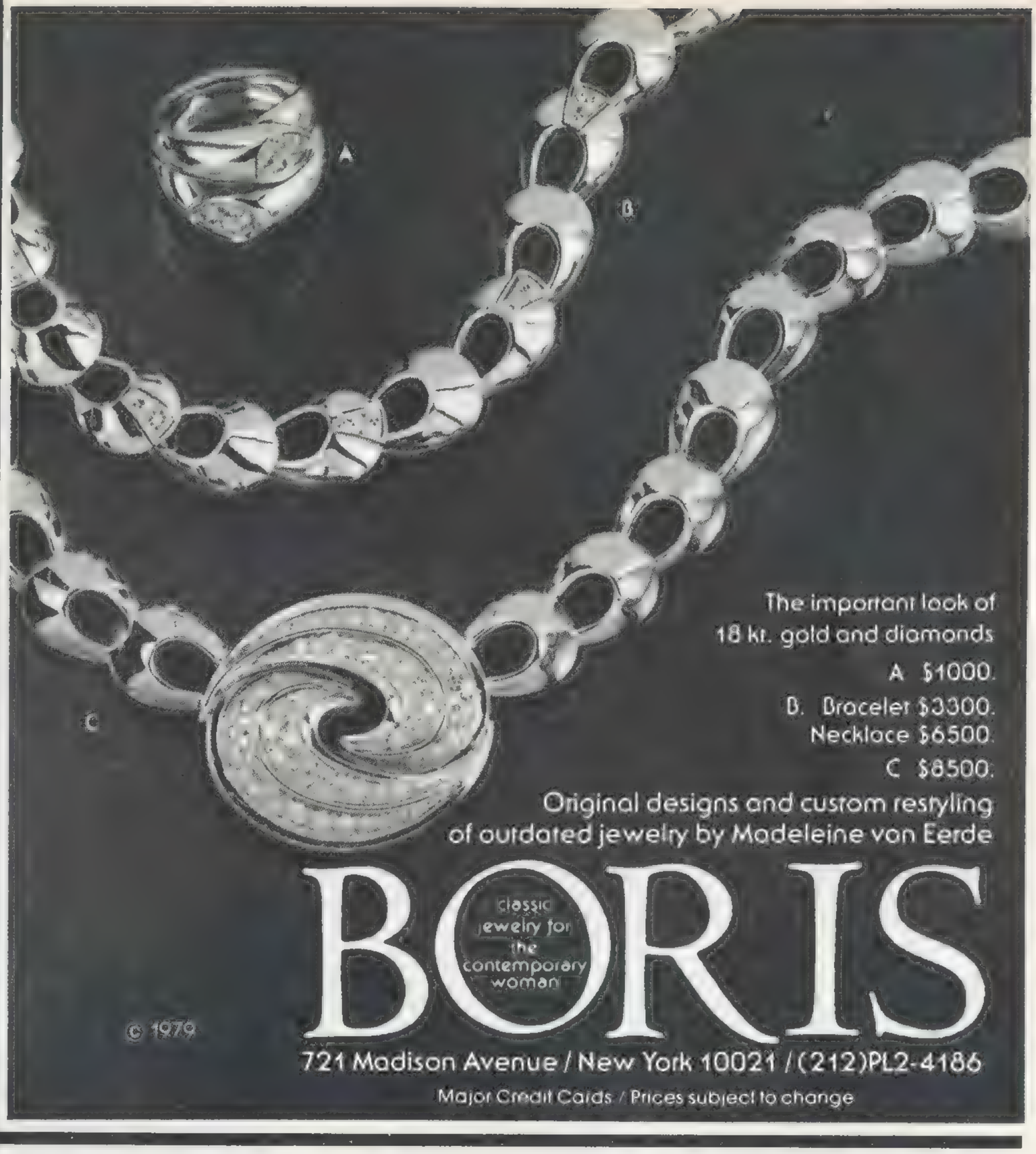
The checkpoint on a tire is the small protuberance called the valve stem: it sticks out of the hubcap or the wheel rim, and sometimes it's covered by a tiny cap. In the middle of the stem, there's a small O-shaped nib that gives when you press it. This is the part that accepts both an air-pressure gauge and an air hose.

Many gas-station air hoses have built-in pressure gauges, but they're notoriously inaccurate; it's smarter to carry your own. Put the gauge into the valve stem, check the reading, add air if necessary, and check again. If you've gotten too much pressure, poke the nib with your gauge or a fingernail, let some of the air hiss out, and check again.

● **Getting under the hood.** Once every five hundred miles, flip the hood-release lever and lift the hood. First, look at the battery. If it says "Never Needs Water," you can forget it, now and forever. If not, its top will be equipped with several little caps. Take them off. If you can't see water inside, add some distilled water. A jug of it is a worthwhile addition to your trunk.

Finally, when the engine has been turned off long enough for its oil to settle, note the basic piece of metal that holds the other parts under the hood. This is the engine block; and, mounted low on one side, is a long, skinny "dipstick" that measures the oil level. All you see, though, is a round metal handle that leads into an inscrutable hole. Reach for the handle carefully (the engine may still be hot) and pull it out. If it's not brownish and oily-looking, it's the wrong dipstick. If it's the right dipstick, wipe it clean with a paper towel, slide it into its hole and pull it out again. If the oil now on the dipstick comes up to the part marked "Full" or "Operating Range," you're fine. If it comes only to the part marked "Add" you need oil. The filler cap for oil is usually right on top of the block, and its underside is greasy-looking, too. You need a metal oil-can-opener/spout to pour the oil neatly from its can into the car, and this is another good item to keep in your trunk.

And that's it. With those few steps, you have filled up your tank and given your car the routine service it needs. The first time you do it, you'll no doubt feel nervous. But after that, you'll probably feel proud. ▽



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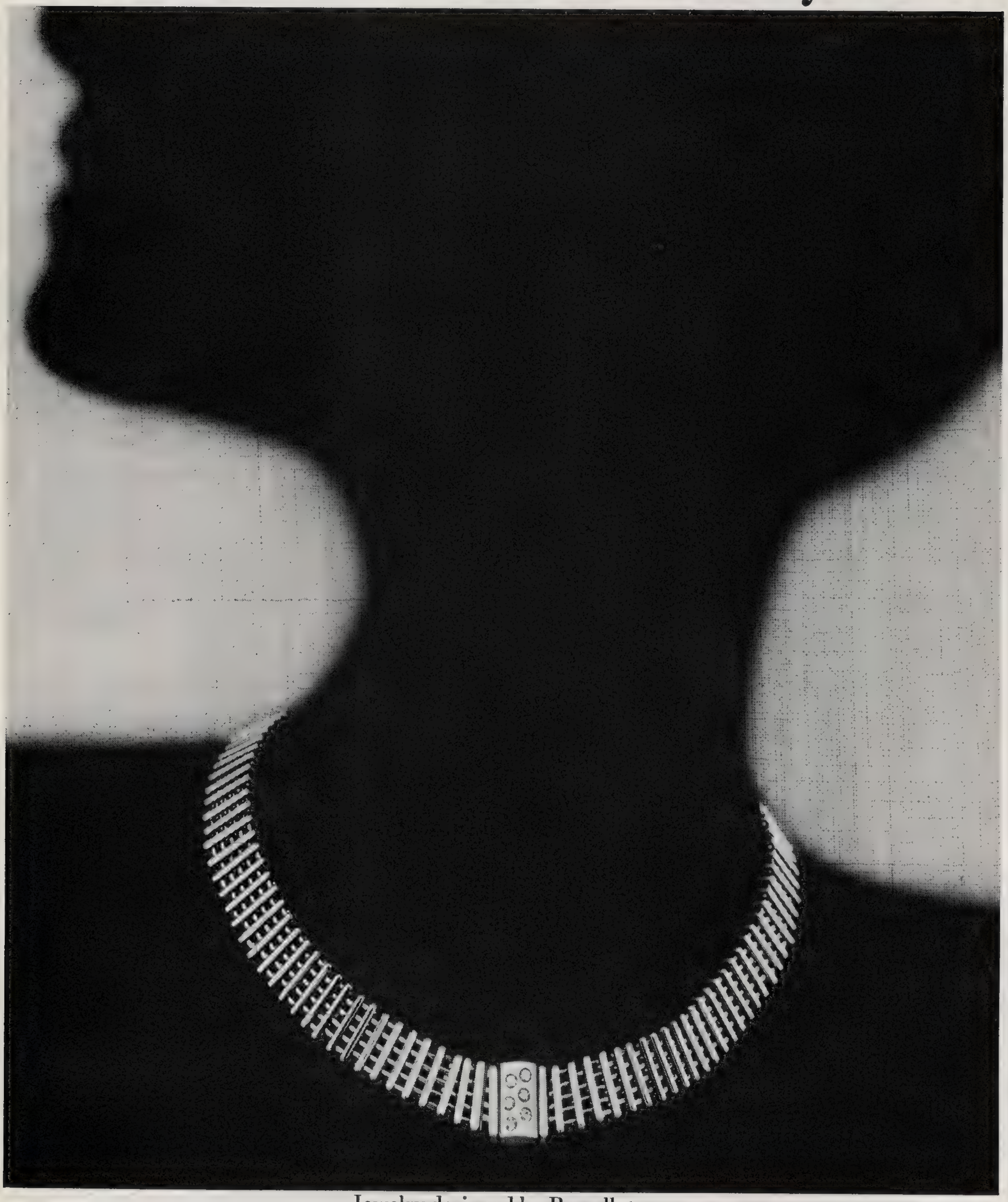
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he Panama Canal—sixty years old in 1980—remains one of this century's greatest engineering wonders . . . and passing through the up-and-down locks of this fifty-one-mile-long waterway is definitely one of travel's greatest adventures. This winter, Sun Lines' *Stella Solaris*—on all of its Caribbean cruises—will transit the Canal not just once . . . but twice! Among the other lures of these twelve-day "Western Caribbean" floats: the ancient Mayan city of Tulum in Mexico's Yucatan; colonially charming Cartagena, Colombia; the tiny dream islands of Grand Caymen, Cozumel, San Andres. On board the *Stella Solaris*: two big swimming pools; 275-seat theater; air-conditioned cabins (many with sitting rooms); Greek-friendly crew. Sail dates—out of Galveston, Texas—January 5, 17, 29; February 10, 22. See travel agent or page 310.

Good News for the thousands of Americans who pilot their own planes to Mexico every year: This year, most Mexican airports will accept U.S. credit cards for fuel, maintenance, accommodation charges. ***P.S.*** **In Mexico: no fuel shortage, low prices!**



For an unusual winter weekend, consider Iceland. Surprise: Iceland's winter weather—Gulf Stream-warmed—is milder than the Northeast and Midwest U.S.! More Iceland surprises: spouting geysers . . . volcanic craters . . . mammoth waterfalls (Oraefoss Waterfall, *left)* . . . outdoor swimming in thermal-spring pools. Icelandair's Adventure Weekends—flying out of New York and Chicago—cost from $366! . . . including airfare, hotel, many meals, sightseeing. See page 310.

INDIA SUPER-SIGHT



On February 16, 1980, southwest India will be one of the most spectacular spots on earth . . . when a total eclipse of the sun turns the tropic day into eerie night. A great way to see the eclipse—and a good bit of India, too—is on one of two scientific/cultural expeditions organized by International Seminar Programs. These fourteen-day India-sees depart New York February 4 and 6, will be accompanied by faculty members in astronomy and Oriental studies from New York's Columbia University. On the itinerary: Delhi, Agra, Jaipur, Bombay, and the sun-warmed beach-lands of Goa—where the highlight will be the eclipse. The cost—approximately $1700—covers round-trip Air India 747 flights, transportation (motorcoach and air) within India, sightseeing, lectures, breakfasts and dinners, first-class and luxury hotels. Information: International Seminar Programs, 199 Merrick Road, Lynbrook NY 11563. For information on other Air India tour programs, see page 310.

ALL ABOARD FOR LAS VEGAS! Now, you can travel from Los Angeles, California, to Las Vegas, Nevada, by train. Amtrak's *Desert Wind*—just a month old—departs from L.A.'s California-Spanish Union Station every day at 11:25 A.M., arrives Las Vegas early evening, and continues on to Salt Lake City and Ogden in Utah. Amfleet coaches are being used on the route now—but brand-new double-decked Superliner cars will make the run some time next year.



OFF-SEASON FLASH: The legendary Gritti Palace Hotel *(left)* in Venice, Italy, will remain open this winter so that visitors can experience the city's most magical season from the luxe base of this former Doge's palace on the Grand Canal. According to Vogue's Leo Lerman—a Venice and Gritti fan for all seasons—the winter magic of Venice has to do with many things: "misty mornings—when the whole city seems to be creating itself . . . clear afternoons of Titian-gold light . . . 'nipping'—as the Venetians do—into Harry's Bar once a day . . . sitting in Café Florian on the Piazza San Marco and watching the Venetian—not the tourist—world go by . . . going to the opera at night in the beautiful Fenice Theater—like an extraordinary sea grotto inside . . . being in a city that's totally itself and that seems to belong totally to you." (Further information on the Gritti Palace's winter programs: see page 310.) ——RICHARD ALLEMAN



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Flying 1980s' style . . . the grand comeback of ease

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BY DESPINA MESSINESI



Today, for easy sleeping on long-haul flights: Pan Am's new Sleeperette seats

Hurrah! Sleeping in the sky is back. Travelers flying on Pan Am's Fleet may now stretch and snooze around the world. During the 'thirties, Pan Am passengers slept cozily in berths on Boeing flying boats; in the 'forties, they snoozed stretched out in Sleeperette seats (patented by Pan Am) installed on Constellations and Stratocruisers. Now, once again, First Class passengers on long-haul flights aboard Pan Am's 747s and 747 SPs (Special Performance) may stretch out and nap on an 'eighties version of the Sleeperette. (Many 747s now have Sleeperettes; and by spring of 1980, all will have them.)

The great advantage of Sleeperettes is that these special seats approach the horizontal position of a bed during those many hours of flying when passengers want to nap and snooze. Each seat reclines almost supine—but not quite—with an extra-long leg rest that accommodates even six-foot passengers. Wearing Pan Am's eye mask and cheery red plane socks . . . wrapped in a large fluffy blanket and resting against a fresh white baby pillow, you have the comfort of being in bed without the bother of climbing into one.

During meals and non-sleeping hours, the benefit of Sleeperettes is space. There is no feeling of being boxed in: backs of reclining seats do not extend into the laps of passengers sitting directly behind; attendants can serve window passengers easily without reaching across aisle passengers.

Meal service is choreographed. It's entertainment to watch the attendants create a four-foot-long table from the two standard trays right before your eyes. Suddenly, you are dining at a table for two, laid out with starched linen, china, crystal. By studying the menus printed in bold, large print (no reading specs necessary), passengers may plan their own meals, indulge in treats without overeating—an unwise idea in flight. The menu lists twenty cocktails; California and French wines; Mumm's Champagne; liqueurs; bottled water; five entrées plus a *plat du jour* (a new addition), as well as vegetables, salads, cheese, desserts, fruits.



In the 1930s, Pan Am's Boeing 314 "flying boat" (above) crossed the Atlantic in twenty-four hours . . . slept passengers in cozy berths (right).

NEW CLASS OF FLYING

Between luxury First Class for people with fat pocketbooks and Economy Class for those traveling on discount fares—group, APEX, standby—Pan Am recently has come up with Clipper Class for passengers who have paid the full Economy fare.

Clipper Class passengers travel in the spacious compartment directly behind First Class and near the plane's forward entrance. This section of the plane appeals generally to adults traveling without babies—which makes it quiet. Also, it is less crowded and often people may spread out on the unoccupied seats. In the Clipper compartment, headsets as well as cocktails and wine served with meals (on new larger trays) are complimentary. In airport terminals, Clipper Class passengers are welcomed in the First Class Lounge—that soothing haven with comfortable, deep settees; free tea and coffee; drinks; newspapers and magazines.

Around the world in busy air terminals, Pan Am provides separate check-in facilities for each of its three classes: First, Clipper, and Economy. At New York's JFK Airport, Pan Am has its own mammoth terminal designed to accommodate its global fleet. Among the Pan Am terminal's many conveniences—shops, barbershop, nursery, bars, and restaurants—it also includes its own immigration and U.S. Customs formalities, a particularly speedy time-saver for travelers dashing to make connecting flights.

NEW COAST-TO-COASTERS

Happy news. At long last, Pan Am flies across the U.S.: between New York and Los Angeles as well as between New York and San Francisco. All the pampering and three-class service provided, until recently, only on routes to foreign destinations is now duplicated for passengers on domestic flights. Added lure: Pan Am's rock-bottom standby fares between New York and the West Coast.

Every day, two flights take off from New York to Los Angeles—one in the late afternoon, the other in the evening. Flying east from Los Angeles, there is a daytime flight—and a night flight that arrives in New York the next morning. For those lucky First Class passengers luxuriously stretched out on Sleeperettes, as well as for those spread out in the comforts of Clipper Class, the expression "red-eye special"—used to describe some night flights—is definitely not applicable.

The daily New York-to-San Francisco run leaves midmorning, arrives in early afternoon on the West Coast; flying east, it departs from San Francisco before noon and lands in New York early evening.

Another new domestic route links San Francisco and Houston with Miami—the important gateway to Central and South America. Pan Am's 747s also operate daily between Houston and New York.

Both from the East and West Coasts, Pan Am arrival and departure times dovetail with the flight schedules of their connecting flights around the world. For instance, Pan Am's new 747 flights to Africa take off from New York between ten and eleven in the evening, depending on the day of the week. They are the only 747s to fly to Monrovia, Accra, and Lagos on Africa's west coast.

Another first for Pan Am—this one from the West Coast—is the nonstop 747 flight from Los Angeles to Osaka in southern Japan. To some travelers, Osaka seems an unlikely and little-known gateway to Japan. In fact, Osaka is an ideal and convenient takeoff point for Kyoto and Nara, just one hour's drive east by car. Slightly southwest of Osaka, Kobe is the embarkation point for cruises through Japan's inland sea.

Of course, Pan Am's classic nonstop 747 flights across the Pacific—from Tokyo to New York, to Los Angeles, to San Francisco, to Honolulu—continue. ▽



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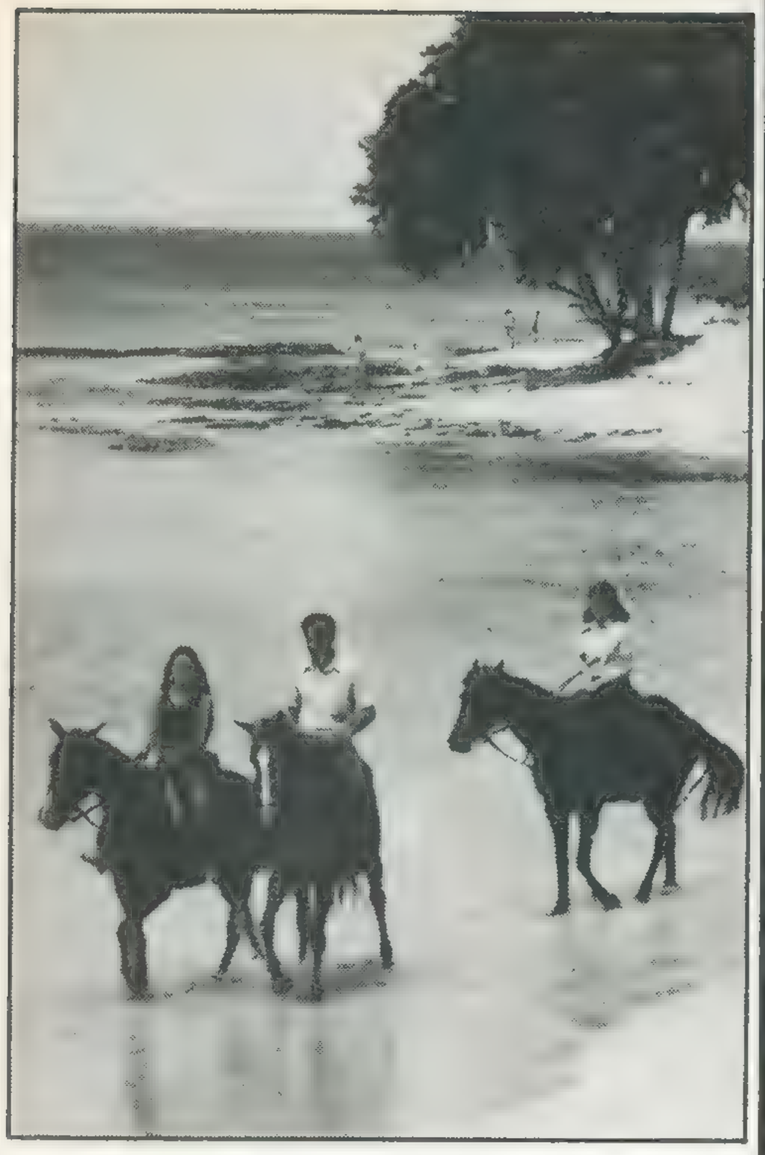
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Resorts on the upswing—in this season's Caribbean

An island-hopping look at what's news under the Caribbean sun

Good news . . . the Caribbean is alive and well and basking in warm-winter sunshine. The hurricanes are over . . . damage has been repaired . . . many islands are better than ever! Here, Vogue rounds up the island stars of the 1979/1980 Caribbean scene . . . plus looks at what's new on the Caribbean-cruise front. If you're up for a winter escape—and who isn't?—the Caribbean is ready and waiting for you.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

By Despina Messinesi

In the United States Virgin Islands, the license plates on cars, Jeeps, buses, and Mini-Mokes read "American Paradise." Thriving in Caribbean sunshine, each of the three U.S. Virgins—St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John—is a beauty, each one different. Rightly, islanders crow about the U.S. Virgins—and they take pains to preserve their tropical homes. Luckily, the inevitable signs of progress and change—hotels, restaurants, shops—only add to these islands' charms.

On St. Croix—the peaceful, green, and largest island of the U.S. Virgins—both of the main towns, Frederiksted and Christiansted, are revved up and ready for 1980.

At Christiansted, the Bucaneer hotel—spread around its own eighteen-hole golf course and lapped by the tie-dyed blue-green Caribbean on three sides—has added a dozen luxurious rooms. Built above Bucaneer's eight tennis courts, all these rooms have a crisp, cool, nautical feeling: tiled floors, white-washed walls, marvelous bathrooms, terraces with views of sandy beaches.

In the center of Christiansted, many of the second floors above the lineup of shops are actually terrace restaurants. Thickly draped in vines and plants, they seem like hanging gardens. Under the peaked Polynesian roof of the longtime-favorite Club Comanche Restaurant, the trade winds blow gently, hurricane lamps flicker, and the chicken and lobster dishes are good. Although Club Comanche is informal—no jackets or ties required—the place has style. Reservations are necessary.

Top Hat is an air-conditioned upstairs Christiansted restaurant run by a Danish couple—husband is chef, his pretty blond wife is maître d'. Top Hat serves the best food on the island: Danish delicacies, filet mignon; excellent wines. Reservations required.

Discos are sprouting up all around Christiansted. The most popular now is Pelican Cove. On weekends, the new place to go for dancing to live island music is "2+2". At another new night spot, Grandstand Play, the music is live and pop-rock.

On the north coast of St. Croix, the town of Frederiksted is a charmer. Along its waterfront and side streets stand houses built of coral rock with second floors edged with Victorian gingerbread. Despite being somewhat dilapidated, these houses are still fascinating.

One of the great delights of Frederiksted is to lunch at Barbara McConnell's upstairs restaurant in an attractively remodeled Victorian house. In business for some twenty years, Barbara McConnell recently moved into these new quarters, a stone's throw from her old place. Tall, robust, and spirited, Barbara is a doer: she supervised the remodeling of her new premises, she's a master chef, she greets and talks to all her guests—even entertains them by playing the piano and singing. Her sidekick—always on hand—is Miss Spooky, her cat. McConnell has a knack with food, adds unexpected touches to local dishes: her fresh snapper is cooked with mussels, bacon, shrimp, Champagne, herbs, and a sprinkling of Parmesan cheese. (Open for lunch; dinner by special arrangement.)



In Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas, warehouse streets now have big-name shops, outdoor cafés

The big news on the island of St. Thomas is the opening of the island's very first eighteen-

(Continued on page 194)

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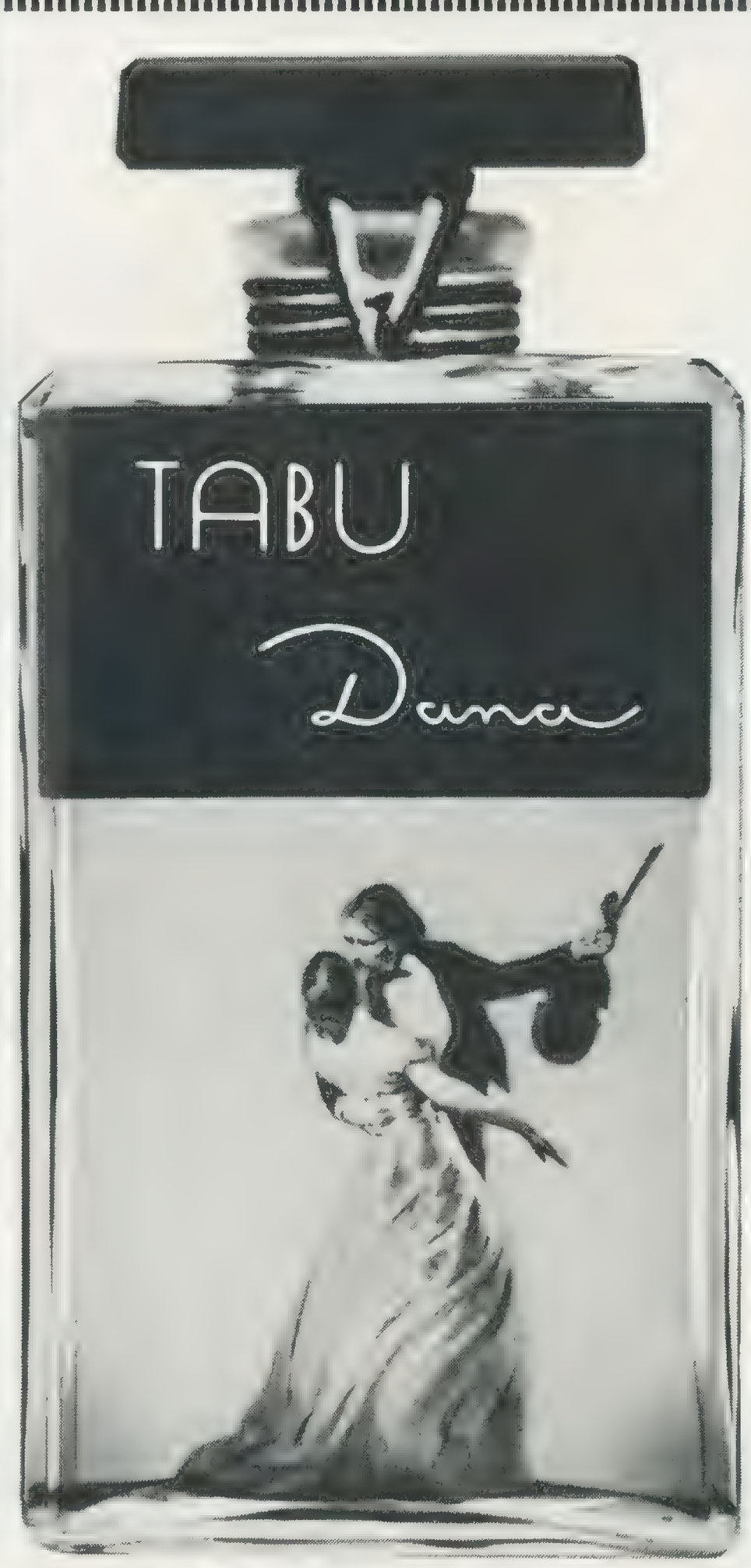
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Look for the kit with the daisies on it... for greater accuracy, more conveniently

CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 190)

hole golf course. Named Mahogany Run, it is three miles from Charlotte Amalie, the capital port city of all three U.S. Virgin Islands. Close to the spectacularly beautiful beach of Magens Bay, the course weaves around huge trees, lakes, and edges dramatic cliffs.

The Mahogany Run golf course is phase one of a golf and tennis community that will include clubhouses, villas, and condominium apartments studded around three hundred



Disco-float: on board St. Thomas' night-club-catamaran, Captain Yellowbird

and fifteen acres. By springtime, some one hundred and thirty-six rooms will be ready.

Another first for St. Thomas is *Captain Yellowbird*, a floating disco on a two-deck catamaran. It's a real disco with music, strobe lights, plus the wonderful clean night air of the Caribbean. *Captain Yellowbird* sails every night at ten (except on Sundays) for a throbbing disco cruise. Leaving the pier near the Coast Guard dock along the waterfront, the floating disco returns to port every hour or so to take on more dancers.

Bluebeard's Castle—a landmark Virgin Island hotel stacked on the hillside above Charlotte Amalie—has been freshly refurbished to the tune of a million dollars this year. From its balconied rooms, the view of the harbor with cruise ships, sailboats, and amphibious planes taking off and landing like plump ducks is riveting. In the hotel's Pirates' Parlour, islanders dance beautifully to the best trio on the island.

Bluebeard's provides complimentary bus rides for its guests to the very white sandy beach over the hill at Magens Bay. To reach the duty-free shops down in town, the cab ride from the hotel is short, inexpensive.

Small St. John's Island is best known for its National Park that covers two-thirds of the island . . . and for the pampered Rock-resort life at Caneel Bay Plantation. The natural beauty of St. John's—particularly its sensational underwater vistas—draws and hooks its first-time visitors. The island is peaceful, remains unchanged. At Hurricane Hole—the best spot for watching the sunset and reachable only by sea—boats cluster silently in the small bay until darkness. It's a charming St. John's tradition.

The $600 duty-free allowance for Americans to bring in goods from the U.S. Virgin Islands makes shopping on these three islands irresistible. Liquor bought twenty-four hours before departure is delivered to the airport and is a worthwhile buy. *Note:* There is no duty-free shopping at the air terminal—and passengers clear U.S. Customs before boarding their flights home.

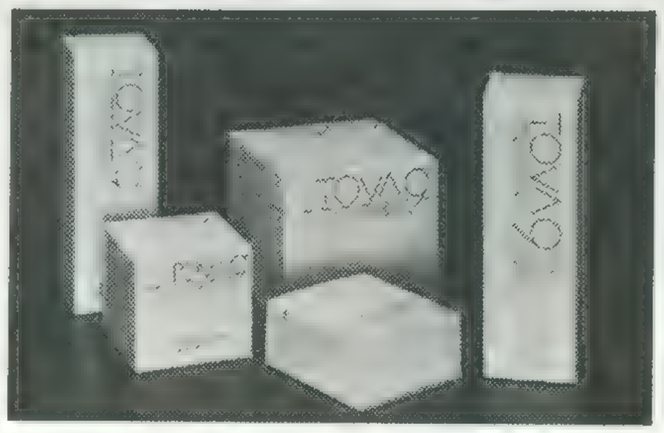
(Continued on page 196)

The beauty secret of Joanne Dru



PHOTO: LUIS LIZARRAGA

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CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 194)

PETIT ST. VINCENT

Petit St. Vincent is a small island in the Grenadines that is all one resort. It is a prize of luxury and seclusion. Only forty-four guests stay on the island's 113 acres at one time. Designed for privacy, cool stone bungalows—with patios, screened terraces, twin double beds, dressing rooms—stand along the beaches or up on hilly slopes.

Morning coffee and tea at Petit St. Vincent are delivered silently to the cottages; and oversized Thermos buckets of ice cubes are constantly replenished. Instead of telephoning—there are no phones in the cottages—guests place their written orders in red boxes outside and hoist red flags to signal room service. A staff member—riding around the grounds every thirty minutes in a Mini-Moke—then picks up the order.

In the evening, most guests turn up for drinks and dinner in the large, high-up pavilion that overlooks the harbor. Often, yachtsmen sailing through the lovely waters of the Grenadines come ashore for a good meal. However, PSV guests who choose to remain incognito may have meals served in their bungalows. Doing exactly what you please is the hard-to-find luxury of Petit St. Vincent. It's a place where you can simply enjoy the island's peace, views, and solitary beaches—or it's possible to embark on a vigorous sports routine that has you mingling with other guests. (This year, Petit St. Vincent has added windsurfing to its beach activities—plus lit its tennis court for night play.)

The joys of being on Petit St. Vincent compensate for the somewhat complicated logistics of getting there. The resort is most helpful in suggesting the best route and in arranging private charters from Barbados to Union Island in The Grenadines where the hotel's new forty-two-foot motor yacht picks up guests for the twenty-minute ride to PSV. Air-conditioned, carpeted, filled with comforts, the boat is also available for charter and fishing; it sleeps six, has two cabins, two "heads" (a tub in one), ice machine, fishing chair, and a swimming platform for diving into the warm Caribbean.—D.M.

YOUNG ISLAND

"I'm going back to Young Island this winter. I love the place because it is small. The resort *is* the island. Wild, brilliant parrots fly around. There are hammocks under the palms and under thatched roofs . . . whirring ceiling fans in the bungalows . . . outdoor showers . . . wonderful snorkeling in the nearby reef. I take very few clothes with me, go around barefoot. All day, I live in swimsuit and cover-up. In the evening, I dress up in a long wraparound skirt that seems very right with barefeet."

In a nutshell, this is how one enthusiastic guest spoke about Young Island—a Caribbean resort that is two hundred yards off St. Vincent in the Grenadines. People fly to St. Vincent from Barbados on charter planes or on commercial airlines. Then, after passing through Customs, they take off on Young Island's own taxi—all prearranged by the resort—to the dock where they board the launch for the five-minute crossing to Young.

Children are no drawback or nuisance at Young Island. Full-time nurses keep the little ones busy and out of sight. They even have their meals separately in their cottages. For grown-ups, there is such a variety of places to eat that they need never have two consecutive meals in the same setting. (This year, there is a new dining room off the Round House.)

Breakfasts on Young Island are generally



Glorious seclusion: the all-one-island resort of Young Island in the Grenadines

served in the bungalows, on the beach, or in the Round House at tables prettily set with printed cotton mats and napkins. Lunch is especially pleasant on the beach where it's served under thatched shelters by barefoot waiters in bright short-sleeved jackets. Hammocks—single and double—are conveniently nearby for napping and reading.

Hilly Young Island is a tropical garden with over fifty species of hibiscus plus masses of white ginger, crotons, and ferns growing under palm, mango, flamboyant, and breadfruit trees. "Cyrano," the resort's pet parrot, flies around chattering loudly. A sure way to make him appear is to entice him with a banana on the cottage roof.

Other island pleasures: a free-form, meandering saltwater pool; nightlit tennis court, high on the hill with a glorious view; canoes and Sailfish; a floating thatched bar that's a swim away from the white sandy beach.

Once a week, the treat is the cocktail party on Rock Fort—a craggy little desert island not far from Young Island. Dramatically lighted by torches, the island's deep-red lava caverns glow fiercely while a local band plays and people dance, drink, and feast on hors d'oeuvres cooked over charcoal pits.

At least once during their resort stay, guests feel compelled to sail across to St. Vincent to sample the excitement of its casino. For this outing, they get dressed up and even put on shoes (the only other time is for tennis). But for men, both on St. Vincent and Young Island, it's always no ties and no jackets. That is proper island living!—D.M.

BARBADOS

By Richard Alleman

The great Barbados news is that this friendly little green isle in the southeast Caribbean was miraculously spared the ravages of Hurricanes David and Frederick. More good news is that always-popular Barbados will have about three hundred new hotel rooms and apartments ready for the 1979/80 season. Among the new island accommodations: The Sandy Beach Resort at Worthing on the island's south coast is set to open early next year with luxe suites on two acres of beach. Meanwhile, rooms at the classic Sandy Land Hotel in posh St. James Parish have been completely refurbished—and the Hotel plans nine new suites for 1980/81.

(Continued on page 199)

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CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 196)

On the restaurant front, the news is all Italian. In Holetown, just north of St. James, The Barbados Pizza House is brand-new, on the beach, and serves excellent pizza in its open-to-the-sea dining room; steel bands entertain there several times a week. . . . Down on the south coast, Da Luciana—in a restored Victorian house—is reported to have excellent fare and a lively bar.

The disco of the moment on Barbados is once again Alexandra's; it's in a renovated plantation house near Bridgetown, the capital of the island. The smaller Hippo Disco at Barbados Beach Village is the hottest boîte in St. James Parish. A new addition to the Barbados dance scene is The Disco Lounge at the Rockely Resort Hotel; this club has "quiet" areas—good for talking—both inside and outdoors on a terrace. The Disco Lounge is on the south coast—along with two long-time-favorite spots for dancing and listening to Bajan music by local groups: The Banana Boat and The Caribbean Pepperpot.

For skin-diving enthusiasts, Barbados embarked on a highly unusual project earlier in the year: the Government deliberately sank a 356-foot Greek freighter in 130 feet of water off Prospect Beach in lower St. James Parish. The idea was to create an artificial reef that would serve as an underwater park. No other country has ever tried an experiment such as this—and already the ship is covered with fascinating sea life that can be observed by snorkelers and scuba divers.

Making on-land sightseeing news are Harrison's Caves in St. Thomas Parish on the north part of the island. These underground marvels—said to be among the most beautiful caves in the world—should open to the public for the first time ever early next year.

ST. BARTHÉLEMY

By Jane Heil

St. Barts' fly-sized airport makes you feel as though you are a character in a novel about hopeless love in the tropics. The airport building is a sorrowful cabin in an otherwise empty field: next to it, two rows of Mini-Mokes (like Jeeps, with awnings) for rent. That's all.

St. Barts (officially St. Barthélemy) is a quiet place, not for gamblers or golfers; and there are only two tennis courts. It is for do-nothings, and those who can make their own fun. Informal (jackets not necessary), it is also modest: toplessness permitted, nudism forbidden. A tiny (eight-mile-long) French island of rolling hills and twenty-two beaches, St. Barts is noted for exceptionally good French food on its very French side (Baie de St. Jean), as well as on its less French side (Gustavia). Gustavia is named after a Swedish king, a reminder that the island was settled by French and Swedish.

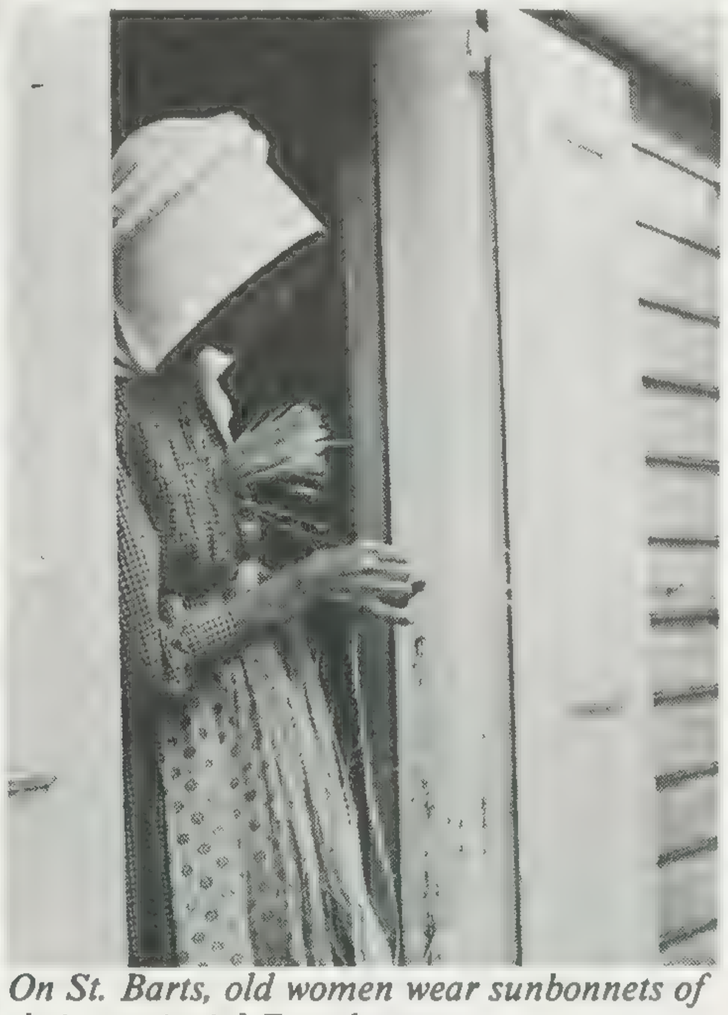
Gustavia has one of the best harbors in the Caribbean—well protected on three-and-one-half sides. Yachtsmen flock to it. Caribbean praise-singer and sailor Jimmy Buffet enjoys St. Barts, as does a lively, colorful mix of expatriots, rich Americans, and rich French.

If you don't sail in, you fly: two flights a day from St. Maarten on dependable Winair; other flights daily from Guadeloupe, and charters. Bring money and travelers checks: St. Barts is expensive, few places accept credit cards, and the banks probably won't cash your checks.

There are ten hotels, most very small. The best—and most secluded—is Castelets, owned by Justin Colin, former president of the American Ballet Theatre, which explains why Baryshnikov, Peter Martins, and other dancers stay there. It is on top of a little mountain in the interior of the island; the picturesque views make up for the lack of a beach at your doorstep. This year, Castelets has a new chef, Bruno Oliver, who has worked under French superchefs Paul Bocuse and Jean Troisgros.

On a gentle slope in Baie de St. Jean, Hotel Village St. Jean consists of twenty bungalows with big terraces. Hotel PLM Jean Bart, the island's biggest, has fifty rooms. At Grand Cul-de-Sac, the St. Barts Beach Hotel, on its own wide stretch of beach, has thirty-six rooms, all with terraces or balconies.

Many visitors to St. Barts rent villas, an undertaking made easy by Roger and Brook Lacour, the friendly, helpful young couple



On St. Barts, old women wear sunbonnets of their provincial-French pasts

who run Sibarth Real Estate in Gustavia. Americans new to St. Barts depend on the Lacours. Brook is originally from Southport, Connecticut; Roger is from Guadeloupe. "I came here on vacation, met Roger and married him," Brook smiles, "just like a Harlequin romance." The Lacours also own La Calèche, a boutique that stocks American sizes as well as French.

Regarding food—and St. Bartians do, very seriously—the Yacht Club and Castelets are preeminent. The Yacht Club is on the harbor in tiny Gustavia, the *ne plus ultra* of picturesque ports, with ancient little houses and ruins of past wars and occupations. The chef is M. Avezac, formerly of La Pyramide in Vienne, France.

Chez François in St. Jean is a garden restaurant, off the beach. If you call in your preferences beforehand, you can have most anything you want for dinner.

Le Pelican and Chez Francine, both in St. Jean, are among the best luncheon spots on the island. Chez Francine's dining room has several picnic tables on a deck a few feet from the water. Francine is a slim, pleasant woman with warm eyes and a quick smile. Everyone shakes hands, *à la française*, before settling down to lunch served on square wooden trays. Most diners order the wonderful fresh-grilled lobster. Dessert can be a thin pecan

(Continued on page 202)

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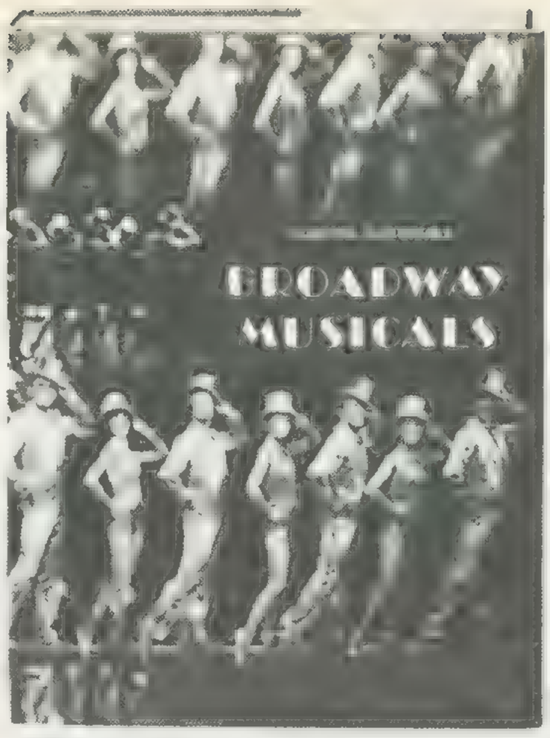
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Vogue Selects...

Out of a wide selection of new titles that are to appear this fall the editors of Vogue have selected seven they believe you will find most interesting and informative.

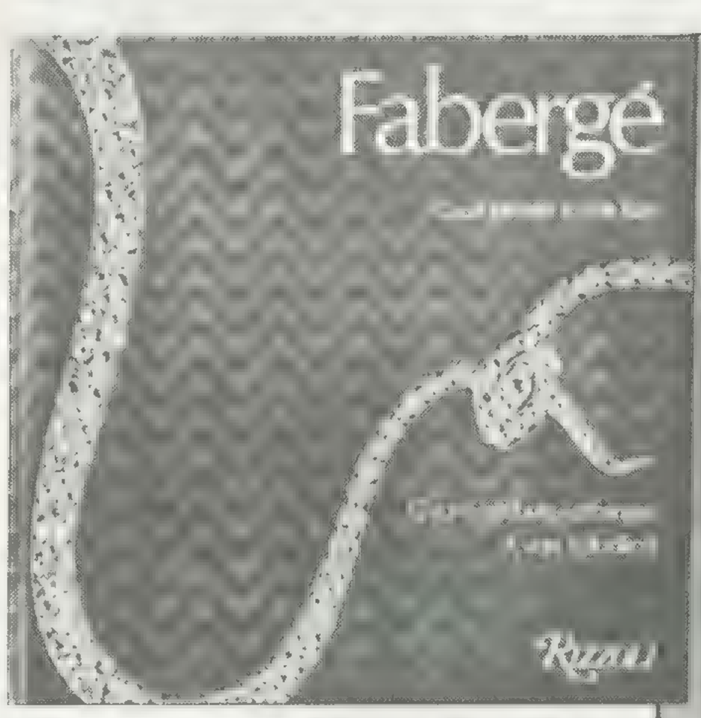


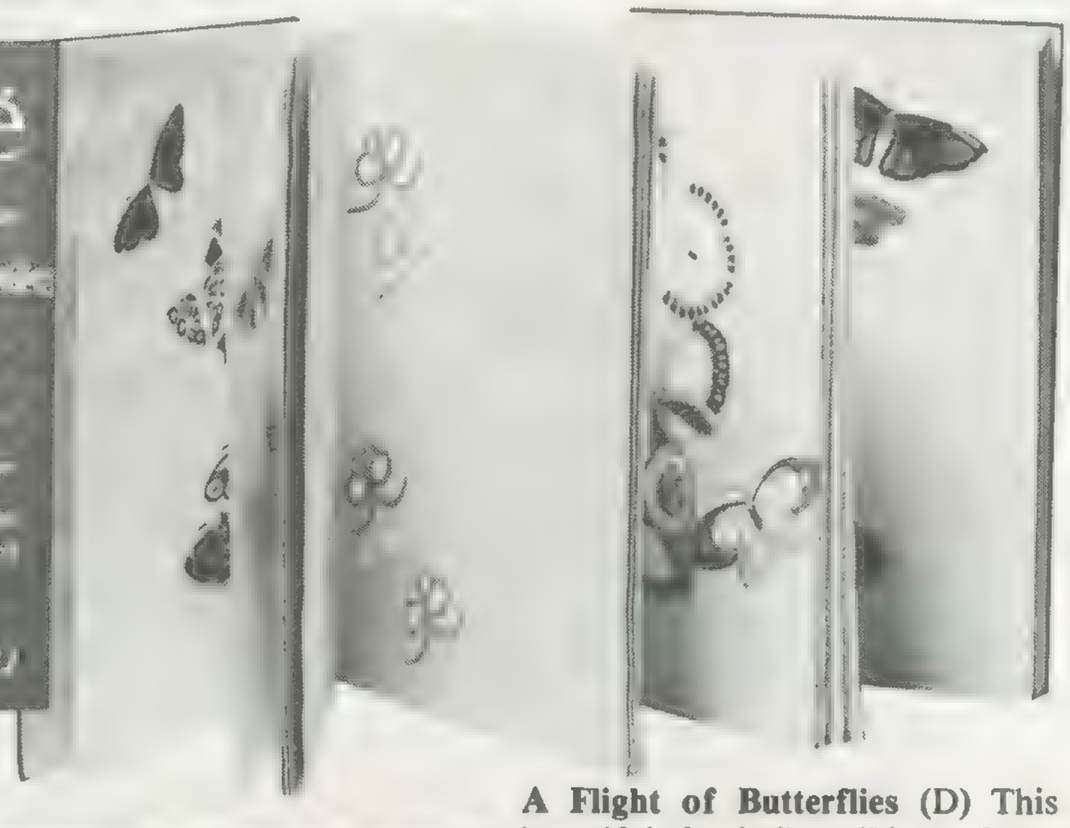


Broadway Musicals (A) This book is a fabulous pictorial extravaganza of Broadway musicals with nearly 400 photographs, including posters, playbills, and never-before-published original production shots of all the great musicals from "Show Boat" to "Sweeney Todd."

The Great Houses of Paris (B) This book is a sampling of the magnificent *hôtels particuliers* built in Paris from the 15th to the 19th centuries. It is about the extravagant lodgings of the aristocracy—the houses' historical significance and their beauty.

Fabergé: Court Jeweler to the Tsars (C) Dr. von Habsburg, Director of Christie's, Geneva, and Mr. von Solodkoff, also of Christie's, unfold the fascinating history of the House of Fabergé. This book discusses and extensively illustrates Fabergé's styles and techniques, and those of his rivals and imitators; as well as later fakes. Included also are a list of forty Fabergé workmasters and their marks, a photographic catalogue of his Easter eggs, rare sketches from the Fabergé archives and pages from the newly discovered sales ledgers of Fabergé of London.



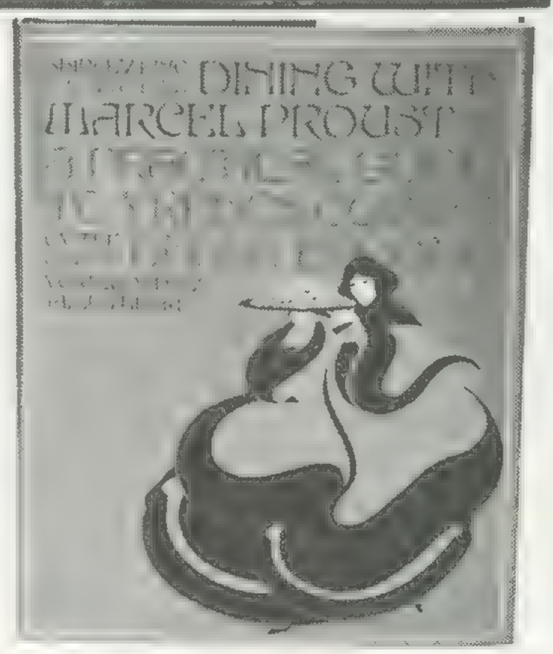


A Flight of Butterflies (D) This beautiful facsimile edition of the 1904 book on *A Flight of Butterflies,* by the Japanese artist, Kanazaka Sekka, is one of the most charming fully illustrated books known on the subject. One volume of this rare original wood-block printed edition is now in the collection of The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Thames and Hudson has joined with the museum in preparing and publishing this new edition printed in six colors, including gold and silver, and bound in the traditional format with cloth-covered boards; it is an exquisite object.

The Joy of Venice (E) The approach of this essentially visual book has been to look beyond the obvious and conventional sights of Venice. The photographs are all in color, and there is an introduction by Stephen Spender.



Dining with Marcel Proust: A Practical Guide to French Cooking of the Belle Epoque (F) Shirley King, professional cook and life-long lover of Proust's works has devised this unique tribute. The recipes representing the best of classical cuisine from Proust's time: ranging from truffled partridge to petites madeleines and are illustrated from contemporary and modern sources. Quantities are given in imperial and metric measurements.





Royal Family Album (G) Pomp and circumstance—Buckingham Palace—the crown jewels—all bespeak that splendor that is royalty. Don Coolican's text provides some interesting background for the vast array of photographs, over 500 in color and 40 in black and white. The photographs are by the "royal" photographers themselves: Baron, Beaton, Grugeon, Hustler, Karsh, Lemoine, Snowdon, Lichfield, Parkinson and Wilding: these are presented in sections on the individual family members, interspersed with text and lengthy captions.

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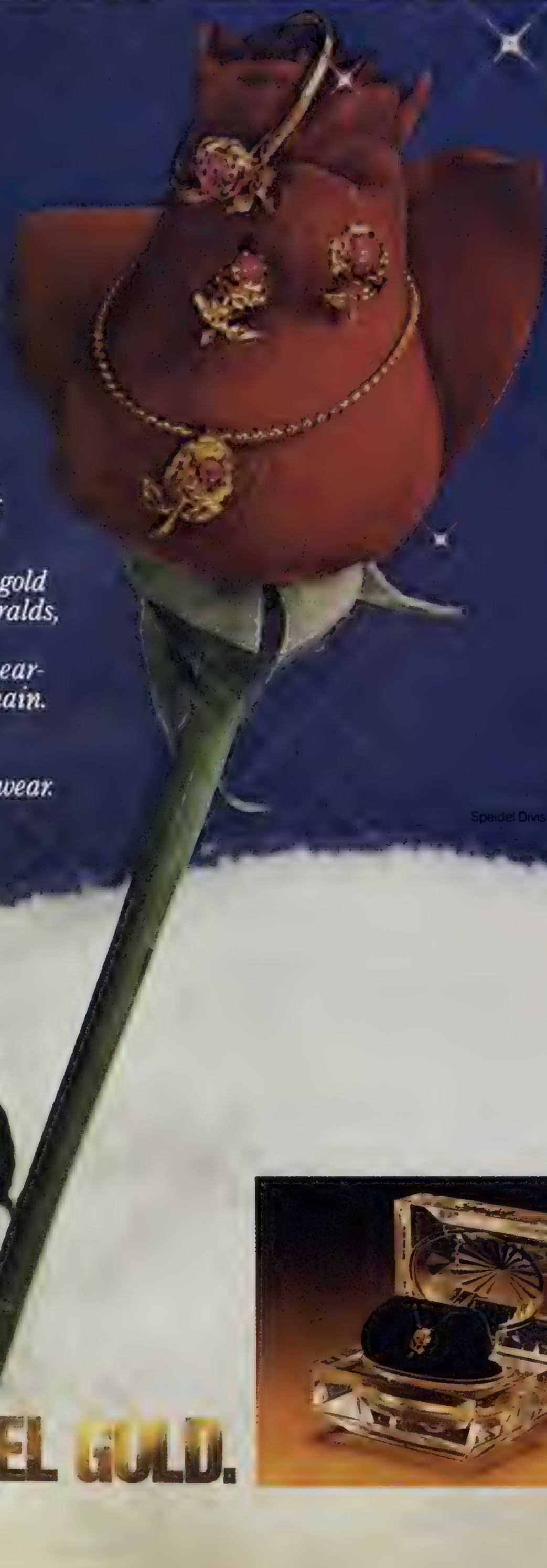
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CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 199)

tarte, very pecan-y.

Hangouts: Chez Momo, featuring pizza and Champagne—very popular . . . Le Select, a catchall bar, wide open (literally and figuratively); you're on your own . . . and the Santa Fe, a hamburger joint-cum-disco with live rock—especially popular after Sunday soccer matches. Disco favorites include the PLM, The Ranch, and Le President.

The tiny town of Corossol is a tourist must; it is here that the shy older women of the island wear the famous *quichenottes*—almost shoulder-length white sunbonnets that are vestiges of their French provincial origins. The younger women don't wear them—and in a few years, the practice will die out.

Shopping is good in St. Barts' boutiques—and liquor, perfume, and tobacco are bargains since Gustavia is a free port. Boutique Jean-Yves Froment features brilliantly colored hand-painted, hand-blocked fabrics and cloth. The Yellow Cottage is the home and workplace of Lawrence Böhme, leatherworker, sandalmaker, pen-and-ink artist. He draws whimsical, amusing postcards about life in the Caribbean.

If you tire of sailing, swimming, snorkeling, fishing, and windsurfing, try archery at Ginarc's in Salines.

Flying out, you can glimpse David Rockefeller's curved hideaway home with its tower guesthouse on Colombier Beach. Take a good look—it's probably the only chance you'll get to see it (unless he invites you to lunch, in which case you'll have to arrive by boat or helicopter; no road leads to his house).

ST. MAARTEN/ST. MARTIN

St. Martiners tell a story about how, many years ago, both the French and the Dutch lusted after their island. The two countries finally agreed to resolve the situation by a compromise: each sent a representative trotting around the island in a different direction from the same starting point. A line was then drawn between their start and finish and that line became the border between the French and Dutch sides of the island. Whatever truth lies in this charming legend affects today's tourist in only one way: you can go to St. Martin and enjoy its French side and its Dutch (St. Maarten) side as the spirit moves you . . . with no border formalities at all!

The Dutch side of the island is currently enjoying a building boom. Almond Grove Estates on Cole Bay Road between Dutch Philipsburg and French Marigot opens this month: sixteen houses for rent, plus pool, gardens, a free private bus to beaches, Marigot, Philipsburg. . . . Mullet Bay has added a nightclub and a disco. . . . Great Bay Hotel has seventy-five new rooms. . . . Holland House and St. Maarten Beach Hotel, apartment projects going up now on Front Street in Philipsburg, plan early-spring openings. . . . The most ambitious plan on St. Maarten is the Westermeijer Project at Little Bay, targeted for completion in the early 'eighties: over a thousand apartments, hotel rooms, and villas; plus a pier, casino, sports facilities, shopping center, and a restaurant on top of Ft. Willem Hill that will be reached by cable car.

Philipsburg has two new shopping arcades. In the Royal Palm Plaza, La Romana Boutique features Fendi, Krizia, Basile, Versace;

(Continued on page 204)

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CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 202)

Jourdan and Dior shoes—at 30 percent less than American prices. . . . Nearby, Java Wraps sells Indonesian batik clothes . . . and Le Beau Geste is *the* boutique for perfumes, cosmetics. . . . The new Promenade Shopping Arcade has branches of Fiorucci and Mille Fleurs (jewelry and china).

New-in-'79 restaurants on Dutch St. Maarten: Goldie's in the Royal Palm Plaza—open-air, glass-ceilinged, with umbrella-tables and wicker chairs, bright floral tablecloths; Japanese, French, American, Italian (they make their own pasta) fare; open from 11:00 A.M. to midnight. . . . Chesterfield's, a popular new bar/restaurant/marina (twenty boats) is informal—like most St. Maarten restaurants; they serve sandwiches at lunch. . . . The Garden Café at the Pasanggrahan Hotel, Great Bay, is a lunch-only terrace restaurant just off the beach; it's run by Larry Berkowitz and John Hopewell (who also pilot round-the-island tours on their cruiser *Maison Maru*). Salads, omelets, burgers, sandwiches, tropical drinks are special here—a cool break for shoppers, swimmers.

New boats for daytrips or longer excursions: *El Tigre*, a sixty-foot catamaran with tiger-print sails . . . *Footloose*, a motor yacht, round trips to St. Barts for $20 . . . *Orca* and *Sea Wolf*, ketches. There are also three new deep-sea fishing boats: *Natalie*, *Kay G.*, the *Fishing Machine*.

At the edge of Great Bay, a poignant reminder of the hurricanes: the hull of a Japanese fishing boat blown up against the rocks at Fort Amsterdam.

On the French side of the island, La Samanna has added a third championship tennis court and windsurfing is the sailing rage. . . . Le Pirate, the ten-room resort on Marigot Beach, right next to the PLM St. Tropez Hotel, is under new management.

In the town of Grand Case, Restaurant Ho-Mai, formerly on the island of Guadeloupe, features classic Vietnamese cooking. . . . The Marina Grand Case Hotel, on the beach at Grand Case, is also new: forty-nine apartments; fresh-water pool and tennis will be ready by January.

At the lovely "free" beach at Orient Bay, a little nudist resort is now in the works: box-shaped bungalows for up to four people will rent for a flat rate of $80 a night plus 10 percent service charge. It opens some time this season.—J. H.

SABA

Saba is so different from other Caribbean islands that people who live elsewhere in the Caribbean often vacation there themselves. Nicknamed "Little Switzerland," Saba is the steepest island in the Caribbean: a five-mile-square speck without beaches but with peaks, heights, and breath-catching sheer drops around every other corner. Saba is a quick time lapse into a charmed past: tiny gingerbread houses (always white with green shutters and red roofs) form peaceful villages where neighbors will do anything for you. The long-isolated, English-speaking Sabans, practically all one thousand of them, are hardy, agile, innocent, resourceful, kind, gentle, trusting, tolerant, and honest. They share rides in their 150 cars; they help each other build houses; and, in general, an otherwordly sweetness reigns. You hear the descriptives

(Continued on page 207)

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CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 204)

"Bali Hai" and "Shangri-La" bandied about by visitors—and they don't seem out of place.

Most tourists daytrip to Saba from its Dutch sister island, St. Maarten. The short flight on Winair is literally a cliffhanger: the pilot calmly veers toward, then away from, the Saban cliffs, landing perfectly on a mini-runway that hangs over the sea. Only short-takeoff-and-landing planes can do it.

The thrill-a-minute main road that heads up and over the island is a masterpiece of engineering. It was designed and built by Sabans in the 'thirties and 'forties after outside engineers ascertained "definitively" that it couldn't be done. (Before that, all travel was via stone steps hacked out of the sides of mountains. The first car arrived in 1947 by ship and then raft.)

Saba's road zigs and zags about twenty times before you are at Lower Hell's Gate—a few houses pasted on a hillside. A few more hairpin curves later and you are 1900 feet up, at Upper Hell's Gate, the highest town on the island. The views down the green hills—populated with goats—to the sea will either scare you to death or cure your fear of heights. The road descends a bit, still careening, to Windwardside, where a few hundred Sabans live in immaculate old houses. Flowers bloom everywhere along steep narrow streets edged by stone walls.

Captain's Quarters is Saba's largest hotel (ten rooms). It's in Windwardside and is a hospitable group of three big old houses that once were the quarters of Captain Henry Hassell, one of Saba's distinguished sea captains. His twelve children are part of the reason that about half of the people in Saba are named Hassell (most of the rest of them are Johnsons).

A short walk uphill from Captain's Quarters is Scout's Place, where Sabans and visitors meet, chat, and dine in a festive atmosphere. Scout Thirkield's "four and one-half" rooms are advertised as cheap and cheerful, and his much-loved meals usually start with fresh hot soups, since Saba's temperatures occasionally dip to fifty-five or sixty degrees at night.

The last Saban town (or first, if you arrive by boat at Fort Bay) is called The Bottom, from "Botte" (Dutch for bowl). There, another sprinkling of Saban "dollhouses" shelters about three hundred people—Saba's largest settlement. Cranston's Antique Inn has huge carved four-poster beds, shipped to the island long ago and carried—like nearly everything else—five hundred steps up the cliffs by strong Saban men.

Tourist shops sell Saba lace—drawn-thread work, also known as Spanish work; Saba Spice—the local drink with quite a kick; and handsome silk-screened prints made by Sabans.

Activities on Saba: visiting the museum—a converted cottage that tells the island's small, proud history; climbing the 1,064 stone steps to the silent peak of Mt. Scenery—the cloud-covered three-thousand-foot summit; diving (Saba Scuba Safari can guide you to some excellent underwater sites); and listening to Saba Radio, on which, if you stay overnight, you'll probably wind up being interviewed yourself!—J. H.



On the tiny steep island of Saba: cliff-hanging, mountain-view swimming pool

THE CRUISE FRONT

A dream way of experiencing the many and varied island pleasures of the Caribbean has always been by cruise ship. This year, several developments make ship-seeing the Caribbean more intriguing than ever.

Sun Line Cruises—a company that pioneered unusual Caribbean itineraries several years ago—this season sends *two* superyachts—the *Stella Maris* and the *Stella Oceanis*—on its "Leeward to the Orinoco" route. With one of its two ships departing from San Juan, Puerto Rico, practically every week now through March, Sun Line's superb fourteen-day odysseys head for many islands that usually are visited only by private yachts and sailboats. Among the jewel stops along the Sun Line path: St. Barts, Iles des Saints, Dominica, Tobago, Carriacou, Bequia. Better-known ports on the same run include Antigua, Barbados, and St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands.

One of the biggest surprises of Sun Lines' itinerary is the trip up the jungly Orinoco River of Venezuela. From there, an optional, super-spectacular excursion flies over Angel Falls—the world's highest waterfall—to the

(Continued on page 208)

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CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 207)

jungle resort of Canaima. Prices for *Stella Maris/Stella Oceanis* fourteen-day cruises range from $1550 to $2675.

Cunard Line's latest take to Caribbean sailing is the expansion of its "Sail 'N Stay" program. These fourteen-day holidays combine a week at sea—on board either Cunard's *Countess* or *Princess*—with a week on land at a Caribbean resort. This year, Cunard offers three resort choices: The El San Juan Resort Center in Puerto Rico . . . Hotel La Toc on St. Lucia . . . Paradise Beach on Barbados.

Travelers have two itineraries to choose from for their week's cruise: Cunard's *Princess*—on a brand-new run—stops at St. Maarten, Antigua, Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, and Tortola. The *Countess* heads to Caracas, Grenada, Barbados, St. Lucia, and St. Thomas.

For travelers with only a week to spare for a winter escape, it's possible to opt just for the cruise portion of Cunard's Caribbean program. On the other hand, confirmed cruise lovers who have the time can arrange to sail on a fourteen-day *Countess/Princess* back-to-back cruise that will take them to eleven ports on two great ships. *Note:* Cunard gives passengers on this cruise free roundtrip air transportation between San Juan and most U.S. cities.—R. A.

CARIBBEAN PLANE FACTS

U.S. Virgin Islands: American Airlines flies nonstop to St. Croix from New York, Newark, Washington DC, and San Juan—with continuing service (involving a quick plane change in St. Croix) on to St. Thomas. . . . Eastern Airlines wings nonstop both to St. Thomas and St. Croix from Miami and San Juan. . . . To reach St. John, fly to St. Thomas and taxi to the town of Red Hook. From there, ferries continue on to Caneel Bay.

Barbados: American Airlines flies nonstop from New York to Barbados every day. . . . Eastern flies to Barbados from Miami via San Juan—offering easy connections with its nationwide schedules. *P.S.*: For West Coasters, Eastern's "Unlimited Mileage Fare" now makes Barbados an extremely inexpensive destination ($372–$399).

St. Maarten/St. Martin: From New York, American nonstops to St. Maarten's Juliana Airport every day. . . . As of December 11, Eastern puts a wide-body L1011 on its daily New York-St. Maarten nonstop run . . . and starting December 14, Eastern will fly a daily wide-body flight from Chicago to St. Maarten via San Juan—plus weekend nonstops.

Saba: Fly Winair (Windward Island Airways) from St. Maarten; it's about a twenty-minute hop.

St. Barts: From St. Maarten, fly nonstop on Winair. . . . Air Guadeloupe flies to St. Barts from Guadeloupe—and from Esperance Airport on the French side of St. Martin.

Young Island: Easiest shot is flying to Barbados and continuing on to St. Vincent in the Grenadines by charter plane. From St. Vincent, Young Island is a quick ferry ride. *P.S.:* L.I.A.T. (Leeward Islands Air Transport) flies from Barbados to St. Vincent—but schedules are often unpredictable.

Petit St. Vincent: Fly to Barbados—and charter a plane to Union Island in the Grenadines. PSV's private yacht will take care of the rest.—R. A.

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PERFUME AND EAU De TOILETTE

VOGUE'S

View

DECEMBER '79

Edited by June Weir

Paris: a wave of bi- and tricolors



Starting here, and on the next four pages, the spring and summer reports from Paris and Milan–the Picasso influence in coloring, the new proportions

One of the big fashion looks for 1980 is the chemise, covering the knees, and refreshing in bi- and tricolor combinations.

Not only in chemises are you going to see color used in the most imaginative way. Yves Saint Laurent deserves the credit for spearheading this brilliant use of bi- and-tricolor for clothes and accessories. Influenced by the massive Picasso exhibition in Paris, he started this movement in his fall couture collection. He scored again with one of the best spring and summer ready-to-wear collections shown in Paris. And, what a show! In over three hundred outfits, Yves updates his classics: knickers become various lengths of Zouave pants, his camisoles look newest with bicolor gathered skirts, his pants suits remain the best in the world, and even his sweaters become an homage to Picasso's harlequins.

What Givenchy did for the suit last fall, he now does for the dress. His figure-flattering chemises with draped sleeveless armholes will be sure to influence the entire ready-to-wear scene next year.

Karl Lagerfeld of Chloé, always an innovator, came up with a top collection with ideas galore: bicolored tunics, the best little dinner dresses in Paris—one-shouldered with pleated tiered skirts, and knockout coats—all designed to make a woman look sexy and slim.

Another winner: Emanuel Ungaro, the mix master of modern clothes in splendid colors and superb shapes. Others on the best-liked list: Rykiel's knits, Issey Miyake's imaginative cuts, Castelbajac's clean sportswear, and Montana's quality workmanship. True to themselves: Dior, Chanel, Laroche, and Lanvin.

("View" continued on page 212)

Continued

Milan: new proportions in pants and shoes



"Walking shorts are the new short skirt," said Giorgio Armani after showing his hit collection in Milan. Most of the other Italian designers agree.

One after another, as the new spring and summer clothes walked down the runways at the Milan Fair, the message for 1980 was clear—the leggy look is here.

Walking shorts are part of a bigger story: new proportions. These shorter pants end just above the knee, have a soft width, and usually cuffs. Most of these walking shorts take a jacket or a sweater, many in contrasting colors or prints. Under these hip-length jackets go shirts—striped, sleeveless, and silk—tucked into the shorts.

Even shoes are part of this new message—comfortable sandals, sling-back wedges, golf shoes—always with a low heel. These flats, worn with walking shorts and hiplength jackets, give a whole new proportion to the leg. As Armani explains, "High-heeled shoes with walking shorts look too serious. Worn with flat shoes, these shorts look modern."

Yves Saint Laurent deserves the credit for launching walking shorts years ago. Now, Italian designers have picked up the look and show it in many different fabrics—especially gabardine, linen, and cotton. Most of the shorts are solid colors, although some stripes, checks, and prints were shown.

Even traditional pants get a new cut this season. Most Italian designers have made pants rounder, fuller, and end them above the ankle. Worn with long jackets and flat shoes, these shorter pants offer a fresh look to pants suits.

("View" continued on page 214)



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Continued

Best looks from Paris: new ideas



1 THE NEW LENGTH. ***Givenchy's*** *length is the perfect one. It just covers the kneecap—for a working woman's spring and summer wardrobe.*



2 THE NEW SHOE. ***Saint Laurent*** *introduced a lower-heeled pump and showed it with a light stocking. It looks just right with the new knee-covering skirt.* ***Ungaro*** *showed multi-colored sandals, both high and low heeled. Most of Paris agreed with them.*

3 THE NEW NECKLINE. *The one-shouldered neckline turned up on dresses, T-shirts, sweaters, blouses, even swimsuits.* ***Karl Lagerfeld's*** *winner: a tricolored crêpe blouse for Chloé.*

REGINALD GRAY

4 THE NEW PANTS. *The best pants for 1980 end just around the ankle, the way* ***Sonia Rykiel*** *does them, or like jogging pants. Another option: walking shorts—one inch above the knee, no shorter—a great way to look on the weekend.*



5 THE NEW JACKET. *It's longer, slimmer, less uptight than last fall's belted and broad-shouldered ones.* ***Ungaro's*** *beautiful basic—shown in red taffeta—but he also did it in cotton, linen, and checked wool.*

("View" continued on page 216)

Pia Zadora for Dubonnet.

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VOGUE'S

View

Best looks from Paris: new ideas

Continued



6 THE NEW JEWELRY. Watch for bi- and tri-colored earrings, bracelets, and necklaces. **Saint Laurent** likes raffia for a choker with bicolored pendants and drop earrings.

7 THE NEW HANDBAG. Bicolors and stripes kept popping up all over Paris accessories. **Lagerfeld** uses multicolored stripes for the Chloé envelope.

8 THE NEW BELT. Patent leather made a big leap into the 'eighties—especially in bicolored belts. **Givenchy's** signature belt comes in bicolored patent.

9 THE NEW BRACELET. Bare arms and bracelets, usually just two worn together, but always in bicolored combinations. **Ungaro** shows big thick bangles.

10 THE NEW BEACH LOOK. One-shouldered maillots in bicolored Lycra rank as one of the top beach looks in Paris. **Givenchy** did a knockout in coral and blue.

THE NEW MOTIF. French designers went to the sea for inspiration, including **Lagerfeld's** starfish done as pin-cushion jewelry for **Chloé,** above; **Castelbajac's** "Xerox"-printed fish T-shirt, center; **Issey Miyake's** real seashells on a belt, right.

("View" continued on page 220)

REGINALD GRAY

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Then taking the best of those discoveries and making them a part of you.
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VOGUE'S

View

Continued

Giorgio Armani: Milan's hottest star



In just four years, Giorgio Armani has become one of Europe's big stars. When he showed his first collection for women in 1975, Armani was already a well-known menswear designer; but it was his beautifully tailored suits and blazers for women that attracted American stores to Milan.

Now, with his outstanding spring and summer collection, Armani goes a step further. He's turned his hand to swimwear in the same "tailored" style. Example: his asymmetric lapel on a body-fitting maillot.

A master tailor, Armani always does his suits with a sure hand. Bound to turn up on the streets of New York and Milan are his sleek jackets with the asymmetrical lapel, or his side-buttoned cardigans worn with an asymmetric ruffled blouse. He shows these hiplength jackets with walking shorts, pants, and, of course, skirts.

As Armani says, "My strong point has always been menswear fabrics for women. I like them because they have a natural beauty." This season, he does glen plaids in thin linen, pinstripes on khaki-colored crêpe de Chine—for jackets, stars printed on silk gazar—for blouses.

Armani is a great believer in modern clothes that give a woman different options. The strapless jacket is his 1980 blazer—without shoulders and sleeves. "I've done away with useless details," adds Armani, "and for me, that's the direction of the future."

("View" continued on page 225)

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VOGUE'S

View

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

When you need a lift . . . especially now, right around mid-winter, the big news is white. Nothing looks fresher, does more to revive snowbound spirits than the whole range of creamy pales—from ivory to porcelain white. Lighter, less "weighed-down" in feeling, whites in winter offer a crisp, welcome surprise, an unexpected eye-opener. The separate elements—the clean, single pieces do it best: white flannel trousers under a fur . . . the instant brightening of a perfect, open-collared white shirt . . . a white moiré jacket over pants . . . even a white silky muffler—any small touch has the same effect . . .

Spring fabrics . . . what's ahead: Fabrics with a sense of body (a clue to the kind of clothes to look forward to) . . . thin transparents with a certain firmness—organza (newest in sportswear); linen covert—flat, tweedy, with substance; charmeuse—gently "crinkled" to be less liquid, more substantial . . . thinnest nutmeg-colored leathers and suèdes; banana-colored chamois . . . Classics: piqué, faille (everywhere!), and seersucker taking on new looks, worked in new ways; classic menswear colored-up for spring. . . For evening: silk organza; glittered silk chiffon "tweeds." . . .

Spring colors . . . what's ahead: Clear, unmixed, un-murky colors, moving away from screaming-brights to soft shades (a pink that's a real pink—not a mauve!). . . bright crayon colors easing into pastels . . .

The fashion best sellers this season: the whole spectrum of knits, but most of all, the sweater—making a comeback . . . selling out as quickly as they come in the stores . . . from cardigans to crew necks, waist-cropped or 3/4-length, at all price levels . . . the texture-y hand-knits in particular (Perry Ellis' imported hand-knits, consistently a standout—everywhere!) . . . The boldly quilted coat—going strong, "invading" the streets of New York and other major cities . . . being snapped up as the warm, fashionable alternative to the cloth coat . . . The closed pump—in black, in Burgundy, in all colors—in suèdes and textured leathers . . . .

The "lift" of white in winter...all-out best sellers—quilting, pumps, sweaters

More and more, some of the looks we enjoy most are those based on clothes that ski and sail, jog, swim, and run. Plain fact: these pieces—attractively designed active sportswear—gear, in a word—apart from their true sporting function, turn out to be terrific—well-designed, rugged, cold-proof, and comfortable—on their own.
There are classics we've always appropriated: down-filled hiking/camping parkas, well-worn riding jackets and boots . . . then there's the news—double-duty skiwear . . . worn a certain way, it translates into something more sophisticated, citified, unexpected: a hand-painted white quilted ski vest—the perfect little top over grey flannels, in the evening over a cashmere sweater and pants . . . ivory striped-in-blue stretch pants (you don't have to ski to want to own a pair for the country). . . . Check out cross-country gear—for baseball-styled ski jackets of satin backed in fleece, poplin parkas lined with sweater-knitting (for the country, the city, for cold weather anywhere) . . . Also, cozy velours—jogging pants, drawstringed at the ankle with a matching long-sleeved pull; in rich royal blue, they're all you'll want to slip into for evenings at home.

"Coming into its own—antique jewelry that captures charm, an elegance of the past..."

Vintage jewelry has come into its own on the art/auction market. Along with the revival of interest in nineteenth-century paintings and decorative art styles—an upsurge of interest in nineteenth-century jewelry. Until about a year ago, these pieces, marked by superb craftsmanship and one-of-a-kind styling, were practically an unknown commodity on the auction block. Today, just a year after the first offering at Sotheby Parke Bernet's PB Eighty-Four division in New York (a year in which there have been only three jewelry sales), they're playing to packed houses.

"Beautiful Art Deco rings and bracelets have been popular for a long time," said Alison Bradshaw, who heads PB Eighty-Four's jewelry division (and is one of the Parke Bernet's two female auctioneers). "The most current demand though is for earlier works—Georgian, the wide range of Victorian, Edwardian, and other turn-of-the-century—most of which are highly wearable. . . . It's more than just the appeal of fine craftsmanship that attracts," she noted. "They have a distinct, delicate charm—a flower covered in tiny rose diamonds, a witty jeweled bird clutching a diamond in its beak. They capture an attitude, an elegance of the past . . ."

Prices remain "reasonable." "Turn-of-the-century pieces especially are still undervalued," said Bradshaw. Also, by buying at auction, one usually gets a better price—somewhat closer to wholesale than retail. The range: from about $50 for a pair of gold-bar brooches (ca. 1910) with seed pearls and translucent enameled flowers—to $15–20,000 for a jeweled necklace (ca. 1900) with a 3-carat diamond pendant. Most lots run between $500 and $2000. What's being bought: tiny gold Georgian rings set with graduated turquoise and pearls, with citrine, emeralds, garnets, and rubies ($250–$400)—the kind you see worn on the first and second fingers in portraits of the period; ladies' lapel watches in engraved hunting cases (under $1000); graceful Victorian lavalieres studded with seed pearls ($350–$600). To watch for: jeweled minaudieres, 1910–20 diamond watches that double as bracelets.

Christie's reports the same increased public interest. "We find the exceptional workmanship holds through the nineteenth century on up through the 1930s. What's going: Art Nouveau, Art Deco, "anything with Cartier's name on it," gold/enameled compacts and lipstick holders, "anything Lalique." —ALLISON LEOPOLD

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STARS



BLAZING REMINDERS OF HOPE

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy" (Matthew 2:10). Like those wise men following a star to the Prince of Peace, we want to fix our eyes on spiritual polestars as we move in a perilous world. We need a focus, an icon, for our contemplation; and in art we find a medium for that reach toward the cosmic will. Whether in the driving whirl of Van Gogh's "Starry Night" or in the calm serenity of a Rothko abstraction, art, like a star, becomes a locus for joy. Now, while Pioneer 11 hurtles on in deep space, we look inside ourselves for courage. "Per aspera ad astra," said the ancients: through adversity to the stars.

NOW CELEBRATING ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY, NEW YORK'S MUSEUM OF MODERN ART ACQUIRED "STARRY NIGHT" (1889), BY VINCENT VAN GOGH, IN 1941 AS A BEQUEST FROM LILLIE P. BLISS. VAN GOGH FIRST GAINED WIDESPREAD ATTENTION IN AMERICA IN MOMA'S OPENING EXHIBITION, IN 1929, "CEZANNE, GAUGUIN, SEURAT, VAN GOGH," ORGANIZED BY ALFRED BARR, JR., INTRODUCING THE FOUNDERS OF THE SCHOOL OF PARIS.



ART AS ICON

HOW MODERN ABSTRACT ART HAS BECOME TODAY'S ICON OF SPIRITUAL CONTEMPLATION

RUSSIAN ICON, 'OUR LADY OF TENDERNESS," FAR LEFT: FROM THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW KREMLIN. A RELIGIOUS OBJECT VENERATED BY THE DEVOUT AS A SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATION OF DIVINITY. NEAR LEFT: "NUMBER 10," BY MARK ROTHKO, AN ABSTRACT ICON OF CONTEMPLATION, ONE OF THE MASTERPIECES IN COLLECTION OF MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK; GIFT, PHILIP JOHNSON.

(Continued)





ART AS ICON

THIS DETAIL, LEFT, FROM "THE PENITENT MAGDALEN," BY GEORGES DE LA TOUR, DEPICTS A GIRLISH MAGDALEN CONTEMPLATING A SKULL IN A "VANITAS" THEME THAT REFLECTS ON THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE, WHICH, LIKE A CANDLE, BURNS BUT FOR A TIME. THE MIRROR, SYMBOLIZING THE VICE OF VANITY, REMINDS THE MAGDALEN OF HER SINNER'S LIFE BEFORE ENCOUNTERING THE SAVIOUR. THIS RARE BAROQUE MASTERPIECE IS A GIFT OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES WRIGHTSMAN TO NEW YORK'S METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

BY BARBARA ROSE

When Baroness Hilla von Rebay played piano music by Bach that Bach had never composed, she claimed to be divinely inspired. Like the abstract artists whose work she exhibited in the Museum of Non-Objective Painting that she persuaded her great friend Solomon Guggenheim to open in New York in 1939, Hilla Rebay was deeply involved in the spiritualist movement that evolved in Europe after Nietzsche announced "God is dead." Reacting against atheism, many artists and poets like W. B. Yeats turned away from Western religions to seek solace in occult forms of mysticism, often influenced by Oriental thought.

"TODAY, FOR BETTER OR WORSE, THE ART MUSEUM HAS REPLACED THE CHURCH, THE SYNAGOGUE, AND THE MOSQUE FOR MANY PEOPLE AS THE SACRED PRECINCT, THE QUIET PLACE OF MEDITATION WHERE MAN REFLECTS ON THE IMMATERIAL"

As religious icons lost their meaning as cult objects in the nineteenth century, art began to be appreciated for its own sake. The loss of faith in organized religion coincided with the idea of an art for art's sake that became popular in Western Europe, especially in France. For many years, the roots of abstract art in the occult spiritualist movement—which insisted that the primary role of art was spiritual, not merely or exclusively esthetic—were hidden. Although many if not most of the first completely abstract artists were inspired by mystical religious thought, the origins of abstraction in occult ideas were not readily admitted. Today, however, art historical research has revealed that Kandinsky, Mondrian, Kupka, and Malevich, among the pioneers of abstraction, were all inspired by the spiritualist movement and thought of their art as an earthly reflection of the Absolute.

For Hilla Rebay, the museum was not a place to be entertained, enlightened, or pleased by esthetic pleasure. It was a place of worship: the holy ground where the soul expressed itself in cosmic and visionary images, *(Continued on page 308)*

"WOO!"

JUBILATION—THE APPEAL OF A GOOD MAN

BY JOHN LEONARD

Stalin wanted to know: The Pope? How many divisions does *he* have? It depends on whether or not we count the children. If we count the children, this Pope—John Paul II, a Pope, as the Protestant minister observed in Iowa, "who knows how to pope"—has many divisions, of various colors. Wherever he went in the week he was here, preempted on television only by professional football games, he found the children and they found him. The Vicar of Christ was a sort of grandfather in a country where most of the grandfathers have been stashed in nursing homes. And not the sort of grandfather who scolds. He was, instead, the sort who chuckles. "The kind of guy," said a New York City police detective, "you would want to make a golf date with."

To the children of Boston, he described escapism as "sadness." We ought to demand better of ourselves: "Do not go away sad."

We have, as a nation, been going away sad for quite awhile, if we bothered to get out of the house at all.

In Washington, a big crowd cheered that it loved him. He cheered right back: "I love you!" He cheered it twelve times. Then he added: "And I love you more, for I express my love for you with the microphone, and that is stronger."

"WHY DID SO MANY OF US WALK OUT ON OUR HEARTS INTO THE STREETS AND WAIT FOR A MAN IN A BEANIE FROM ROME? THERE HAD TO BE SOMEONE BETTER THAN WE ARE. HE WAS"

We are, as a people, disinclined to believe in abstract declarations of love. I do not, for example, believe that Jimmy Carter loves me. There is a TelePrompTer between us; I think he would bite me if I crossed him. The Pope read from those sheets of paper. He also looked up from those sheets of paper. It was the damnedest thing: I was sure he was looking at me. Of course, in his youth in Poland, he had been an actor. Helen Hayes explained this to an interviewer before she went to Yankee Stadium to tell eighty thousand people that "God looked at everything He had made and He found it very good." And the Pope was also a poet. And we are informed that he reads the phenomenological philosophers, Husserl and Heidegger. I can imagine this Pope at the Deux Magots in Paris, wondering where the children were.

In Harlem, at 141st Street and Frederick Douglass Boulevard, a Black woman shouted: "Hey there, Pope."

Hey there, indeed. There was a *there* there, even when rained upon. To be sure, what can only be called the brat-Left complained in several grey organs that the violence so deplored by John Paul II was actually "state-sanctioned." And the provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army resumed killing people the minute the Pope was on the plane to Boston. And feminists have a legitimate grievance. And what he had to say about contraception isn't really believed by most American Catholics. And. . .

But note his tone of voice: never the pontifical, or imperial, or presidential "we." A Solzhenitsyn complains at Harvard of everything about the decadent West, including our "barbarous music"; he is a Russian Old Believer, and would have gotten along just fine with the sun-crazed desert prophets of the Old Testament. A John Paul II, in the rain, sings a Polish folk song, and, at Shea Stadium, makes a joke *(Continued on page 310)*



JOHN PAUL II EMBRACING THE CHEERS OF NINETEEN THOUSAND TEENAGERS JAMMED INTO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. RESPONDING TO THE RIOT OF WELCOME ("RACK 'EM UP, STACK 'EM UP, BUST 'EM IN TWO. HOLY FATHER, WE'RE FOR YOU"), THE POPE PLAYFULLY, JOYFULLY CROONED "WOO, WOO, WOO"—POLISH FOR WOW!

Wide World Photos

IMPERIAL SPLENDOR

The dark side of glory

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The glory that was the Hapsburg Empire under Franz Josef—Vienna its crowning jewel—still sweeps us with nostalgia today. Here, John Richardson reinvigorates the key figures in the life of this city during the last decades of the nineteenth century—evokes the glitter/decadence of the waltz dream.*

Elizabeth Wittelsbach may have been one of the most beautiful and romantic women of her time, but she was a hopeless Empress. With the ramshackle empire of the Hapsburgs collapsing around her, escapism became an obsession. To hell with public or private responsibilities! She would shut herself up at Gödöllö, her castle in Hungary, surrounded by officers in leopard-skin cloaks and shakos trimmed with a single white heron's feather. Or she would spend months in England compulsively fox-hunting with a dude called "Bay" Middleton. Or she would retire to the Achilleion, a neo-classical palace she had built on Corfu, and study ancient and modern Greek with her queer, hunchbacked tutor, Konstantin Christomanos.

For Elizabeth's Hamlet-like son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, there was no possibility of escape. Too intelligent for his own good, he saw exactly where his father's blind absolutism was leading but was powerless to do anything about it. Hence his frustration, his indulgence in high thoughts and low tastes. Philosophical speculation and liberal journalism (under pseudonyms) alternated with "actresses," brandy, and too much morphine. As for the morbid fancies that drove Rudolf to murder and suicide at Mayerling, the least fanciful explanation is that he had infected his unprepossessing Belgian wife, Stephanie, with gonorrhea; her sterility ruled out all hope of a son and heir.

"...A RETINUE OF RICHLY ACCOUTRED AUTOMATA—NEVER AT WAR, BUT ALWAYS DRESSED FOR IT"

Meanwhile, the Emperor Franz Josef and his retinue of richly accoutred automata—never at war but always dressed for it—behaved as if nothing were amiss. The trouble was "the Old Gentleman," as the Viennese affectionately called him, was too busy fussing with the ancient administrative machinery to notice that inertia had set in everywhere, except for the ranks of the secret police. The Hofburg, once the powerhouse of the Empire, had become, according to Robert Musil, "an empty shell" unfurnished except for "countless red, blue, white, and yellow coats, breeches and plumed helmets, standing—rigid as birds on a sandbank."

Even before Franz Josef, aristocratic Vienna *(Continued on page 309)*

A DAZZLING PHALANX OF IMPERIAL UNIFORMS, RIGHT, SPLENDIDLY DECKED OUT WITH GOLD BRAID—SO SIMILAR IN THEIR GORGEOUSNESS THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL A LACKEY FROM A LORD. THESE, PART OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PIECES OF RESPLENDENT FINERY SELECTED IN VIENNA AND BUDAPEST BY DIANA VREELAND, SPECIAL CONSULTANT TO THE COSTUME INSTITUTE OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART IN NEW YORK, FOR ITS EXHIBITION, "FASHIONS OF THE HAPSBURG ERA: AUSTRIA-HUNGARY," OPENING THIS MONTH.

Duane Michals





A WHOLE NEW CHARM...

BEGINNING ON THESE EIGHT PAGES, FASHION THAT REFLECTS A DIFFERENT SEASON, A CHANGING ATTITUDE. CLOTHES THAT ARE IMMEDIATE AND STRAIGHTFORWARD IN THEIR APPEAL, THEIR WEARABILITY–NORTH, SOUTH, WHEREVER YOU ARE. WHAT THEY ALL SHARE: A CERTAIN SPARENESS, AN ATTRACTIVE, EASY STYLE . . .

At night . . . the new narrowness of a dress, the marvelous glitter. From Galanos, black silk crêpe with a bare top of rhinestones—silvery-white and black—embroidered over beads and sequins. With Kasper's fox jacket for Louis Milona. Dress, to order at Martha; Saks-Jandel; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Amelia Gray, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. Fashion details, next to last pages. *Beauty Note:* Another new Galanos—his first fragrance. Called, simply, Galanos—it has an allure of its own! These pages: hair: Garren at The Plaza; John Sahag. Makeup: Alberto Fava; Sophie Levy of Pipino-Buccheri Salon.

Denis Piel

A WHOLE NEW CHARM . . .

anywhere, any season, the kind of suit you can really live in . . . move in, *left,* from Oscar de la Renta. With his small black wool gabardine jacket over a new fuller, flared skirt in black-and-white checked wool, and white silk crêpe de Chine shirt soft-tied in black, black-and-white spectator pumps. A look that signals a different—and very appealing—way of dressing ahead. About $630. Late January at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Unexpected: the easy attitude, the gentler turn to suit dressing, *above right,* that starts with the smallness of a fur jacket—Givenchy's thin black Swakara jacket faced in red—belted, flared slightly at the hip. With a straight black velvet skirt and black silk blouse . . . there's a softness to everything, a totally modern sense of style. From the couture collection. Fashion details and accessories, next to last pages.

Denis Piel



A WHOLE NEW CHARM

The difference is a suit, *left*: the perfect combination of ease and style, the instant appeal. Geoffrey Beene's navy wool gabardine jacket, cut like a cardigan—simple, weightless. With a matching front-pleated skirt, beautiful silk shirt—navy and white stripes, white linen collar and cuffs. Everything about it is modern, clean, right on target—down to the sleek spectator pumps. Suit, about $1,400. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Marshall Field's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Sakowitz.

The new simplicity of line, *right*, and the way it turns to look and attitude of a classic fur. Unmistakable in a wonderful stadium-spare natural Black Diamond mink coat—squared at the shoulder, belted hard over an easy sweater and skirt. Coat, with matching scarf, is from The House of Black Diamond by Oliver Gintel. About $6,500. House of Black Diamond, NYC; Bill Marré, St. Louis; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Fashion details, accessories, next to last pages.

Beauty Note: With a new focus on the clean-lined spectator pump, on the look of legs, more attention to all-over skin care. To smooth and soften—anywhere it's needed—Lancaster's Tonifying Body Treatment.

Denis Piel

A WHOLE NEW CHARM...

Everything you want when you're dressing at night—the delight, the dazzle—with a new discretion, a different kind of impact. Here, in two wonderful Givenchy evenings. . . . *Left*, the seduction of his new halter dress in black velvet with a rhinestone-studded top—small, elasticized—and ankle-length skirt. And a dream of a dinner dress, *above* —narrow, soft, leg-revealing—in black viscose spiked with colored stones, a sharp blue satin belt . . . from the moment you see it, a dress that's totally captivating! Both, Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique. The halter dress, about $1,595. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Jacobson's; I. Magnin. The dinner dress, about $1,350. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last pages.

Denis Piel

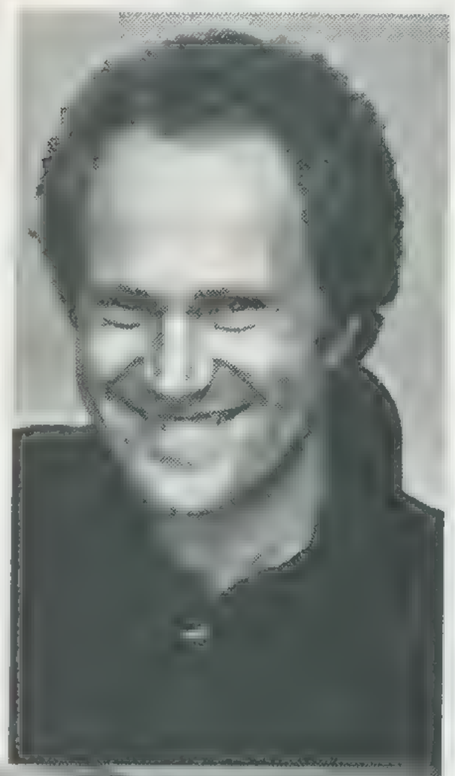


BEAUTY: A WHOLE NEW APPROACH...

THE THING THAT REALLY POLISHES YOUR APPEARANCE—AND PULLS IT ALL TOGETHER—IS: YOUR HAIR. IT'S THE FINISHER—TO DRESSING, TO MAKEUP—AND IT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WAY YOU LOOK. THE TRICK, OF COURSE, IS KNOWING WHICH STYLE IS BEST FOR YOU—DAY OR NIGHT, WHATEVER THE SEASON. "THERE ISN'T ONE LOOK THAT WORKS ANYMORE," SAYS SERGIO VALENTE, BELOW, HAIR MAN BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE FENDI AND VALENTINO COLLECTIONS. WHAT'S IMPORTANT TODAY FOR REAL STYLE IS A CUT, EXPERTLY DONE, WITH FLEXIBILITY BUILT INTO IT, SO YOU CAN CHANGE THE LOOK, THE MOOD—SIMPLY AND EASILY. AND LENGTH. WHAT'S RIGHT DEPENDS ON YOUR HAIR, YOUR PERSONALITY, YOUR LIFE STYLE..."BUT MOST WOMEN," SAYS SERGIO, "LOOK BEST WITH HAIR ABOVE THEIR SHOULDER." (AN INTERVIEW WITH SERGIO VALENTE, PAGE 310.)

hair

Flexibility and length are what count for hair today," says Sergio Valente. A cut that has shape, a style that has softness, that moves —with you—easily from day into night. The look, left, for instance, pulled up, with a sweep—the new look of a bang. Makeup, Joey Mills. Fashion, accessory details, last pages.





"How you live your life influences how you wear your hair. If you're sporty, an outdoorsy type, longer, controlled hair works best, in a ponytail, above, with a "bang" to one side.

Stan Malinowski

In beauty, as in fashion, the same attractiveness, the same modern sense of style. With a different approach. There's a more finished look, a little more polish to everything, a little more glamour (it's the season for it!). But always, underplayed, easygoing. The secret: finding the right beauty "ingredient" and knowing how to make it work for you... No question: if you have the right accessory, you have what you need to "lift" a look, to turn it around. In that one extra element, all the delight...and all the difference. The same idea applies to beauty and in very much the same way. You can find one new thing—whether it's an unexpected but subtly dazzling new eye makeup, a simple, soft look for hair, or a brighter new lip color—and it changes everything. Which is the whole point: to experiment with, to pick up on the changes that are going to do the most for you. And on the next six pages, we've made it easy: by separating out and focusing on the best new elements in beauty...and by giving expert advice on how to make them work to your best advantage.

BEGINNING ON THE NEXT PAGE, NEW MAKEUP IDEAS WORKED OUT BY EXPERT ALBERTO FAVA. THE COLORS: WITHIN THE VIOLET-TO-PINK AND NEUTRAL PALETTES, WITH ADDED IRIDESCENCE...AND A FEW ADDED SURPRISES. THE BIG DIFFERENCE: IN THE WAY THE COLORS ARE APPLIED—A DISTINCTLY ALBERTO WAY. FOR EYES, THAT MEANS SHADOW APPLIED IN VERTICAL "STRIPES" OF COLOR —ALL ONE SHADE OR AN OFFBEAT MIX—THEN WORKED TO AN ALMOST NO-COLOR FINISH (WITH BRUSHES CONSTANTLY WIPED CLEAN; THE ACTUAL BLENDING SHOULD BE DONE RIGHT ON THE LID)....ANOTHER OF HIS "TRICKS": A TINY BIT OF IRIDESCENCE—YELLOW-GOLD, SILVER, OR PEARLIZED WHITE—WORKED IN WITH THE EYE COLOR. AND PICKED UP IN MATCHING IRIDESCENT POWDER ADDED TO CHEEK COLOR, ADDED TO LIPS—JUST ENOUGH TO "TIE" A LOOK TOGETHER, GIVE IT A WONDERFUL FINISH. FOR THE ACTUAL LIP COLOR: OFTEN A BLEND OF SHADES, SWATCHED RIGHT ON THE HAND—WITH A BRUSH YOU CAN CONTROL TO MIX THE AMOUNTS OF EACH COLOR, ADDS GLEAM FOR A MORE "SENSUOUS" LOOK....HIS TIP FOR BROWS: TO LEAVE THEM FULL, NATURAL LOOKING, AND NOT TO WORRY OVER "EVERY STRAY HAIR." YOU CAN EXTEND COLOR AND HIGHLIGHTER RIGHT UP TO AND OVER BROWS IF YOU BLEND—AND REBLEND—THE SECRET TO ANY OF THESE LOOKS. MORE OF ALBERTO'S SIGNATURE TOUCHES—MORE TIPS—ON THE SIX PAGES AHEAD. HAIR BY JOHN SAHAG.

A good beginning to any look of hair: a gentle shampoo and conditioning treatment. Clairol's new Condition II series has products designed for every hair type...and hair problem.

makeup

A NEW SLANT ON EYE MAKEUP—SOFT COLORS IN "STRIPES" TO BLEND TO A "NO-COLOR" FINISH
QUICKEST DELIGHT—A REAL-PINK PINK LIP COLOR...IT'S AN INSTANT LOOK-CHANGER

BEAUTY: A WHOLE NEW CHARM

The newest eye makeup, top—unexpected shadows brushed on in vertical stripes, then blended (the end result, opposite). The idea—from Alberto Fava—is to get a slightly shimmered finish—"no-color" colors that give just a gentle lift. Here, stripes of violet-pink and highlighting gold. The colors—all the makeup, both pages—from Estée Lauder: Romantic Mauve Pressed Eyelid Shadow; Sungold Honey Automatic Creme Eyeshadow. A real difference—a real-pink mouth, above—terrific as an evening/holiday change. The neatest how-to—a pencil both to outline and fill in the color (this one, Rose Border Perfect-Line Lip Pencil). And a center dot of iridescence to "collect" the light.

John Stember

The way all colors look when they've been blended, right. There's a subtle wash of iridescence lighting the eye, a soft pink blush, a pink-violet mouth. And the way the hair looks here is very much part of the charm—simple, side-parted, held in a tiny "roll"—by John Sahag. One color all the way, below: another—gentle—way to emphasize eyes. Here, shades of violet with pure shimmer. The violets: Plumwood, Romantic Mauve, Carnation Pressed Eyelid Shadows from Estée Lauder.

THE ALL-ONE-COLOR EYE—FOOLPROOF, VERY PRETTY!

THE FINISHED LOOK—BLENDED, SOFT.
AND THE LOOK OF HAIR NOW—SIMPLE, PARTED

INSTANT LIFT: HIGHLIGHTER AND EYE LIGHTER
WITH THE SAME UPWARD SLANT

MORE DEFINITION AT NIGHT: FOUNDATION TO OUTLINE, A HINT OF GOLD TO CATCH THE LIGHT!

John Stember

THE NEW OPALESCENT MOUTH—SOFT, SHIMMERED—FROM A HAND-MADE "PALETTE" OF GLOSS

The new opalescence, near left—a paler, shimmered finish for lips—perfect with soft "no-makeup" makeup. The expert way—Alberto Fava's—three slightly offbeat-color glosses swatched right on the hand, then mixed with a lip brush. Final ingredient: pearlized iridescent powder to add a touch of pure shine! Here, a palette of Charlie Extra Extra Shine lipglosses (top to bottom): Sheerfrost Plum, Brown Red, Sheerfrost Cocoa. Another option now, inset below—lips with more color, more definition—the kind of look that comes into its own at night. To set it up: a careful outline of pale-color foundation (which gets blended out); and a dab—right in the center—of gold iridescence (Norell Color Designer Lipstick)—just enough to catch the light! The "lip liner," here—Etherea Flaw Concealer in Light, with a blend of russet-color lipsticks—Norell #25 and #35. Far left: The start of a wonderful evening makeup—smoky neutral colors—fired with subtle gleam. The secret—highlighter "lifted" up over the cheekbone. And the same effect for eyes—with highlighter brushed under and into the brow, then blended. The lids, shaded in grey, silver glitter. All makeup, from Ultima II, with Nutmeg Creamy Powder Blush, Charcoal Grey Super Luscious Creme Eye Shadow, and Roulette Teal/White Gold Patina Eye Shadows used as highlighters.

BEAUTY: A WHOLE NEW CHARM

This is the time of year to experiment. . .to use color—and to shine —in new ways, new places. . . . Below: upward sweeps of color, brushed to the temples, blended to tint-of-color iridescence. Prettiest in offbeat color pairings—like gold and gold-flecked taupe, pale, shiny rose. Frances Denney's Bamboo Moisture Silk/Pink Sand eye colors, Golden Face Accent (terrific here on eyes, as a sheer gold "blush" over cheek color). More news: the contrast of thicker, natural-looking brows . . . suddenly appealing. Near right: new places to "shine"—festive red body glitter on shoulders . . . lips center-dabbed with gold. Madeleine Mono's Demon Red Body Glitter, Risqué Red lip color. Center: for a look that won't "wash out" at night—silvery, glitter-shot shadow colors. . . precisely blended to the gleam of polished sterling. Closeup: Madeleine Mono's Sultan Silver Arabian Lights Powder, Silver Body Glitter, Imperial Black Eye Shadow (from her Butterfly Wings collection). The finished eye, left. Far right: Where hair's concerned, underplayed glamour works best. . . soft-waved, free-falling, just blown dry, swept to one side. With it: romantic face colors—rose, mauve, fuchsia—for another kind of evening impact. Merle Norman's Fuchsia Crystal Cheek Tint color, Night Fuchsia/Garnet Silk eye shadows, Plum Mocha Frost lips. Accessories, next to last pages.

HOLIDAY DAZZLER: GLIMMERY-RED BODY GLITTER, ACROSS SHOULDERS OR IN VERTICAL STRIPINGS—FROM LASHLINE TO HAIRLINE... THE KEY IS IN THE BLENDING DARING...STREAKS OF SHIMMER-TONED COLOR

John Stember


SUBTLE...HOLDING ITS OWN FOR A DIFFERENT KIND OF DAZZLE: SIDE-PARTED, SIMPLE-FALLING HAIR ...SOFT-SELL COLORING
MULTI-FACETED "PRISM" EYES, ACCENTED IN STERLING, LIT WITH GOLD

A COUNTRY dREAM



FRANÇOISE AND OSCAR DE LA RENTA ALWAYS WANTED AN "ENGLISH" COUNTRY HOUSE. THEY DREAMED ABOUT IT. ON THESE TEN PAGES, FRANÇOISE TELLS HOW IT ALL CAME TRUE ON A HUNDRED ACRES IN THE VERDANT NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE

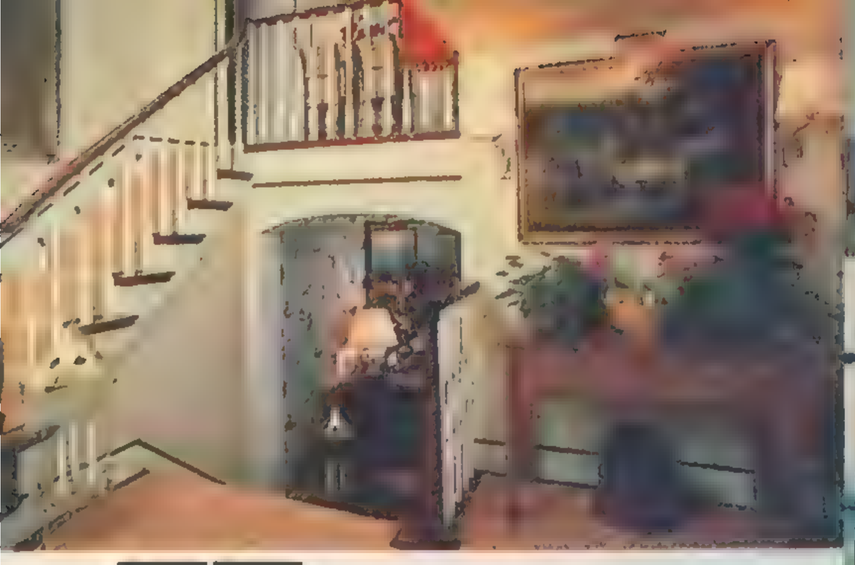
"To my taste, an English country house is the best one can have. The English have a knack for country houses—with their chintzes, their fabulous flowers, their dogs that come in and out and make it cozy. Seven years ago, we found the house we wanted; and, little by little, we set out to make it our own. Friends lent us some furniture, we acquired the rest—all nineteenth century—at sales. The whole house is pictures, flowers, books, blankets and pillows, places to snooze, little lamps for reading, all terribly comfortable.

"Oscar's domain is outdoors, gardening and planting. We are both concerned with wonderful scents—outdoors from the lindens, roses, lilies, lilacs, peonies—indoors from bouquets, pine cones and cinnamon sticks I burn in the fireplace, bowls of potpourri, baskets of apples on tables."

The De la Rentas' house seen through a glory of pale, pale pink New Dawn roses, top of page. Inset: Françoise and Oscar with their Yorkshire terriers and collie on part of terrace that surrounds whole house. Right: In a corner of the living room, "the biggest desk in the world, lent to us by Irene Selznick," now holding a microcosm of the De la Rentas' country life. It's piled with books on art, flowers, decorating; photos of friends; huge bouquet of rambling roses, mint, and Queen Anne's Lace "designed" by Oscar; little Chinese ginger jars converted to lamps. Over desk, nineteenth-century landscape by Ward, British School painter, duplicates view outside this house.

Karen Radkai







"Every two seconds we feel, oh, maybe we should change that. We don't think a country house should ever be finished"

A COUNTRY DREAM

"When we first moved in, before we were sure of what we wanted, I just threw pale blue sheets on the living-room couches and chairs, pinned them and tied them with decorative rope, dressed up round tables with sheets, too. Finally, we found the two English glazed chintzes you see here—one for the curtains, walls, and couches, a second for two matching chairs.

"Every painting was acquired at sales as well; the mirror over the fireplace came from the Sonnenberg house. It's so magnificent that I see now that we need to build a mantlepiece.

"Nothing is ever finished. We're always changing things, moving furniture from one room to another, replacing less good pieces with better ones as we can, making improvements. When you finally find the place you want to live, you want it to be as comfortable and complete as possible. We believe that a country house should never be finished."

Right: French doors lead from living room to terrace where the De la Rentas lunch in spring and early fall. (See view from window, inset, above.) Late nineteenth-century rose painting hangs over couch; pillow was made from velvet and petit-point "throw" from same era. Left of bookcase: two Venetian scenes by Rodetti.

Upper left: Wonderful smells greet you in the front hall, from potpourri, apples on the table. Over table, "The Zoo" by Stephen Taylor, nineteenth-century English painting of a menagerie in a private park. Stairs, left, lead down to living room, up to bedrooms.

Karen Radkai





"Buffets never work for me —
I like meals seated and served"

A COUNTRY DREAM

"I like small dinner parties—four or six—'though the table can hold ten. The Chinese wallpaper has finally found its perfect home —I used it before in two city apartments. To satisfy our passion for indoor plants, we knocked down an outside wall, built on a conservatory where we breakfast all year round, lunch in the winter. It's a wonderful sunny room filled with climbing ivy, jasmine, passion flowers, and it gives the dining room a generous new dimension."

Right: On table, white and ivy-green china, nineteenth-century bread-and-butter plates, French crystal-and-silver decanters, wine goblets from Murano, centerpiece of apples and ivy, green damask napkins, and red/white batik tablecloth. Flanking entrance to conservatory: Stanford White pillars.

Above: Breezeway at entrance to house doubles as mud room, storage place for garden utensils, baskets of fragrant crisp apples, firewood, pine cones.

Below: Finger bowls scented with verbena, on conservatory table.



Karen Radkai





"I would like everything to grow at the same time and stay forever. That's why I'm not a real gardener and Oscar is"

A COUNTRY DREAM



"We had wanted a pool for a long time but waited to put one in until we could have exactly what we wanted: a fifty-foot pool, a seventy-foot pool house, complete in itself, where we could lunch, dine, look at television and movies all summer long.

"And Oscar wanted an all-white garden. Growing around the pool are all shapes and sizes of white flowers: iceberg roses, lilies, white delphiniums, baby's breath, nicotiana."

1. The pool, bordered with white flowers. Umbrellas are like those used in the Verona market.

2. Afternoon tea, served with mint, lemon, fresh raspberries and blackberries from the garden.

3. Liquid refreshment, kept cool in Thermos jugs: grapefruit juice with Campari, carrot and lemon juice, served with radishes, salt.

4. Pool-house table seats twelve, here set with red-caviar-stuffed melon. House has complete kitchen, its own tableware and settings.

5. Françoise on seven-foot couch in pool house. Rose prints were taken from two books, framed.



© Karen Radkai







"I hate a house where it is a shock to move from one room to another—there should always be continuity."

A COUNTRY DREAM

"This is a five-window bedroom, so we have views everywhere—and the best view of all is from the bed. This is the only room in the house that we haven't changed over the years. We found the fabric we liked right away—red cotton with all the flowers from our garden on it: lilies, delphiniums, the palest pink peonies—and used it everywhere, for the bed, the curtains, the walls. And of course, when they're in season, we have masses of fresh peonies in here—the fragrance is marvelous. The room is totally in fabric. Those are Oscar's 'Kyoto Garden' sheets on the bed."

The bedroom's flowered environment is one in which the De la Rentas' dogs are welcome, too; "pouf" at end of bed, right, helps them jump up for a visit. Lacquered desk, chair, and screen are all eighteenth-century Chinese. Françoise needlepointed the desk-chair pillow, a petit-point rug warms up sisal carpeting. The night tables are "practical for holding water pitchers, books, clocks, pictures, radios—everything we need."

Above: Basket Françoise uses for all her gardening chores.

Above, right: Françoise's red-and-white bathroom. None of the bathrooms had to be renovated: "They have these marvelous old deep tubs that are so wonderful to soak in." On walls: rose prints taken from books and framed, two oil-painted bouquets, framed in gilt.

Karen Radkai



TRUMAN CAPOTE *by* Truman Capote

"When God hands you a gift, he also hands you a whip; and the whip is intended for self-flagellation only"

Truman Capote's life has been a pendulum-swing from heights to depths. In the article and interview that follow, he tells us things we never knew – things he is still learning about his art, about himself. For the first time, he invites us to meet the other Truman Capote.

My life as an artist at least, can be charted as precisely as a fever: the highs and lows, the very definite cycles.

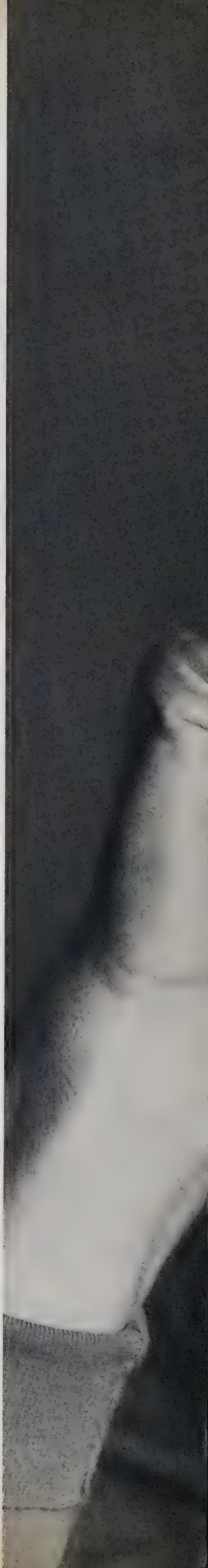
I started writing when I was eight—out of the blue, uninspired by any example. I'd never known anyone who wrote; in fact, I knew few people who read. But the fact was, the only four things that interested me were: reading books, going to the movies, tap dancing, and drawing pictures. Then one day I started writing, not knowing that I had chained myself for life to a novel but merciless master. When God hands you a gift, he also hands you a whip; and the whip is intended for self-flagellation solely.

But, of course, I didn't know that. I wrote adventure stories, murder mysteries, comedy skits, tales that had been told me by former slaves and Civil War veterans. It was a lot of fun—at first. It stopped being fun when I discovered the difference between good writing and bad, and then made an even more terrifying discovery—the difference between very good writing and true art: it is subtle, but savage. And after that, the whip came down!

As certain young people practice the piano or the violin four and five hours a day, so it was that I played with my papers and pens. Yet, I never discussed my writing with anyone; if someone asked what I was up to all those hours, I told them I was doing my school homework. Actually, I never did *any* homework. My literary tasks kept me fully occupied; my apprenticeship at the altar of technique, craft; the devilish intricacies of paragraphing, punctuation, dialogue placement. Not to mention the grand overall design, the great demanding arc of middle-beginning-end. One had to learn so much, and from so many sources: not only from books, but from music, from painting, and, to be sure, just plain everyday observation.

In fact, the most interesting writing I did during those days were the plain everyday observations that I recorded in my journal. Descriptions of a neighbor. Long verbatim accounts of overheard conversations. Local gossip. A kind of reporting, a style of "seeing" and "hearing" that would later seriously influence me, though I was unaware of it then; for all my "formal" writing, the stuff that I polished and very carefully typed, was more or less fictional.

By the time I was seventeen, I was an accomplished writer. Had I been a pianist, it would have been the moment for my first public concert. As it was, I decided I was ready to publish; I sent off stories to the principal literary quarterlies, as well as to the national magazines which, in those days published the best so-called "quality" fiction—*Story*, *The New Yorker*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Mademoiselle*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic Monthly;* and stories by me *(Continued on page 262)*



Penn



"For me, as a writer, the darkest part of the dark, the maddest part of the madness, is the relentless gambling involved"

(Continued) duly appeared in those publications.

Then I published a novel: *Other Voices, Other Rooms.* It was well-received critically, and was also a "best seller"; it was also, due to a rather exotic photograph of the author on the dust jacket, the start of a certain notoriety that has kept close step with me these many years. Indeed, many people attributed the commercial success of the novel to the photograph. Others dismissed the book as though it were a freakish accident: "Amazing, anyone so young can write that well." Amazing? Really? I'd only been writing day in and day out for fourteen years! Still, the novel was a satisfying conclusion to the first cycle in my development.

A short novel, *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* ended the second cycle in 1958. During the intervening ten years I experimented with almost every aspect of writing, attempting to conquer a variety of techniques, to achieve a technical virtuosity as strong and flexible as a fisherman's net. Of course, I failed in several of the areas I invaded; but it is true that one learns more from a failure than one does from a success. I know I did; and, later, I was able to apply what I had learned to great advantage. Anyway, during that decade of exploration I wrote short-story collections (*A Tree of Night, A Christmas Memory*), essays and portraits (*Local Color, Observations, The Dogs Bark*), plays (*The Grass Harp, House of Flowers*), film scripts (*Beat the Devil, The Innocents*), and a great deal of factual reportage, most of it for *The New Yorker.* In fact, from the point of view of my creative destiny, the most interesting writing I did during the whole of this second phase first appeared in *The New Yorker* as a series of articles and subsequently as a book entitled *The Muses Are Heard.* It concerned the first cultural exchange between the USSR and the USA: a tour, undertaken in 1955, of Russia by a company of Black Americans. I conceived of the whole adventure as a short comic novel, the first.

Some years earlier, Lillian Ross had published *Picture,* her brilliant, indeed masterly, account of the making of a movie, *The Red Badge of Courage;* with its fast cuts, its flash forwards and back, it was itself like a movie; and, as I read it, I wondered what would happen if the author let go of her hard linear straight-reporting discipline and handled her material as if it were fictional; would the book gain or lose? I decided, if the right subject came along, I'd like to give it a try: *Porgy and Bess* and Russia in the depths of winter was the right subject. *The Muses Are Heard* received excellent reviews; even sources usually unfriendly to me were moved to praise it. Still, it did not attract any special notice, and the sales were moderate. Nevertheless, that book was an important event, personally speaking. For, while writing it, I realized I just may have found a solution to what had always been my greatest creative quandary.

For several years, I had been increasingly drawn toward journalism, at any rate a variety of fictional narrative writing, as an art form in itself. I had two reasons: firstly, it didn't seem to me that anything truly innovative had occurred in prose writing, or in writing generally, since the 1920s; secondly, journalism as art was almost a virgin terrain—for the simple reason that very few literary artists even wrote journalism, *narrative* journalism, and when they did it took the form of travel essays or autobiography. *The Muses Are Heard* had set me to thinking on different lines altogether: I wanted to produce a journalistic novel, something on a large scale that would have the credibility of fact, the immediacy of fiction, the depth and freedom of prose, and the precision of poetry. It was not until 1959 that some mysterious finger directed me toward the subject—an obscure murder case in an isolated part of Kansas; and it was not until 1966 that I was able to publish the result, *In Cold Blood.*

In a story by Henry James, I think *The Middle Years,* his character, a writer in the shadows of maturity, laments: "We live in the dark, we do what we can, the rest is the madness of art." Or words to that effect. Anyway, Mr. James is laying it on the line there; he's telling you folks the truth. And the darkest part of the dark, the maddest part of the madness is the relentless gambling involved. Writers, at least those who take genuine risks, who are willing to bite the bullet and walk the plank simultaneously, have a lot in common with another breed of lonely men, the guys who make a living shooting pool and dealing cards. Many people thought I was crazy to spend six years wandering around the plains of Kansas; others rejected my whole concept of the "nonfiction novel" and pronounced it unworthy of a "serious" writer; Norman Mailer described it as a "failure of imagination"—meaning, I assume, that a novelist should be writing about something imaginary rather than something real.

Yes, indeed, it was like playing poker; for six nerve-shattering years, I didn't know whether I had a book or not. Those were long summers. Freezing winters. But I just kept on dealing the cards, playing my hand as best I could. Then it turned out I *did* have a book. Several critics complained that "nonfiction novel" was a catch phrase, a hoax, and that there was nothing really original or new about what I had done. But there were those who felt differently, other writers who realized the value of my experiments and moved swiftly to put them to their own use—none more swiftly than Norman Mailer, who has made a lot of money and won a lot of prizes writing nonfiction novels (*The Armies of the Night, Of a Fire on the Moon, The Executioner's Song*), although he has always been careful never to describe these books as "nonfiction novels." No matter; he is a good writer and a fine fellow and I'm grateful to have been of some small service to him.

The zigzag line charting my reputation as a writer had reached a healthy height, and I let it lie level before moving into my fourth, and what I expect will be my final, cycle. For four years, roughly from 1968 through 1972, I spent most of my time reading and selecting, rewriting and indexing my own letters, other people's letters, my diaries and journals (which contain very complete accounts of hundreds of scenes and conversations) for the years 1943 through 1965. I intended using much of this material in a book I had long been planning, a variation on the nonfiction novel. I called the book *Answered Prayers* which is a quote from Saint Therèse, who said: "More tears are shed over answered prayers than unanswered ones." In 1972, I began work on this book by writing the last chapter first (it's always good to know where one's going). Then I wrote the first chapter, "Unspoiled Monsters." Then the fifth, "A Severe Insult to the Brain." *(Continued on page 311)*

TRUMAN CAPOTE *an* Interview

BY CATHLEEN MEDWICK

Truman Capote knows how to make an entrance. He has always known. In 1948, when he published his first book—a slim siren of a novel called *Other Voices, Other Rooms*—he quite simply created a sensation. It was not just the lush beauty of his prose, his precocious mastery. It was also that the book's jacket displayed a photograph of the unknown young author: a delicately pale young man reclining on a chaise longue, his eyes leveled provocatively at the camera. They were the eyes of a lover, or a murderer. A tough faun, as a friend has said. Truman Capote at twenty-three was the New Orleans country boy who came to the big city and, with cool country know-how, seduced it. That was an artful seduction: as though Truman, a boy fishing at an enormous pond, spotted a great, elusive fish and knew just how to get it: camouflaged his hook with gleaming bait (himself) and waited with the patience of saints. When he caught that fish, fame, he caught it suddenly, and for keeps. His talent, was, of course, the hook. Without that, he could never have joined the front ranks of contemporary Southern writers—Porter, Welty, McCullers—and stayed there, as one of America's foremost literary talents, for over thirty years.

Since the boy on the book jacket, we have seen many Capotes. Like a wizard, he is always assuming new shapes, new disguises. A small, dapper Capote in a grey pinstripe suit and black-rimmed glasses, leading a gelatinous Marilyn Monroe in a dance at El Morocco in 1954. A beaming, black-tie Capote in a black mask (Capote the social butterfly), the darling of the jet set, ushering newspaper heiress Katharine Graham into the $75,000 ball he threw for her in 1966—threw it, he said then, in order to go to a party where he could *really* have a good time. A thinner, dowdier Capote (one of his friends said that his pants always looked baggy, like he'd been whacked in the ass with a shovel) being frisked at San Quentin, where he was interviewing murderers in 1972—several years after his mercilessly detailed account of a Kansas murder, *In Cold Blood*, established him as a major force in American writing (Capote the serious author). A plump, porcine Capote wearing shades and playing in the 1976 movie *Murder by Death* (Capote the movie star). A betrayed and belligerent Capote, after chapters from his still forthcoming book *Answered Prayers*, a thinly disguised tale about his jet-set friends, were published in *Esquire*, and the Beautiful People closed their doors on him. Finally (it seemed then), a down-and-out Capote confessing his addictions to drugs and drink on the Stanley Siegel talk show, and expressing quivery intentions of overcoming his addictions—if he didn't accidentally kill himself first.

These were the images the press eagerly fed the public over the years. Or, rather, the images that Capote fed the press. But no matter how many masks he assumed, how much each new Capote shocked and titillated the public, there was always a backbone of achievement that made Capote more than fodder for gossip columnists, or his erstwhile friends. There was always a new work, and it was always good. Capote's writing, like his public image, seemed capable of endless transformations. Out of the haunting prose-style of *The Grass Harp* and the early stories he distilled a new literary genre—a kind of reporting that revealed reality to be even more freakish, more fabulous than fiction. *In Cold Blood* was (like its author) vivid, shocking, and impossible to ignore. As Capote's own life became more of a fable than ever, as the "tiny terror" sharpened his claws on Gore Vidal and other opponents, as his social status plummeted, the public's appetite for Capote's prose became even keener. Today, more than ten years after it was first promised to them, prospective readers of *Answered Prayers* are still licking their chops with anticipation. Fame and notoriety have always mirrored each other in Capote's life, and still do, like the Siamese twins he uses nowadays as his literary personae: Capote, meet Capote. Janus faces, the killer and the saint.



Penn

> "I have a distinct feeling that I've been living my life inside an electric light bulb"

To his enemies, Capote is, almost literally, the spitting image of the person they have attacked: he can caricature himself better than they can and, in so doing, become a kind of avenging demon. To his friends (and his lovers), Truman is a childhood fantasy—a Dutch uncle, a bosom companion. These are also masks, mirror-images; but they are not lies. Inside the fiction hides the truth. Inside the mask, another mask.

There is a Truman Capote that few people have ever seen: the artist who is continually taking the measure of himself and his *(Continued on page 312)*

By Joan Juliet Buck

Monte Carlo is a rock. The skyline is rocky with crags, granite jutting up behind the glass and concrete skyscrapers, a phalanx of prisms shooting up like hurried crystals. Even the beach is rocky: made up of smooth grey pebbles, silky to the touch, but unyielding to bare feet. Like attracts like: Monte Carlo is the spiritual and physical home of the largest and brightest rocks offered by Harry Winston, Cartier, Van Cleef & Arpels, M. Gerard, and Bulgari. It's a fortress, where money and those who have it are guarded by a huge force of policemen, both uniformed and disguised. It is a Rock of Gibraltar in these unsure times for people whose holdings include not only land and real estate, but the fruits of geological time: metals, gold, and the substance transmuted by time into oil from the flesh and bones of dead dinosaurs. There are dangers at the gates: taxes to the north and west, violent death at the hands of the Red Brigades to the south, Communism to the east. But nothing can touch Monte Carlo, for it is devoted not to the changing forms of society, but to the one constant, the core of all serious activity: money. There is a certain *gravitas* in this vocation, a necessity to keep oneself above reproach; a sternness in dealing with imposters, con men, lightweights. Monte Carlo has existed a little over a hundred years; it could continue for thousands of years, like the Christian church. Like a rock of ages.

There is a slight feeling one gets in Monte Carlo that the only correct *(Continued)*

TO CATCH A DIAMOND...

AN EXTRAORDINARY 12-PAGE FANTASY—HELMUT NEWTON'S ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS... IN MONTE CARLO!—A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHER'S UNIQUE VISION OF THE WORLD'S MOST DAZZLING STONES IN AN OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD SETTING...

MONTE CARLO: THE HARBOR. BEGINNINGS. ACRES OF YACHTS. ADVENTURE. SUN . . . AND DIAMONDS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The diamonds: Harry Winston's chandelier necklace of pear, round, and marquise stones. (Man's ring—with a 13.57-carat emerald-cut rosé diamond set in 18k gold.)

The model: Eva Wallen

The hairdresser: Bruno of Dessanges

The makeup: Edith Rémy for Lancôme

Details, next to last pages

Helmut Newton





(Continued) thing to do there is buy it. Failing that, one could always sell oneself. All the intervening actions seem superfluous, there is only buying and selling. Those who understood and acted upon the first urge were Sir Basil Zaharoff, the armaments baron, and Aristotle Onassis. Both sought and acquired controlling shares in the S.B.M., the Société des Bains de Mer, which controls the casinos and the hotels. Both lost their control and retreated. Those who understood the latter urge were Cleo de Mérode, La Belle Otéro, and Liane de Pougy, those Belle Époque actresses who were known as *"Les Grandes Horizontales."* It was Otéro who said, "No man with an account at Cartier can be called really ugly," and her pragmatic spirit survives there to this day.

Although there are now a hundred reasons besides gambling to go to Monte Carlo—such as the Grand Prix, the Bal de la Croix Rouge, endless young Greeks bearing gifts, a glimpse of the beautiful Princess Caroline, the circus competition—the most satisfying act one can commit there is the spending of money. This is easy in the hotels, easy in the *(Continued)*

TO CATCH A DIAMOND...

MONTE CARLO: DINNER. THE HÔTEL DE PARIS. LA BELLE ÉPOQUE. VOLUPTUOUS NYMPHS. CARYATIDS. A STRANGER WATCHES . . . THE DIAMONDS

FAR LEFT

The diamonds: From Harry Winston, a necklace of 76 oval-shaped stones totaling 62.94 carats; perfectly matched heart-shaped earrings totaling 16.5 carats

The model: Rosemary McGrotha

The fashion: Oscar de la Renta

NEAR LEFT

The diamonds: Harry Winston's chandelier earrings—35.93 carats of pear-shaped stones; a flawless 30.99 carat emerald-cut ring, slightly pink in color; 26-carat bracelet of square stones

The model: Eva Wallen

The fashion: Ungaro couture

Details, next to last pages





(Continued) casinos, and easy if one avoids both: this is a high-rolling town, where Guerlain perfumes come in gallon bottles. Even the Italian day-trippers buying Monaco cigarettes and picture postcards of the immaculate and radiant ruling family are simply yielding to the categorical imperative to give cash. It makes one feel a part of things. Monte Carlo was conceived as a place where millionaires could have fun by playing with their money. And arriving in Monte Carlo without money is like arriving at a tennis court without a racquet or balls: it forces one to be a spectator.

One hundred and twenty-four years ago there was not money. There was no such place as Monte Carlo, either. There was a plateau called Les Spélugues where oranges, lemons, and flowers grew. Next to it there was a port, and rising from that port was the rock of the Grimaldis, a fortress stronghold conquered by François Grimaldi in 1297. His descendants had been exacting taxes from passing ships for centuries, but the principality was poor. Princess Caroline, who ruled for her son Charles, decided to establish a casino on the plateau so that Monaco could profit from the predilection British subjects with weak lungs had for spending the winter in Cannes and Nice. Gambling was banned in France and England, but flourished in Germany where gamblers took the water cure

(Continued on page 273)

TO CATCH A DIAMOND...

MONTE CARLO: HÔTEL DE PARIS. AFTERNOON. LES VOYEURS. HIDDEN PERSUASIONS. DISCREET. GUARDED. INTRIGUING. A RENDEZVOUS TO KEEP . . . WITH DIAMONDS

FAR LEFT

The diamonds: From Van Cleef & Arpels, a V-shape necklace with round and pear-shaped diamonds. The drop earrings: 23 carats of pear-shaped diamonds; a 10-carat marquise solitaire

The model: Rosemary McGrotha

The fashion: Giorgio Sant' Angelo for Sinclair

The fragrance: First de Van Cleef & Arpels

NEAR LEFT

The diamonds: A 20-carat heart-shaped diamond pendant suspended from an 18-inch diamond necklace; twisted bracelet set with round stones. Van Cleef & Arpels. And a Piaget watch: diamond-rimmed black onyx face, diamond band

The model: Eva Wallen

The fashion: Giorgio Sant' Angelo for Sinclair; Calvin Klein Jeans

Details, next to last pages



MONTE CARLO: BRIEF ENCOUNTERS. DAY. NIGHT. FRIENDS. LOVERS.
MESSAGES SENT. RECEIVED. ALWAYS . . . IN DIAMONDS

TO CATCH A DIAMOND...

Helmut Newton

LEFT

The diamonds: From Bulgari-Danaos, Ltd. Top, a flawless 17.48-carat oval stone. And heart-shaped 7.03-carat solitaire. On the other hand, a flawless pear-shaped 28.48-carat diamond

The models: Rosemary McGrotha, Eva Wallen

The fashion: Rose Marie Reid

The makeup: Helena Rubinstein

RIGHT

The diamonds: The "Star of Independence" pendant—flawless, pear-shaped, almost 76 carats—Harry Winston's Bicentennial diamond. With a flawless oval 20.03-carat ring; heart-shaped earrings

The model: Rosemary McGrotha

The fashion: Yves Saint Laurent couture

Details, next to last pages



TO CATCH A DIAMOND...

MONTE CARLO: SUPER SPEED. ENNUI. THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE. PEOPLE WATCHING PEOPLE . . . WATCHING DIAMONDS

LEFT

The diamonds: Solitaires by Gérard—31-carat emerald cut; 16-carat pear shape; 13-carat pear shape; 22-carat marquise shape; and a 27-carat flawless cushion shape

The model: Rosemary McGrotha

The fashion: Gottex

The makeup: Payot

ABOVE

The diamonds: A necklace of fantasy-shaped seashells. 645 white diamonds set in 18k gold and platinum. By Angela Cummings of Tiffany

The model: Rosemary McGrotha

The fashion: Cole of California

Details, next to last pages

(Continued from page 269)

at various spas and spent the nights at the tables. Princess Caroline was a trifle premature: there was no road linking Monaco to Nice, and the earliest visitors had to come in by ship. The casino was called the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco, giving it that therapeutic and watery touch that had succeeded so well in Germany. It was several years before adequate hotels were built; and the project floundered until François Blanc, who made the spa of Hesse-Homburg a thriving gambling town, took over the S.B.M. A casino was built to replace the villa that had been used before, and the Hôtel de Paris opened on New Year's Day in 1864. A railway line was put down; and, in 1866, the district of the Spélugues was renamed Monte Carlo in honor of Prince Charles. Three years later, the citizens of Monaco were exempted from direct taxation and military service. Ten years after that, the Salle Garnier Opera House opened inside the remodeled casino. And then the Belle Époque began.

Vanderbilts, Morgans, Astors, and Drexels came from America; so did James Gordon Bennett, the publisher of the *New York Herald*. The Empress Eugénie visited, the Prince of Wales couldn't keep away, Emperor Franz Josef kept his mistress there while staying at Cap Martin with his wife. Karl Marx came for his lungs and made snide remarks; Robert Louis Stevenson gambled with ease but was revolted by the pigeon shooting which took place at the back of the casino, on a jetty over the sea. Daisy Cornwallis West complained there was nothing to do but "gamble, gossip, and eat." Edith Wharton, in *The House of Mirth* described it as a place which had, "more than any other place, the gift of accommodating itself to each man's humour."

De Maupassant pronounced himself revolted, but the aristocracy was not. The Duke of Hamilton was a constant visitor; the Marquess of Salisbury was turned away at the casino for inappropriate attire; the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the kings of Sweden, Belgium, Serbia were all patrons. Losing gamblers committed suicide with such regularity that the sale of poison was banned in the pharmacies; and, according to Stanley Jackson's book

(Continued on page 276)



Helmut Newton

MONTE CARLO: WORLD ENOUGH. AND TIME. ENDLESS SECRETS.
STOLEN PLEASURES. MEASURED IN . . . DIAMONDS

TO CATCH A DIAMOND...





LEFT

The diamonds: The Concord CC Delirium—the thinnest quartz watch in the world. Here, 2,500 diamonds set in 18k gold

The model: Rosemary McGrotha

The companion: ??!!

The makeup: L'Oréal

RIGHT

The diamonds: Cartier's "animated" panther—black onyx spots on pavé diamonds, emerald eyes

The model: Rosemary McGrotha

TO CATCH A DIAMOND...

(Continued from page 273)

Inside Monte Carlo, chambermaids were instructed to empty guests' revolvers of their bullets. And just to spread the legend of glamour and glitter and excess still farther, a man named Charles de Ville Wells, in 1891, committed the single act that would ensure immortality to the town: he broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

There were, of course, other things one could do. For instance, King Leopold of the Belgians, who in photographs appears to be a sour old man, had to start each day with hot salt water thrown over him by a valet, who also ironed his newspapers. The Aga Khan made a stop each morning at Lloyds Bank where he withdrew that day's ration of roulette money—thousands of pounds—and carried it to the casino wrapped in newspaper. In the Hôtel de Paris guest book, a male guest named Rockefeller but not identified by any Christian name, wrote: "I was told that I would find hotel rooms from a dollar up in this hotel. I see that I've been misled. There is nothing for one dollar here and I admire this country where, beneath the sun, everything that glitters IS gold."

There was the other side. Pawnshops flourished, and the S.B.M. made it a policy to give losing gamblers second class fare home with sandwich money. They no longer do this. The antique jewelry shops on the Boulevard des Moulins are filled with Russian objects, malachite boxes and dark silver crosses, enamel knickknacks out of traveling cases. They didn't get lost at the tables: many Russians were trapped in Monte Carlo after the Revolution, and many were dancers, not dukes.

As the S.B.M. encountered financial success on a colossal scale, it discovered Art. The Salle Garnier presented Chaliapine, Bernhardt, Dame Nellie Melba, Adelina Patti, and introduced Enrico Caruso. Diaghilev's Ballets Russes came in 1911, with Karsavina and Nijinsky in the first performance of *Le Spectre de la Rose*. There was even a Palais des Beaux Arts, where Alma-Tadéma, Bartholdi, and Burne-Jones were exhibited. The Palais des Beaux Arts became the Sporting d'Hiver, when the founding patrons wanted somewhere more private to gamble. On its site today is a 'thirties building which houses the S.B.M., Sotheby's, a movie house, Hermès, Céline, and the

(Continued on page 313)



THE BRIEFEST, BAREST SWIMSUITS. IN BRILLIANT COLORS. CUT SO EVERY BODY CURVE SHOWS. OR . . . TOPLESS SUITS. IN MONTE CARLO, TOPLESS GOES. AND CATCHES MORE SUN!



Helmut Newton

TO CATCH THE SUN...

Left: A maillot of navy-and-white curvy stripes. In Antron and Lycra. Via by Jantzen. About $26. Right: Just a smidge of black-and-white polka dot bikini. The rest is up to you! By Gottex, in nylon/Lycra. About $42. The best accessory for these suits: glistening, tawny—well-protected—skin. A quick way to get it, and sunscreen, too: Hawaiian Tropic Dark Tanning Lotion. Details, next to last pages.



Helmut Newton

TO CATCH THE SUN...

STANDOUTS AT ANY BEACH, EVEN MONTE CARLO: CRAYON-BRIGHT SWIMSUITS. THE NEWEST IN UNEXPECTED COMBINATIONS OF COLOR

Opposite: The minimal maillot in vivid stripes. Aqua Suit. About $55. For maximum care, always rinse salt (or pool-water chlorine) off your hair and skin after a swim. This page, top: Shirring makes the most of the shape you're in. Halston Limited Edition Beachwear. About $48. This page, bottom: Giorgio Sant' Angelo's "Wonder Woman." For Sinclair. About $45. Details, stores, next to last pages this issue.

FITNESS-FONDA STYLE

Jane Fonda has never looked better, never felt better than she does right now. Forty-two this month—mother, wife, actress at her peak—Jane Fonda has come into her own, taken charge of her life, approaching everything she believes in—from acting to politics to women's rights—with force and enthusiasm. She attributes her confidence, radiance, energy for living to her other great passion: exercising . . . which she's been doing every day for the past twenty-three years—"not just because I'm an actress and because it's important for me to keep my body in shape. I found early on that exercise has a tremendous effect on my morale. And when I'm working hard, I have a tendency to let everything good go. But I always hang on to my exercise. It gives me energy, staves off depression—it makes all the difference in the world."

"I don't think it's important to look young or to look thin. The most important thing is to be healthy"

Exercise is such an integral part of Jane Fonda's life that recently she opened a school—The Workout—based on her own method of fitness. "People respond differently to various types of movement, to different workout speeds, even to different kinds of music. I like ballet and what it does for me—the slowness, the rigor, the sense of creativity while I move." Then Fonda discovered calisthenics—"it changed my body"—and she added that to her daily program, too.

Fonda's new belief in interdisciplinary exercise—an hour and a half of aerobics, calisthenics, dance (ballet, jazz, or disco), with an emphasis on leg and thigh firming—is the basis of the Fonda workout. As it is for what Fonda calls the "PBR" (pregnancy, birth, recovery) program. "I didn't exercise when I was pregnant—I didn't know what I safely could do."

Fonda's desire to aid other women extends to pricing ($5.50 a class), convenient hours for working women (7:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M.), and accommodations for mothers. "It makes me happy when a woman comes up to me after class and says, 'Exercise has given me a new self-image.' "

Glimpses of Jane Fonda, *right* . . . during her daily workout. "There's no substitute for exercise that makes you sweat. That's how you burn off fat, tone up muscle."



Above: Suiting up for class. . . . "When I'm on a movie location, no matter where I am, the first thing I ask is, 'Where is a ballet school?' I've studied ballet in almost every country I've been in."

"I am very enthusiastic about our basic workout for hips, thighs, abdomen—important areas for women. [One *below*; more, page 148.] Almost no sport systematically works thighs and buttocks. You have to use these muscles to see results."



Arthur Elgort

At the barre, *below* . . . each section of the body is isolated, exercised. "When I'm working on a film [*Nine to Five* now], I'm in training. I exercise three hours a day, *right*; I fast to lose weight because you appear fifteen pounds heavier on the screen."



INNER INFO: YOUR

By Ellen Switzer

One day you feel good and the next day you feel bad, and in between these two poles are compressed all the joys of heaven and all the anguish of hell. The events that prompt feelings, the justification for the feelings, even the reality of the perceptions that lead to them are all unimportant. It is the feelings that count," says psychiatrist Willard Gaylin, M.D., in his new book, *Feelings: Our Vital Signs* (Harper and Row).

Dr. Gaylin is attempting to clarify much of the confusion that seems to surround the topic of feelings and emotions in the minds of the public, and he says, even in the minds of many so-called experts. It is his belief that, contrary to what we have been told over the years, our feelings, including some of the more troublesome ones—anxiety, guilt, and shame—have a profound value in our lives. "They are the attributes that make us fully human and capable of happiness as well as of pain," he says.

"We must begin to understand and trust our feelings and to take them seriously," he insists. "What we feel must be seen as an early warning system about what is going right and what is going wrong in our lives. Feelings are internal directives, essential to human life. In addition, they are their own reward. All *(Continued on page 302)*

HOW EMOTIONS AFFECT OUR BODIES: PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE

"Psychosomatic diseases may be loosely referred to as a group of somatic diseases of unknown etiology in which psychological factors play a variably important role and one that is supposed to be greater than in diseases in general," write Frederick C. Redlich, M.D., and Daniel X. Freedman, M.D., in their textbook, *The Theory and Practice of Psychiatry* (Basic Books). Helen Singer Kaplan, M.D., clinical associate professor of psychiatry at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, head of the Sex Therapy and Education Unit of New York City's Payne Whitney Clinic, and author of the book, *The New Sex Therapy: Active Treatment of Sexual Dysfunctions* (Times Books), has a simpler and less jargon-ridden explanation: "Psychosomatic conditions are diseases that are caused, at least in part, by our emotions. If we feel deeply, there is a profound effect on various organs of the body. Feelings can visibly change physical reactions. For instance, if we are embarrassed, our blood vessels dilate and we blush. If we are afraid, our blood vessels contract and we blanch. Feelings can make us tremble, turn hot or cold, become dizzy or nauseated. They can make our hearts pound and our heads ache.

"Every time we experience an emotion, changes take place in our bodies. Most of the time, these changes don't hurt us. Blushing doesn't cause disease, for instance. But the changes that accompany tense and stressful feelings, that are also long-lasting and unrelieved, can produce a whole variety of serious diseases such as hypertension, ulcers, asthma, colitis, etc. They can also cause us to overeat, smoke, and/or abuse alcohol, drugs, and cigarettes. In some instances, strong negative emotions have been known to cause sterility in both males and females. And we certainly know that the vast majority of sexual dysfunctions are psychosomatic. Most patients who come to me with sexual problems have nothing physically wrong with their genitals: what's bothering them is in their heads.

"Emotions are probably generated in the oldest part of our brain. Even in prehistoric animals, emotions were necessary to protect them from life-threatening situations. Fear prepares the body to run or fight. Sexual attraction prepares the body to procreate. Maternal feelings prepare the mother to care for the infant and to produce milk. Probably, animals don't get the kinds of psychosomatic diseases we do because they usually act on their *(Continued on page 303)*

DRUGS TO CHANGE OUR FEELINGS

According to a recent set of Food and Drug Administration figures, about two-thirds of the drugs prescribed in the United States today are meant to change the way we feel about ourselves, our relationships, and the events of our daily lives. If we add to these prescription medicines, over-the-counter drugs, alcohol, and coffee, it becomes clear that about 98 percent of all Americans over the age of eighteen are taking in one or more mood-altering chemicals almost every day of their lives. And with all those *legal* mood-altering substances available to us, about 30 percent of adult citizens in our generally law-abiding country admitted in a recent newspaper poll that they had experimented during the past two years with at least one *illegal* drug: most often marijuana, but also cocaine.

How dangerous is this trend of legal and illegal drug consumption? Are we really turning ourselves into a race of zombies, depending on chemicals, instead of our brains and our emotional strengths, to solve our problems of daily living?

Last September, the Senate's Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research attempted to find some answers to this question. At first glance, the news looked bad. A spate of witnesses, health professionals and patients, testified that mood-altering drugs were being used almost routinely by millions of Americans. A social worker testified that she saw clients daily who were taking "a whole rainbow of pills, like popcorn at the movies." One young woman who was prescribed Valium by her family physician when she complained that her alcoholic husband was turning her home into a nightmare asked logically enough: "Why did that doctor think *I* needed to take pills? Why doesn't someone prescribe something to change the way Joe behaves?"

Men and women coping with the death of loved persons or with serious illness were given tranquilizers or antidepressants, or both. But so were people whose marriages were in trouble, or whose children were not getting into a top college, or who were changing jobs, or who were just moving from one apartment to another. In listening to some of the committee testimony, one got the impression that whenever a stressful, or even slightly uncomfortable, situation arose, most Americans were being conditioned to reach for a pill. Figures bore out that impression. During the past year alone, sixty-eight million prescriptions for Valium, averaging thirty doses per prescription, were written and filled in the United States. In addition, millions of prescriptions are handed out for Librium, another anti-anxiety agent, and Elavil, a drug combining antidepressant functions with some sedation. "Thousands of Americans are hooked on drugs and don't even know it," said Committee Chairman Senator Edward M. Kennedy. *(Continued on page 304)*

EMOTIONS

WHO NEEDS THERAPY?

Recently a thirty-two-year-old, highly successful film editor received an unexpected promotion to producer of a top TV series, along with a sizable increase in pay. She was younger than many of the people who would be working under her; and her sudden giant step up the career ladder confused her, although she was sure that she would be able to do her new job well. She also had a husband and three young children and was involved in a free-lance film project. Her promotion, instead of causing her pride and joy, seemed to depress and frighten her.

As this woman talked to several of her friends about what was happening to her, almost everyone agreed that she needed to go into therapy. Everyone, that is, except a somewhat older, more experienced, successful TV executive who said: "Susan, as far as I can see, what you need is to make out a schedule of time priorities for yourself and to come to terms with what you can and cannot accomplish within a twenty-four-hour day. If, after a few months on your new job, you still feel confused and depressed, perhaps you might talk to a therapist. But, at the moment, what you are feeling looks completely normal to me."

Why was everyone advising Susan, who was suffering from a clearly temporary emotional backlash to sudden success, that she needed professional intervention in her life? Probably because "therapy" is seen in some sophisticated circles as a solution to almost any problem. In an older, less complicated society, somebody would probably have suggested prayer or a rest cure. As it turned out, Susan did just fine. After a few months, she had clearly mastered her new responsibilities adequately, and was still involved in her free-lance assignment, although she had gotten herself a collaborator who took care of many of the time-consuming details of the project. What she needed was not a therapist, but a good new tax lawyer who would help her to keep and invest

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DOES PSYCHOTHERAPY REALLY WORK?

Do we have any evidence that psychotherapy really helps the individual who receives it?

Earlier this year, two hundred specialists from around the world met in Oxford, England, to discuss just that question; and there apparently was hardly any disagreement that psychotherapy was indeed effective.

The principal conclusion: the method of therapy used, be it psychoanalytical, behavioral, client-centered, cognitive, or humanistic, really didn't matter nearly as much as the experience, personality, skill, and warmth of the therapist. And the qualities of the therapist were not as important as those of the patient. Patients who expected to be helped, generally were helped. Those who had more sound emotional health to begin with benefited more than those who were sicker. As Lester Luborsky, Ph.D., professor of psychology and psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, put it: "Psychiatry is like finance, the rich get richer."

After a review of 166 cases, Dr. Luborsky found that the best candidates for psychotherapy were those "whose mental health was fairly good, despite their symptoms, and whose motivations and intelligence were high. But it also helps to feel particularly miserable when first seeking help," he concluded, "because that makes the patient more eager for help and change."

Allen E. Bergin, Ph.D., professor of psychology at Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah, came up with some general indicators: He estimates that 65 percent of those who undertake therapy improve, 25 percent remain the same, and 10 percent get worse. He added, "Untreated controls fared less well. Apparently 40 percent improved spontaneously. There is no reliable data on what percentage stay the same and what percentage gets worse, since those who did not present themselves for treatment were hard to locate for a follow-up interview."

Dr. Bergin emphasized the danger of going to what he called "pseudo-shrinks." "There are more of these around than there are bad physicians," he said. The reason for this is obvious: a physician has to undergo strictly regulated formal training, pass a licensing examination, and remain under the scrutiny of his state's licensing board and medical association. In most states, almost anyone can call him- or herself a therapist without any formal training or experience. In the specific fields of psychiatry, psychology, and social work, the licensing requirements are as strict as those in other medical specialties and techniques, but many so-called therapists simply fall between the legislative cracks. And quackery is more common (and more dangerous) in the field of mental health than in almost any other occupation or profession. Often we don't know, until months or years later, that a psychological quack has seriously injured our emotional stability and our physical health.

HOLIDAYS: SEASONAL SYMPTOMS

The notion of the so-called "holiday blues" has received so much media attention that those who don't feel a mild depression during the Christmas season somehow consider themselves somewhat abnormal.

While the presence of this kind of holiday depression has been well documented, the reasons for it have not been nearly as well explored. There are several theories, however, advanced by a variety of experts, and some seem solidly based on common sense.

For instance, it is known that even in prehistoric days our ancestors, particularly those living in northern climates, celebrated some kind of holiday during the mid-winter solstice. Presumably, after several months of rain, cold, ice, and snow, they needed to cheer themselves up and did so by lighting bonfires, eating more and better food than usual, and giving each other presents. There is some evidence that in some of these tribes the mid-winter solstice was an occasion for sexual orgies. There are obviously no data on whether or not the

(Continued on page 303)

THERAPY GUIDE

- Classical Freudian psychoanalysis: Requires most time and usually is most expensive. Patient is expected to see the analyst for an hour, four to five times a week. Most analysts charge a minimum of $50 per session, and analysis can go on for one or more years. Patients are encouraged to talk about whatever comes to mind. This is called "free association." Occasionally, analysts may offer interpretations or ask questions but rarely make suggestions, almost never give advice.
Freud himself never really considered psychoanalysis a cure for serious mental illness but only as a method to become free from some of one's unconscious obstacles in order to lead a fuller life. Freud said: "It would seem that the analytical study of psychoses is impractical owing to its lack of therapeutic results," but the media merchandised psychoanalysis and, for a while, it became the only form of treatment seriously considered by mental health professionals as being truly therapeutic.
Now, other, less expensive, less time-consuming forms of therapy are becoming much more common and available.
- Psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy: This form of treatment still relies on some of the basic concepts of psychoanalysis, but modifies the overall method to account for some of the realities

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A SEASON OF OPTIONS

WHEN IT COMES TO DRESSING FOR WARM-WEATHER—FOR RESORTS—THIS YEAR, THERE ARE OPTIONS... meaning a *variety* of looks, from lace-touched dresses to sleek trousers to soft sweaters. What they have in common: color—lots of white—and—an unexpected prettiness that comes from a sense of clean, pared-down line, softened by a gentle-edged charm. . . .

How it all starts: With the all-out freshness of white by day . . . its impact by night. *Opposite:* Albert Nipon's fluid, white tissue faille chemise, piped in black. About $178. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's; Sakowitz; Bullocks Wilshire, Wilshire Blvd. *Below:* Halston's new "dinner suit"—



uncluttered but soft: a white Honan silk wrap jacket and easy, front-pleated trousers. Halston Originals, about $500. All Halston Boutiques; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field's; Amelia Gray, Beverly Hills. *Beauty Note:* To play off whites—vibrant, confident color: Halston lipstick in Mulberry, Eye Shadow Duo in Cashmere/Suede. All pages photographed in southern California, a perfect warm-weather spot—here, Beverly Hills. All hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella. Details, next to last pages.



Arthur Elgort

FOR THE SUN: THE FLOWER-SPLASHED WHITE MAILLOT...THE PRETTIEST, GO-EVERYWHERE WHITE WRAP DRESS All curving shape, *left,* the newer, prettier appeal of a maillot—bare, strapless, in a fuchsia-on-white print. By Léonard of Paris, about $175. Bergdorf Goodman; Nora Zandré, New Canaan, CT; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; John Baldwin; Frost Bros. . . . *Right:* By day, by night—Frank Masandrea's easy white crêpe wrap dress, sashed, flirted with lace. About $196. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Garfinckel's; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Fashion details, additional stores, next to last pages.



A SEASON OF OPTIONS

THE CONTRAST! THE GLAMOUR—AND FLIRT—OF "GALA" FLOUNCES ...AND A BARE, BODY-CLOSE SHRUG OF A SWEATER Counterpoints . . . for every kind of evening! *Below:* At his best—Oscar de la Renta's fabulous flounced evening dress in white silk gazar. With a snug, one-shouldered bodice, frothy tiered skirt. About $850. Martha; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Balliet's. *Opposite:* A different kind of appeal . . . casual, but "finished" . . . Kae Yoshida's fuzzy French rabbit "baby" sweater in red. About $260. Ann Taylor; Hattie; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's on the Plaza; Therapy, Aspen; Bullock's. Necklace, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. *Beauty Note:* The wonderful, sexy, "no-makeup" look here starts with scaled-down makeup colors: Clinique's Blueberry/Pink Ginger eyes, Tawnied Blush blusher, Pinkberry lips.


Arthur Elgort

Arthur Elgort

A SEASON OF OPTIONS

THE UNBEATABLE LIFT OF WHITE, AND WHITE WITH NAVY...FROM SOFT KNITTING AND LACE TO THE SNAP OF PINSTRIPES Bal Bass's navy mercerized cotton sweater set, opposite left; a hand-crocheted cardigan, cuffed/collared in white, matching knit tank and white wool gabardine skirt. Bal Bass Ltd. at Saks Fifth Avenue, Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Maison Blanche; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Inset left:* In cream/navy, Kasper's pin-dotted blouse (rayon, about $94) and pin-striped trousers (wool, about $108). By Kasper for J.L. Sport. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. *Above:* Classic white silk crêpe de Chine blouse, updated with tiny tucks, with lace, and white gabardine trousers. By Betty Hanson & Co., blouse, about $114; pants about $80. Elizabeth Arden Salons, Ivey's, Charlotte, NC; Thompkins Wood Brothers, Sander Harris, Jacobs Wear; right, from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, a white cotton zip-front jumpsuit, with a snug, knitted anklecband. About $450. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, NYC and Atlanta; Hattie; Dayton's; I. Magnin.

Beauty Note: To go for—the impact of heightened radiant color here. Elizabeth Arden's Powder Blush in Torchsong, Very Most Lipstick in Marrakech Sunrise. Fashion details, accessories next to last pages.



Arthur Elgort

TO COUNT ON MOST: WONDERFUL TOPS—IN CLASSIC WHITE...IN A SIZZLE OF COLOR! Here in the golden sun of southern California. . . . The prettiest way to be in a warm-weather sweater, *far left*—a lacy hand-loomed V-neck pullover in white with a narrow side-buttoned linen skirt. Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Sweater, about $112; skirt, about $104. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Bullock's. Casual update, *inset:* The new—clean—touch of a white knit polo collar on a classic black Fruit of the Loom sweatshirt! More casual news—the trim walking shorts in ivory wool gabardine. Sweatshirt, about $25. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's. Shorts, Bill Blass for Blassport. If you're looking for a showstopper to wear with white . . . this is it! *Right,* a brilliant red sweater embroidered with bold color. Here, over narrow white wool gabardine pants. Kansai Yamamoto for Cygne Design. Sweater, about $140; pants, about $70. Dianne B., NYC and Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. The California setting: Wilshire Blvd. Accessories, next to last pages, this issue.

Beauty Note: Brilliant lip color with "sizzle": Max Factor's Colorfast Long Lasting Lipstick in Red.

A SEASON OF OPTIONS





CONTRASTS GO ON ...THE NEW DAZZLE OF AN EVENING SWEATER, THE SOFTNESS OF TAILORED CLEAN WHITES FOR DAY

Left: This may be as "dressed" as you want to be for a warm California evening—for evenings anywhere!—Ralph Lauren's Lurex-shot, body-close blue cardigan with pretty "leg-o-mutton" sleeves. About $216. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. *Beauty Note:* More shine—color with depth at night . . . Gossamer Blue/Teal Bouclé Eye Designing Shadow from the Coty Awards Collection. Newest take on classic white-on-white dressing, *right:* a wrap shirt in thinnest linen-and-cotton with pinwale cotton walking shorts—very soft, very finished! Shirt, about $185; shorts, about $128. J. Tiktiner. Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; John Baldwin; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus. Both pages, Rolex watch, from Tiffany. Accessories, next to last pages.

A SEASON OF OPTIONS

Arthur Elgort

Stan Malinowski

FURS WITH SOMETHING EXTRA

LUXURY IN NEW TERMS—IN THE LINE OF A COAT. A MORE GENEROUS CUT TO A JACKET. IN SKINS LIKE SABLE AND FISHER. IN WHITE. ONE OF THE "THEMES" OF THIS YEAR'S COLLECTIONS....ALL WITH AN EVENING TURN. BUT WITH AN EASE THAT MAKES THEM WORK FOR DAY AS WELL

Opposite: When the fur itself is as sumptuous as this, you want design that shows it to best advantage—Geoffrey Beene's coat in natural Canadian fisher. For HBA Furs, about $30,000. Nan-Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Woolf Brothers. Beauty Note: The perfect "something extra" with this kind of fur—the luxurious Geoffrey Beene fragrance. This page, Halston's offhand way with natural golden Russian sable—the ultimate!—in a double-breasted "trench" coat. For Ben Kahn, about $45,000. Ben Kahn at Cartier, NYC; Marshall Field's; Woolf Brothers. These six pages: hair by Bob Fink, makeup by Sophie Levy—both of Pipino-Buccheri Salon. Photographed at the National Airlines Terminal, Kennedy Airport. Fashion information and details, next to last pages.



Stan Malinowski

FURS WITH SOMETHING EXTRA

Enveloping! A full-length coat of Canadian shadow fox with raccoon inserts, opposite, with a big shawl collar—for the full impact of black-and-white. Natural Furs Ltd. About $7,800. Furs by Gartenhaus, Chevy Chase, MD; Furs by Weiss, Cleveland; Thomas E. McElroy, Chicago; James Hirsch Furs, Dallas; The Hudson's Bay Co., Canada. New raciness, this page: Grosvenor's jacket with leather ties—in all-white mink, worn over all white . . . the glamour! Grosvenor, Canada. (Canadian Majestic mink.) About $4,950. Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin, Chicago; Chudiks of Birmingham, Birmingham, MI; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City, MO; Bullocks Wilshire, Wilshire Blvd.; Eaton's-Eaton's Centre, Toronto. Fashion information and additional stores, next to last pages.

FURS WITH SOMETHING EXTRA

In the spirit of the season, this page: dressing for holiday evenings. Grosvenor's shawl-collar white mink jacket with sleeves gathered at the shoulder and cuff—with luxury in the slightly roomier cut, in fur this striking. Over Stephen Burrows' all-black evening dressing, for Pat Tennant. Jacket, Grosvenor, Canada; Canadian Majestic mink. About $4,950. Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin, Chicago; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City, MO; Bullocks Wilshire; Eaton's-Eaton's Centre, Toronto. Beauty Note: A heightened sense of glamour with burnished color for evening—Dior's Sienna Powder Blush and Golden Rust lipstick. . . . Opposite, The "extras" that make Revillon's natural Black Willow mink coat a stand-out this—any—season: the jet blackness, the full length, the way the skins are worked horizontally on the sleeves. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue. Fashion details and stores, next to last pages.

Stan Malinowski



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goodness and pleasure must be perceived ultimately in the realm of feelings. It is by the balance of the small passions of our daily existence that we measure the value of our lives." Dr. Gaylin is concerned because modern psychiatry seems to be much more preoccupied with behavior than with feelings and often seems to be intent on helping patients block out feelings, either with chemicals or with psychological techniques. "Feeling is . . . if not all . . . almost all," he insists. "It serves utility and sensuality. Feelings are the fine instruments which shape decision-making in an animal cursed and blessed with intelligence, and the freedom which is its corollary. They are the signals directing towards goodness, safety, pleasure, and . . . survival."

Dr. Gaylin's message seems like a clarion call, pointing a clear direction in a field that, for more than a decade, has been torn by dissension and doubt. Psychiatry is, after all, the medical specialty towards which most of us look when we need help in dealing constructively with our feelings. And today, more troubled men and women are turning to mental-health professionals than ever before in our history. To them, they bring problems of physical illness, social and emotional misfortune, and, frequently, even spiritual doubts. The psychiatrist today is often asked the same questions that, in a simpler age, our ancestors asked the priest and the soothsayer. But they are also expected to carry, in their physicians' bags, the chemical and physiological cures that are supposed to help us through some of our worst emotional traumas.

It's no wonder that psychiatry, more than any other medical specialty, has gone through some radical changes in the past decade. What was accepted as truth yesterday, today may be considered dubious at best. What was yesterday's firmly held view is today's heresy. And today's scientific data would probably have been labeled as unsupported guesses only five years ago.

One need only look at some of the opinions expressed by several respected practitioners in the field to understand just how deeply some of the doubts have gone and how seriously some of the formerly firmly held beliefs are being questioned. Thomas Szasz, M.D., professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York, Upstate Medical Center, insists that mental illness, as a medical entity, exists only if there is a diagnosable physical problem, i.e., a brain tumor. He considers the labeling of persons whose behavior and ideas offend society as "mentally ill" absurd. These people, he feels, have problems in living, unrelated to any kind of definitive disease. If these people want help, they should be reeducated, not treated in a medical setting by a physician. As a corollary, he also objects strongly to the use of the concept of "criminal insanity," as an excuse to free criminals from responsibility for their crimes.

E. Fuller Torrey, M.D., director of the A.T. Noyes division of St. Elizabeth's Hospital of the National Institute of Mental Health, goes even a step further. In his book, *The Death of Psychiatry* (Penguin), he insists that, as a medical specialty, the subject needs an Irish wake. "Such an event would appropriately express both the sorrow we feel at its passing and the pride we feel at having known it and been a part of it," he writes. He, like Dr. Szasz, concedes that there are few brain diseases which produce irrational behavior, but these, he insists, should be treated by neurologists or specialists in internal medicine. "But, the psychiatrist," he says, "should be replaced by the educator. The psychiatrist has become expendable. He is left standing holding an empty bag between the people who have problems in living and those who have brain disease."

At the other end of the spectrum is the Scottish psychiatrist and poet R. D. Laing, who feels that what we diagnose as schizophrenia is a sane individual's adaptation to an insane world. He feels the psychiatrist should learn from his schizophrenic patient, that the schizophrenic's insights might be good for all of us, and that the so-called illness is a valuable psychedelic experience, often far superior to normal perception.

But where does all this leave the person who is perplexed by life, tortured by guilt, anxiety, and doubt, bothered by the many physical problems an upset psyche can cause and who feels that somewhere, somehow, help must be available to make life worth living again? And where does it leave today's psychiatrist, besieged by patients and patients' families demanding relief from unbearable tensions and problems?

Boris M. Astrachan, M.D., is just such a psychiatrist. As professor of psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine, he is a scientist and a scholar. As director of the Connecticut Mental Health Center in New Haven, which serves both in-patients and out-patients, he is responsible for making available the best therapy to those who need and seek it.

"The field of psychiatry has indeed undergone very deep changes in a relatively short time," Dr. Astrachan says. "We know now that individual brain cells are remarkably interactive with other cells, that naturally occurring chemical substances in the brain can activate or suppress cellular functioning, and that these processes can alter perceptions, feelings, and behaviors. We are experimentally able to change brain functioning in animals, and from this we are beginning to learn about the way our brains function. We know that many feelings originate in cells or cellular complexes. We know that we can change feelings biologically through drugs and through other types of physical means. Increasingly, we have become aware of the fact that many of the problems we formerly believed to originate in our childhood experience may be caused by physiological processes. In many conditions, where once we may have blamed parents, we now look for physical causes. Where formerly we spent months, or even years, digging into long-buried past events in a patient's life, we now prescribe highly effective medication. Yet many of the insights our great teachers, like Freud and Jung, taught us are still equally valid today."

One of Dr. Astrachan's patients symbolized to him both the old and the new aspects of today's psychiatry. The patient came to him because he had not won an important scientific award. For this reason, he said, he was deeply depressed, could not work, could not function in his marriage, and felt almost suicidal. The patient was put on antidepressant medication and his depression lifted within a matter of weeks. But even after he was over the worst effects of his physical illness (and that is what this particular depression was), he still wanted to know why he felt that winning that prize had been so terribly important to him, and why he still was disappointed that he had not been selected. Rationally, he could tell himself that the value of his work was not really affected by this kind of recognition, or by the lack of it. But, emotionally, he wanted the award badly, even after his depression had been cured. "That's when we start working with a patient on a psychological level," Dr. Astrachan says. "After we have dealt with the depression which could have developed into a lethal condition, we try to help the patient cope with his problems in living, his rational and irrational beliefs, the feelings and attitudes he wants and needs to understand."

So, in many ways, today's psychiatry can do more than analyze, more than explain. It can help those whose functioning has been impaired, by careful diagnosis of the causes followed by treatment with therapies that were not available a decade ago. Often, these therapies involve chemicals which seem to regulate thoughts and feelings in ways that are not yet well understood. "We don't know exactly why some of these substances work, but we are learning more about them every day, and we do know that they are effective," Dr. Astrachan says. For those whose problems he refers to as "existential" questions about the value of life and work, the meaning of relationships, and the need to know more about the true self, the old analytical techniques still work well. "We tailor the treatment to what the patient needs and wants," Dr. Astrachan says, "and we have a much wider choice of effective therapies to offer today than ever before."

Dr. Gaylin agrees. "In addressing myself exclusively to feelings, I intend no slight to the broader aspect of emotions," he says. "The recent discovery in pharmacology of emotions is perhaps the most promising aspect of modern psychiatry. The subjective aspects of emotions have priority over the objective only in my current attention . . . not in my general respect. When I talk of feelings as something to be accepted and understood, as aspects of our lives that should not be erased with logic or with chemistry, I am simply trying to redress a balance. We have neglected feelings, often even disparaged them. We have failed to grasp the value of even some of our more painful feelings and ignored their directives. It is time to change."

What both of these thoughtful, experienced psychiatrists seem to be saying is: We have new ways of helping you to cope with the unbearable and the unmanageable. But learn to understand yourself and accept yourself. Along that road lies mental health, and that's what psychiatry today is all about. ▽

"Feelings should not be erased from our lives with logic or with chemistry"

PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE

(Continued from page 282) emotions, and they rarely feel them in inappropriate situations. But human beings are much more complex. We may feel an emotion, like fear, without any external cause. There is nothing for us to fight; nothing to run from, so there is no way to discharge the fear. If this happens repeatedly, the effect on our body can be devastating," Dr. Kaplan says.

"There is a strong and permanent interdependence between our body functions and our feelings," Dr. Kaplan says. "That, of course, does not mean that a person who has a psychosomatic illness is only imagining that there's something wrong. What's wrong is very real. All that anger and frustration really has produced a bleeding ulcer in the duodenum, and the ulcer hurts. The blood vessels in the head really have contracted, and the patient suffers from excruciating migraine. Once feelings have caused or contributed to one or more of these diseases, medical intervention is, of course, necessary. An ulcer can bleed and seriously interfere with the patient's health even if the original cause was psychosomatic. It will have to be helped to heal either through medication or through surgery, or the patient may die. Someone with a severe migraine simply cannot function. But while the physical problem is being treated, it's also important to try to deal with the emotions that caused the disease state in the first place. If we don't do that, the same feelings will probably create a recurrence of the disease, or some other psychosomatic illness may appear."

The whole field of psychosomatic medicine is still relatively new, but when physicians first discovered emotional causes for physical ills, psychosomatic conditions were probably over-diagnosed, many physicians now agree. "We have missed an occasional brain tumor because we were convinced that the nervous, impatient, irritable patient's headaches were of psychological origin," one physician pointed out. "We have occasionally missed a case of endometriosis when a woman with a great many personal problems complained of bad menstrual cramps," another doctor said. If the tendency ten years ago was to send a patient with a suspected psychosomatic condition to a psychiatrist, the situation today is often reversed: many psychiatrists send patients who come to them convinced that what's wrong with them is of neurotic origin back for a complete checkup with their family physicians. "Even if mind and body are interacting to create a painful, debilitating condition, we know that we need to cure the body at the same time that we deal with the mind," one psychiatrist explained.

Today, experts in the fields of physical medicine and psychiatry are convinced that body and mind must be in harmony and that conditions that affect one will probably also affect the other. More and more of those concerned with physical health work together with those concerned with mental health to provide the best possible care for patients whose feelings have exacerbated physical problems and vice versa.

"Illness as a metaphor"

There are those who resent the implication that their own illness or that of a person they care about was caused by feelings, rather than physiological changes. Writer and critic Susan Sontag has had cancer and is offended by the idea that her disease could be caused by her emotions rather than by a spontaneous and uncontrolled growth of some cells in her body. In her recent book, *Illness As Metaphor* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), she compares the currently fashionable theory of a cancer-prone personality to the nineteenth-century theories that ascribed tuberculosis to depressing emotions instead of bacilli. "Theories that diseases are caused by mental states that can be cured by will power are an index of how much is not understood about the physical terrain of disease," she writes.

"Moreover, there is a peculiar modern predilection for psychological explanations of disease, as of everything else. Psychologizing seems to provide control over the experiences and events (like grave illness) over which people have, in fact, little control. Psychological understanding undermines the 'reality' of a disease. . . . Widely believed psychological theories of disease assign to the luckless ill the ultimate responsibility for falling ill and for getting well. And conventions of treating cancer as no mere disease but a demonic enemy make cancer not just a lethal disease but a shameful one." In other words, Sontag believes that much psychosomatic theorizing is just another way of blaming the victim for his or her misfortune.

In another recent book, Norman Cousins, former editor of the *Saturday Review*, takes a more optimistic stance. In *Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient* (W.W. Norton), he gives a remarkable account of curing himself of a serious tissue-wasting disease that physicians considered almost incurable. At any rate, they gave him a 500-to-1 chance for full recovery.

Cousins decided that if negative emotions could have negative effects on the body, positive emotions could have positive ones. One of the most positive emotions he could think of was humor, so he decided that he might try to cure himself by laughing. First, he took himself off all pain-killing drugs. Then, he ordered some Marx Brothers films and a projector to be brought to his hospital room. His plan apparently worked better than he, or his physicians, had ever imagined. "Ten minutes of genuine belly laughter had an anesthetic effect and would give me at least two hours of trouble-free sleep," he wrote. The only adverse side effect of the therapy was that his loud guffaws disturbed the other patients. So he transferred himself out of the hospital and into a hotel. He has, apparently, recovered completely, and his self-diagnosis is confirmed by his physician. To those who consider his method a kind of self-administered placebo, he has only one answer: it does not bother him at all. He feels fine and that is what counts.

Sexual problems as psychosomatic symptoms

As Dr. Kaplan noted, almost all sexual problems are caused by the patient's feelings. Although most sex-therapy clinics refer couples with problems for complete physical checkups just to make sure that no previously unsuspected disease is causing the difficulties, statistics show that over 90 percent of sexual dysfunctions are caused by emotions of which the patients themselves may not even be aware. Sex therapists can help patients with sensate-focus techniques and other learned skills; but, most of all, they can help men and women with sexual problems to discover ways of dealing with performance anxiety, self-blame, and other negative emotions that can inhibit sexual pleasure.

Today, sexual difficulties that even five years ago did not respond to lengthy psychoanalysis may be eliminated by a very few sessions. "Sexual dysfunctions are among the psychosomatic conditions we are most able to treat successfully in a relatively short time," Dr. Kaplan says.

Good news about feelings

Often, when discussing physical and emotional health, we tend to concentrate on emotions that can hurt us. But recent research has also shown that certain positive feelings can help us. "People who are happy and in love often live longer, healthier lives," Dr. Kaplan says. "We now know that general feelings of happiness and contentment can have all kinds of beneficial physical effects. They make our hair grow faster, for instance. They may even prevent colds. A state of contentment and love is the best tonic." ▽

SEASONAL SYMPTOMS

(Continued from page 283) prehistoric men and women felt better or worse after their festivities, but human nature has not really changed all that much and we may presume that the mid-winter solstice blues existed long before there were mental-health experts to write journal articles about them.

So, assuming that we schedule our holidays at a time when we have a natural letdown, why do these festivities, instead of improving our outlook, leave us even further in the dumps? Why, for instance, is there such an increase in the number of desperate telephone calls to crisis lines, suicide-prevention services, and other psychological first-aid stations, starting about Thanksgiving and culminating on New Year's Day?

Many experts feel that, although, of course, nobody really believes in Santa Claus, our collective unconscious, documented by psychiatrist Carl Jung during the early part of the twentieth century, leads all of us into what psychiatrists call "magical thinking." Even the most rational among us have a deep-down conviction that somehow, some way, Christmas will make some of our worst troubles go away.

When this does not happen, even though we have no rational basis to expect it, we tend to feel deeply disappointed, as if fate had given us a kick in the pants instead of the pat of reassurance and warmth we expected.

Much of the same kind of magical thinking applies to New Year's Eve and Day. Since we often identify the old year with our problems, anxieties and frustrations, we hope against hope that somehow, with the beginning of a new year, they will be swept away like so much post-holiday garbage. When this does not happen, and all we have to look forward to is another year with the same old difficulties, we can get very depressed.

The experts warn that since this particular January 1 does not just signal the beginning of a new year but the beginning of a new decade, some of these factors may be operating at more than usual strength.

They also add cheerfully that, if we are prepared to experience some negative feelings and realize that they will probably go away on their own by the second week in January, we will probably manage to cope. But if there is evidence of a real, longer lasting depression, our system is signaling that there's something more seriously wrong than a temporary disappointment. In such a case, January 1980 might just be a very good starting point for some professional therapy. ▽

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MOOD-ALTERING DRUGS

(Continued from page 282)

While the news media were highlighting the Kennedy Committee's hearings, a frightening book, *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can* (Harper and Row) by Barbara Gordon, made the national best-seller lists. In it, the author tells a harrowing tale of attempting to kick a Valium habit of several years standing cold turkey and losing a valued career, a lover, and finally her sanity in the process. Eventually she had to spend months in a mental hospital in order to be able to return to a relatively normal drugless life, she reported.

Does all of this indicate we are taking so many mood-altering drugs that we may, unknowingly, become a menace to ourselves and to others? Probably the situation is not all that critical yet, according to Herbert David Kleber, M.D., professor of psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine and director of the Substance Abuse Treatment Unit of the Connecticut Mental Health Center in New Haven. "There is little doubt in my mind that the so-called minor tranquilizers, like Valium and Librium, are being overprescribed," says Dr. Kleber. "Physicians still sometimes give the drug for the wrong reasons, often in too high a dose and over too long a period of time.

"But, hidden in all that bad news, there are also some encouraging signs: prescriptions for some of the most dangerous mood-altering drugs seem to be declining steadily. Barbiturates, which are physiologically as addictive as morphine or heroin, may be lethal in relatively small overdoses, especially when combined with alcohol; they produce severe withdrawal symptoms that can lead to convulsions and death. These drugs are no longer being given at nearly the same rate as they were five years ago. The use of amphetamines, which can produce severe personality changes and have other physically dangerous side effects, seem to be declining.

"We are also learning some important new facts about the major and minor tranquilizers, including Valium, which may make physicians think more carefully before prescribing them so freely. For instance, when Valium first came on the market, most physicians believed that the drug was not addictive, that there were no withdrawal symptoms even after a patient had been taking the medication for years. We know better now," Dr. Kleber says.

"We have learned a lot of new facts about Valium in the past few years," he adds. "We know, for instance, that after prolonged use, Valium does indeed produce withdrawal symptoms, although I have never encountered another case like Barbara Gordon's terrible experience in patients I have seen or heard about. The most likely explanation of her case may be that the stress of the unrecognized Valium withdrawal served to trigger the severe emotional distress that followed.

"Though Valium withdrawal, even after the drug has been taken in moderate doses, can be uncomfortable, the effects, except at very high doses (from 80 to 100 milligrams per day), are not nearly as drastic as those following abrupt withdrawal from narcotics or barbiturates. But patients withdrawing from 30 to 50 milligrams per day may still feel jittery, nauseated, anxious, and occasionally, panic-striken if the medication is stopped after having been taken over months or even years. At very high doses, withdrawal can lead to convulsions and delirium.

"Some of those relatively mild symptoms may still lock a patient into a vicious circle of drug-taking," Dr. Kleber says. "One reason why it is often so difficult for a person to stop taking Valium is that some physicians and most patients don't know how withdrawal from Valium differs from withdrawal from narcotics and barbiturates. The heroin or Nembutal addict, giving up his chemical crutch cold turkey, experiences some of the most frightening withdrawal symptoms after only a few hours. On the other hand, the patient withdrawing from Valium may feel just great for two or three days. The drug stays in the body that long and prevents symptoms from occurring. Withdrawal symptoms usually start on the third to fifth day after the last pill, and the patient usually doesn't know what hit him. Often, the withdrawal symptoms are in no way related in the patient's (and occasionally, even the physician's) mind with sudden abstinence from the drug. Everyone instead tends to believe that the symptoms that caused the anti-anxiety agent to be prescribed in the first place have returned in full bloom. At that point, patient and physician may decide that the drug has been discontinued too early or that an even stronger medication is indicated. So the patient starts taking drugs again and will probably be much more hesitant to give them up if the suggestion is repeated later.

"It is therefore very important to tell anyone who prescribes or takes Valium, or some other minor tranquilizer, that withdrawal symptoms may occur late, often as late as five to seven days after the last dose," Dr. Kleber says. "It's also vital to let everyone know that these symptoms will most probably vanish spontaneously after about forty-eight hours."

Women and mood-altering drugs

"Drug Misabuse [*sic*] by Women Reaches Epidemic Stage," read a headline in *The Washington Star* last year. The story covered findings by a special task force on the concerns of women of the National Institute on Drug Abuse. The information uncovered by this task force was indeed alarming. Here are a few of the findings:

(1) Sixty percent of all mood-altering drugs are prescribed for women.

(2) Eighty percent of women alcoholics reported that they used other drugs (usually tranquilizers) as frequently as alcohol, thus creating a problem of cross-addiction.

(3) Middle-aged, middle-class women are most susceptible to prescription-drug abuse. Almost all of these women obtain their medications legally from internists, general practitioners, and gynecologists. Few have seen a psychiatrist or anyone else who has had special training in psychopharmacology.

Why do so many women find that the only way they can cope with their feelings is to dull them with the use of drugs and/or alcohol? The task force came up with a number of answers. In the first place, women go to physicians more often than men, especially if they are depressed or anxious. "Two-thirds of the consumers in the health-care system are female," the NIDA report concluded. And many of these women are "helped" by their doctor with a prescription for a tranquilizer, a sedative, or an antidepressant. "By allowing automatic refills or renewing prescriptions over the telephone, dependency is encouraged

by the physician," the report stated. "Warnings are rarely given about the hazards of using multiple drugs and combinations with other substances, especially alcohol."

The report also indicated that "there is little help available for women with polydrug or cross-addiction problems." The most common cross-addiction seems to be the one reported by Betty Ford: Valium plus alcohol.

Since the use of the prescription drug seems to be sanctioned by their physicians, and since most of the women who now use alcohol in combination with the tranquilizer have been drinking socially without experiencing any adverse side effects for years, few are aware of becoming hooked until the addiction has created life problems for them. Then they find it difficult to locate sources of help. Betty Ford's courageous stand in publicly talking about her problem may have opened a way to thousands of other women in their search for medical and psychological assistance in breaking through their addiction.

Does the fact that so many women turn to tranquilizers mean that females are emotionally less stable than men? Certainly, many editorial writers seem to be implying that this is so: the weak, middle-aged housewife turns to drugs while her stronger husband somehow copes with his problems in more constructive ways. Dr. Kleber disagrees strongly with this point of view. "Men don't take as many prescription drugs," he says. "But they tend to turn to alcohol alone a lot more frequently than women. For every woman who is habituated to tranquilizers, we will probably see several men who are habituated to liquor. Neither sex has a monopoly on emotional strength or weakness. Men just use a different type of drug from that used by women to deal with the difficult situations in their lives."

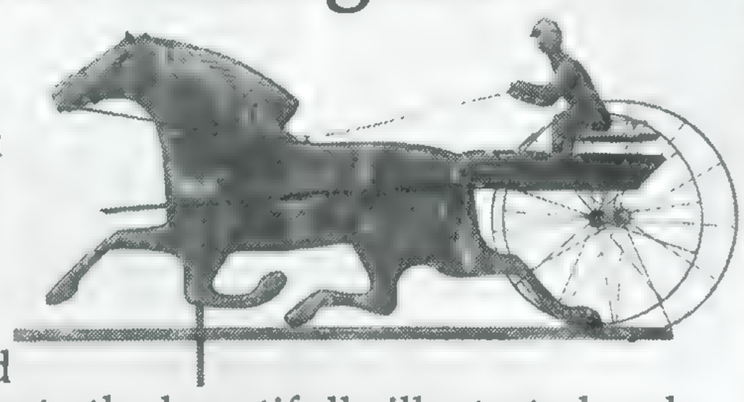
Coke smoke: frightening phenomenon

One drug-taking procedure, relatively new in the United States, worries Dr. Kleber and such federal agencies as The National Institute on Drug Abuse a great deal. Cocaine, once so expensive that it became a "status" drug, has in recent months come down somewhat in price. What's more, users have found a way of making a relatively low dose go a longer way: the powder is being turned into a substance known as "cocaine base" and rather than being sniffed or injected, it is *smoked* like marijuana. In such countries as Peru and Chile, this has been done for centuries, often with tragic results.

"A person who smokes coca paste has a very intense euphoria almost immediately after he starts smoking the cigarette. Within fifteen minutes, the elevated mood decreases and turns into an extremely painful depression, combined with a drug yen. At the time of this anguish, there are still significant levels of cocaine in the blood. In order to stop the anguish and intense drug craving, another cigarette is smoked," says Dr. Robert Paterson, assistant director for research at the National Institute on Drug Abuse. "I believe that this is a dangerous habit and can represent the same threat that the 'speed' epidemic of the 1960s represented in its time."

Dr. Kleber and other specialists like him foresee that the next wave of drug-related injuries and deaths may well be due to coke smoking. "We hope that this is one drug fad that won't catch on . . . but parents and the medical community should be aware of its existence," Dr. Kleber concludes. ▽

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YOUR EMOTIONS

WHO NEEDS THERAPY

(Continued from page 283) as much of her high income as possible.

People go into therapy for a variety of reasons. Some, like Woody Allen, seem to continue to see a variety of analysts and other mental-health professionals almost as a form of entertainment. Allen, who discusses his twenty years in analysis on almost every TV talk show on which he is a guest, uses what's been happening to him in therapy in most of his films. He clearly does not expect to be "cured" but seems to regard therapy as an existential exercise.

Most of the rest of us have neither the funds nor the time for this kind of theoretical discussion with a professional who charges anywhere from $50 to $100 a session. But, the experts interviewed for this article agreed on several situations in which some form of trained psychological intervention would probably be helpful:

(1) Someone suffering from somatic symptoms, such as headaches, skin rashes, stomach pains, etc., for which there is no physiological explanation even after a thorough medical checkup.

(2) An inability to work or to enjoy life.

(3) Love relationships that are self-destructive, especially if there is a noticeable repetitive pattern to such relationships.

(4) Constant torturing anxiety when there is no situational cause for such terror.

(5) Constant nagging depression which does not lift, and for which there is no apparent reason.

(6) Unreasonable fears that interfere with a productive life.

(7) Sexual problems that seem to persist or even to get worse with time.

(8) Habit patterns that clearly are unhealthy and which cannot be broken without help, i.e., overeating, the consumption of too much alcohol, dependence on drugs, including prescription drugs.

(9) A chronic feeling of helplessness, usually coupled with an inability to make necessary decisions.

(10) The strong feeling that, for whatever reason, one needs professional help at this time in one's life.

It's important to realize that therapy will be helpful if the therapist is not only qualified but also produces trust and liking in the person seeking help. Therapists are human beings like the rest of us, with all the flaws as well as the positive qualities of the rest of mankind. Therefore, finding the *right* therapist may be as important as seeking professional help in the first place. Anyone wishing to go into therapy may want to talk to several potential therapists before choosing one.

Here are a few good sources of information about therapy:

(a) A community mental-health center, usually listed in the phone book.

(b) The department of psychiatry or psychology at the nearest medical school or university.

(c) Your local Mental Health Association (listed in the white pages), which probably runs a referral service.

(d) Your local Family Service Agency, affiliated with the Family Service Association of America.

(e) In many states, there is now a so-called "Info Line," a telephone referral service for all kinds of problems, usually run by the United Way or Community Chest organizations, or by local councils of social agencies.

(f) For special problems there are usually special agencies: Alcoholics Anonymous, or affiliates of the National Council on Alcoholism, for problems involving liquor; child-guidance clinics for problems with youngsters; family agencies for marital difficulties; and sex-counseling clinics.

One note of warning: In most states, there are no licensing laws for what may be referred to as "lay therapists." Some of these people are outright quacks who can do immeasurable harm. Psychiatrists, of course, have to have medical degrees. Psychologists have doctorates in their specialties. Social workers have masters degrees from accredited institutions. Be sure to check the qualifications of any would-be therapist who is not clearly identified as belonging to one of these three helping professions, and who does not work out of a nonprofit clinic, university-affiliated department, or organization accredited by your state's Department of Mental Health, the Family Service Association of America, the Child Welfare League of America, or any of the other appropriate accredited agencies. ▽

THERAPY GUIDE

(Continued from page 283) of time and money most patients face. There may still be some free associating, but more often the therapist and the patient concentrate on specific life problems, probably interpreting some of these difficulties in the light of some formerly buried early childhood impulses and events. It is assumed that when the patient understands why she behaves in unproductive ways change can follow.

● *Jungian analytical therapy:* Carl Jung was an early adherent of Freud who, in later years, split off from his colleague's theories in significant ways. While Freud worked with the individual unconscious, Jung believed that there was a kind of deeper, collective unconscious which reflected the history of the human species and which is common to all of us. Within this collective unconscious, there are so-called "archetypes" which occur as symbols in all our dreams.

In practical terms, Jungian analysis may be less expensive and time-consuming than the classical Freudian variety. A patient is expected to see the analyst once or twice a week, for about a year. The analyst is not a remote figure listening to the patient's free associations but takes an active part in the discussion.

● *Rogerian therapy:* Carl Rogers called his form of therapy the "humanistic" or "client-centered" approach. Unlike some of his predecessors, he believed strongly in the basic goodness of man and the innate dignity of every human. He believed that the client was the best expert on what he or she needed out of life and that the therapist—far from becoming a distant, authoritarian figure—should deal with the client as an equal, helping to bring out the self-esteem that each one of us needs to cope with our problems.

Rogerian therapy has fewer formalized rules than psychoanalytically based forms of treatment. There are usually no set number of hours or sessions per week. The client comes when he or she needs help. Many family-counseling agencies, psychiatric clinics, and out-patient mental facilities basically use Rogerian techniques. Experts believe that this form of therapy is especially well suited to counseling people in times of stress.

● *Gestalt therapy:* Founded by Fritz Perls, and based loosely on some of Jung's approaches as well as on those of another defector from Freudian theories, Wilhelm Reich, Gestalt therapy underplays the power of rational thought, and deals more directly with *experienced feelings.* It places the body with its movements and sensations on the same level as the mind. Often, a Gestalt therapist will encourage nonverbal communication. Treatment is frequently conducted with groups in a workshop setting.

Most Gestalt therapists do not believe in protracted treatment. Often, the therapy sessions are held on long weekends as part of a total living experience. At such organizations as California's Esalen Institute, groups meet either to solve specific problems or simply to improve their interpersonal relationships, based on Gestalt concepts. In the workshop, participants (they are rarely called "patients" or even "clients") dramatize their conflicts by acting them out, alternately playing different parts. Discussions of the past, of memories, and even of dreams are usually actively discouraged. Participants are expected to deal exclusively with the here and now.

Experts agree that, if Gestalt therapy works, it does so by fostering the discharge of intense emotions in a supportive group setting. It seems most helpful to people whose lives seem deficient in intimacy and who are frightened of close associations with other human beings. It is generally agreed that, without expert supervision, such group experiences can also be exceedingly dangerous to emotionally unstable people. Gestalt groups led by untrained self-proclaimed leaders should be avoided.

● *Transactional Analysis:* Founded by psychiatrist Eric Berne, whose book, *Games People Play* (Grove), became an international best seller, T.A. has as its central thesis the fact that all of us spend our lives playing various types of games that we don't consciously recognize and that can trap us into destructive life patterns. Each of us, Berne maintained, contains in his or her personality a "Child" (our instinctive, immature nature), a "Parent" (our conscience), and an "Adult" (our mature potential which integrates Parent and Child along with our rational selves).

The transactional therapist identifies some of the games almost all of us play to our detriment and to that of society, i.e., "Wooden Leg" ("How can you expect me to function when I'm so handicapped?"), "Uproar" (trying to solve problems by causing screaming fights), "If It Weren't for You" ("I'd be a ballet star, president of General Motors, would have received that promotion, or wouldn't be in this mess"), and "Clown" ("I am cute but harmless").

Dr. Berne maintained that for every game there is a counter-strategy that, if applied correctly, stymies the game's player and brings about a more honest, mature transaction. He also emphasized positive environmental responses (strokes) as helping a troubled person overcome some of his or her emotional handicaps.

Transactional therapy became very popular in the early 1970s and still is used frequently in many different types of settings. Because it usually involves groups, it's generally less expensive than other forms of psychological help. It tends to change behavior more than deep-seated feelings, but frequently this is exactly what the troubled person needs and wants. T.A. groups usually meet once a week and continue as long as the group members feel that the process is useful. Fees can range from a few dollars a session to $50 or more, depending on the setting in which the therapy is given and/or the expertise of the therapist.

● *Behavioral therapy:* The purpose of this type of therapy is to change modes of behavior, rather than to probe underlying causes. A variety of techniques are used including systematic desensitization, hypnosis, and didactic teaching methods. This therapy is usually directed at solving a specific problem: from alcoholism to overeating, to nail biting, or serious problems of living such as phobias.

One of the best known of the behavioral therapists is Joseph Wolpe, M.D., who uses a system of progressive relaxation, combined with systematic desensitization, to teach his patients ways of coping with problems of daily living. In his research, he has often found that lack of proper assertiveness, particularly in women, can lead to a variety of serious psychological disabilities, especially phobias. So, therapists who follow the Wolpe techniques often will combine carefully structured assertiveness training with other techniques to help their patients to overcome irrational fears or self-defeating compulsions.

"Lack of proper assertiveness can lead to phobias"

Behavioral therapy usually takes a relatively short time. Indeed, therapist and patient often set a particular time limit in which the therapeutic task is to be accomplished. The technique is used by psychologists and some specially trained social workers, as well as psychiatrists. It is used individually or in groups. Group sessions are generally less expensive than individual therapy. It works best when the patient wishes to change a particular behavior pattern considered damaging and is not meant to provide insight into the causes for the behavior. It may seem to work well for a period of time after which the undesirable behavior may return. In such cases, the patient is often advised to undergo a few retraining sessions to help him or her maintain the gains that were originally made.

● *Sex therapy:* Until William K. Masters, M.D., and Virginia E. Johnson introduced their system of therapy, based strongly on behavioral precepts, most sexual problems were treated, often with very little success, with psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy. Masters and Johnson brought a whole new dimension into the field. Their success rate, as compared with older methods, was exceedingly high, up to 85 percent for some sexual dysfunctions. They themselves have since refined some of their earlier techniques, making them less expensive and time-consuming. For instance, patients are no longer required, in most cases, to leave their homes and devote full time for a period of weeks to the therapy sessions. Other experts in the field, including Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan of the Payne Whitney Clinic in New York, and Philip M. Sarrel, M.D., and Lorna Sarrel at the Yale University School of Medicine have simplified and refined the techniques further. These experts have been able to treat a variety of sexual problems in a relatively short period of time and with a very high rate of success.

Costs vary, depending on whether the therapy is given through a clinic or through therapists in private practice. Within the past year, some Family Service agencies, with therapists trained at one of the major university-affiliated sex-therapy centers, have offered help at even lower cost.

In this field, even more than in others, there is a great danger of falling into the hands of a quack. Almost anyone can legally call him- or herself a sex therapist; and horror stories abound of former massage-parlor owners, gypsy soothsayers, and ex-prostitutes setting themselves up as counselors. Anyone considering sex therapy should make sure that the therapist is trained, experienced, and affiliated with an agency or professional organization that is competent in the field.

● *Family therapy:* This has become an increasingly popular treatment modality, especially when the problems seem to lie not so much with individual adjustment but with family relationships. Most therapists in this field feel that, when family relationships are disturbed, the cause lies in the interaction of all the family members, rather than in any particular neurosis in the person who may have been referred as "the patient." Family therapists agree that frequently one family member is made the scapegoat of the pathology that is present in the group. They feel that the relationship, not the individual, is probably "sick."

Family therapists will work with all members of the immediate family, individually or as a group. The method has proved to be exceedingly effective, especially in child-parent conflicts. It is available in mental-health centers, many child-guidance clinics and some family-service agencies, as well as through a few specially trained experienced therapists.

● *Psychological cults and self-help groups:* Almost every month brings a new kind of therapy group or cult to media attention. Some seem to last longer than others. Among the most recent and most popular of these forms of psychological manipulation are *est* (Erhard Seminar Training), which features group sessions of from one hundred fifty to two hundred persons who undergo weekend sessions that combine some of the techniques of Marine boot camp with those of a Dale Carnegie course; Rolfing, which consists of a particularly painful kind of body manipulation and massage; Transcendental Meditation; and a variety of other techniques.

In psychiatry, as in all other fields of medicine, there is a very strong placebo factor: if we are convinced a method works, it probably does. However, placebos can also be dangerous, especially if they influence us to ignore signs of real difficulties until we have managed to get into serious trouble.

But, generally speaking, the kind of therapy that seems to work to alleviate our pain and to solve our problems probably will do no harm, and may even do some good.

There are two good books for those wishing to learn more about methods of therapy. They are: *A Complete Guide to Therapy: From Psychoanalysis to Behavior Modification* by Joel Kovel (Pantheon), an excellent summary of most medically recognized and accepted forms of psychological treatment, and *Powers of Mind* by Adam Smith (Ballantine Books), which discusses some of the more recent movements in pop psychology from *est* and Esalen to Zen and Yoga. ▽

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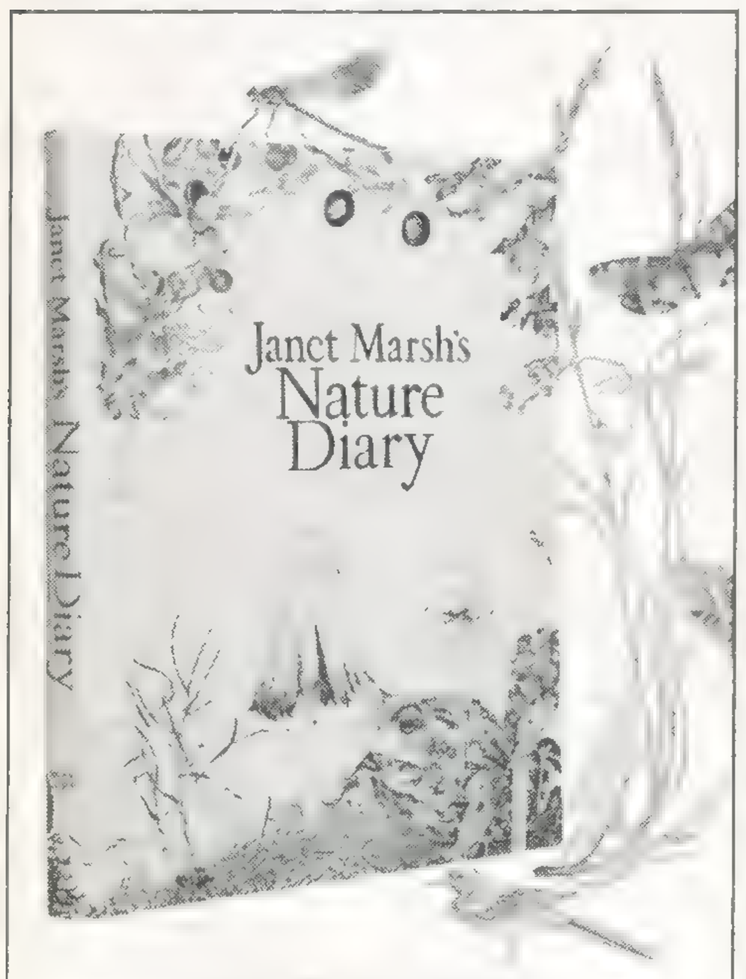
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ART AS ICON

(Continued from page 229)

or neo-Platonic incarnations of the ideal. During her lifetime, most people (including, one suspects, Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect chosen to build the museum to house the collection the Baroness assembled for her patron, Solomon Guggenheim) thought Hilla Rebay was very peculiar. But as her vision of abstraction as the art of this century gains adherents, her other ideas regarding the spiritual role of art as a means of communication with a world of transcendental meaning have also gained converts. Today, for better or worse, the art museum has replaced the church, the synagogue, and the mosque for many people as the sacred precinct, the quiet place of meditation where man reflects on the immaterial.

Although the earliest abstractionists like Kandinsky did not think of art as a religion, they set the stage for a conversion of the esthetic into the spiritual. In 1911, Kandinsky launched abstract art with an essay in German, translated as *Concerning the Spiritual in Art.* Parts of the essay immediately appeared in Alfred Stieglitz' magazine *Camera Work* in the United States. Dove, O'Keeffe, Hartley, and Walkowitz—the earliest American nonobjective painters—were all inspired by Kandinsky's ideas. In 1946, Hilla Rebay issued a new edition, which had a decisive impact on the thinking of the Abstract Expressionists, who were regular visitors to the Museum of Non-Objective Art.

In *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*, Kandinsky announced the birth of a new kind of painting as abstract as music and as mystical as religion. For Kandinsky, a deeply religious Russian, Western European atheism was unacceptable. In abstract art, he saw the possibility of the artist's replacing the priest as the medium between the world of matter and the world of the spirit.

Like fellow Russian Kasimir Malevich, the Czech "cosmic" painter Frank Kupka, and the Dutch nonobjective artist Piet Mondrian—other pioneers of nonrepresentational art—Kandinsky denied the superiority of the scientific and the material over the supernatural. For these mystical artists, God remained alive, even if in a more abstract form than Christianity had visualized. Abstract art, which developed simultaneously in Russia, Europe, and America, was an answer to the spiritual crisis of the West. Virtually all the first abstract painters were in one way or another touched by some form of the Theosophical movement, which integrated elements of Oriental religions into Western thought. For the Eastern religions, particularly Hinduism, Buddhism, and Sufism, had evolved concepts of the Deity that were not based on man's creating God in his image, but on the idea of the All-powerful as a transcendental spiritual force whose image could not be known to man.

In America, the transcendentalists, Emerson and Thoreau, modified their Puritan heritage by incorporating Eastern religious conceptions. Their pantheistic vision is reflected in the abstract paintings of Dove, O'Keeffe, and Hartley, who painted nonobjective works reflecting an inner world of imagined forms rather than a literal rendering of objects. Although abstract art was met with strong opposition on the part of the factual and scientific, not to say materialist, orientation of the American mind, one might have predicted that abstraction would flourish in America, just as it was certain to appeal to Slavic artists.

In Russia, the icon remained an abstract symbol of the Deity, rather than a naturalistic representation of God as man idealized, like the religious imagery that evolved in the Latin countries of Europe. The tradition of the flat, frontal, anti-naturalistic icon influenced the Russian avant-garde in the direction of an abstract art that in its flatness and frontality preserved important characteristics of the icon. Indeed, we now know that Malevich believed his geometric paintings *were* a type of abstract icon, conducive to the same mystical states evoked by the contemplation of religious art. (To bring the point home, he hung his celebrated "Black Square" in the sacred corner, the spot normally reserved for displaying icons.)

In the East, the icon was a means to spiritual communion, not an end in itself. In the West, a type of painting that caused a viewer to reflect on the brevity and fragility of human life had a function similar to that of the icon. The so-called *vanitas* painting, which always included objects—usually a skull, and often precious worldly goods symbolic of the material possessions from which Death separates us—did not make man feel godlike. Instead, the *vanitas* insisted on the vanity and futility of wordly pursuits, causing the viewer to contemplate the world of the spirit.

As religious painting found less and less favor among modern artists—Manet's "Dead Christ with Angels" is one of the last great religious paintings—nature became an increasingly important subject. Often, the theme of landscape had religious overtones, especially among the German Romantic painters. French painters, on the other hand, developed in Impressionism a more and more scientific way of observing nature. Art for them became its own *raison d'être.* But, unlike the French Impressionists, Slavic artists could not believe in art for art's sake. Kandinsky, Malevich, and Kupka claimed a more important function for their art. They thought of their visions as a means of entering higher realms of thought, as a path to spiritual enlightenment or a reflection of cosmic order.

In Russia, the religious strain, although it remained strong in Soviet literature, was obliterated in painting because of the Stalinist demand that art become an arm of propaganda, an illustration of the state religion of socialism, which reduced Malevich in his last painful years to the status of a commercial artist. In the United States, on the other hand, the Abstract Expressionists, mainly Protestants or Jews, transformed a tradition of religious iconoclasm—the prohibition against venerating human images of God—into a means of claiming for the artist the role that Kandinsky assigned him: the spiritual teacher of the world. The cosmic metaphors of Pollock and Gottlieb, the awesome images of Still, Newman, and Rothko, the all-black paintings of Reinhardt (which can be seen only if the viewer withdraws from the world of ordinary sensation and concentrates) all suggest experiences with an abstract force of light and energy. These abstract icons imply a communion with the unknown, or a state of meditation that we normally associate with not esthetic but religious experiences. As icon rather than object, the function as magical medium, which caused prehistoric man to draw and paint in the first place, is reclaimed by the modern abstract artist. ▽

IMPERIAL SPLENDOR

(Continued from page 232)

had been primarily a man's world—a world in which more attention was lavished on Lippizaner horses than on women. It mattered little that there were no smart dressmakers (court circles usually are elegant rather than fashionable), for the Kärntnerstrasse could boast some of the best tailors, military outfitters, and bootmakers in the world, not to speak of the incomparable English harnessmakers, Stone and Blyth. Then, there was Lodek, the taxidermist renowned for mounting the prize specimens of fur, feather, and fin that the Imperial family, the nobility, and not least the Rothschilds loved to slaughter; and most Austrian of all, there was Frey's who made—and still makes—the loden outfits necessitated by hunting in incessant rain.

But, for most of the court, uniforms were *de rigueur*—uniforms that were much too tight for maneuvers, let alone battle, but perfect for the interminable military parades, the grim galas at the Hofburg and Schönbrunn, the royal christenings, marriages, and funerals (there were at least three degrees of court mourning), and the state visits to other cities of the empire—Prague, Budapest, Sarajevo. The Emperor was forever complaining that all this bored him; but, to quote Musil once again, it was only by dint of constant saber-rattling that "Austria just managed to remain the second weakest great power in Europe."

As for the Viennese populace, we are apt to envisage them light-heartedly waltzing away the last decades of the nineteenth century to the music of the Strauss family. This is true to the extent that the Viennese were addicted to the waltz, as to a drug. According to Wagner, "Groans of ecstasy" would greet Johann Strauss the Younger, when he struck up, "*Wien, Wien, nür du allein.*" But there was also a black side to the "Blue Danube": *fin de siècle* Vienna anticipated Berlin of the 'twenties in its mixture of frenzy, neurosis, and despair. The chinless "Graf Bobby" types who thronged the old Imperial Hotel, Sacher's, and Café Demel could end the night, if they chose, at *Lokals* as lurid as any in Europe.

More serious, poverty was on the rise, likewise, madness and suicide (Vienna still has one of the highest suicide rates in the world). Another ominous symptom: the Jewish bourgeoisie and the Rothschilds, with their newly acquired palaces, castles, and shooting boxes, flourished as never before; but so did anti-Semitism and, no less dangerous, Pan-Germanism.

Fortunately, the decadence of the Hapsburg dynasty did not make for decadence in the arts. On the contrary, as the nineteenth century and the Empire waned, Austria, hitherto celebrated for its baroque buildings and its composers (Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert), underwent an extraordinary late flowering not just in music, but in painting, literature, drama, philosophy, and science. It is no coincidence that most of the leading figures in this renaissance came from the Jewish intelligentsia, for this was notoriously the source of most of the vitality and talent to be found in Austria, at least up to the mid-thirties.

There were, of course, a few exceptions to the Jewish abundance—virtually a monopoly—of talent, notable among artists: Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, and Josef Hoffmann, the creator of the Viennese Secession. However, nearly all the people who collected modern art—the Lederers, for instance—came from Jewish families that were as rich as they were cultivated. The same background produced some of the best writers of the period: Hofmannsthal, Schnitzler, and of course Herzl, who forsook the drama to become the founder of modern Israel. In music, one need only cite Mahler, and later Schoenberg whose atonalism revolutionized modern music. And we must not forget that, for better or worse, psychiatry was invented by a Viennese Jew. Do not Freud's early case histories—the Rat Man case, the Wolf Man case, the Little Hans case—evoke the angst of Austrian life as vividly as any of Schnitzler's stories?

The most striking incarnation of the splendors and miseries, as well as the genius of Viennese Jewry, is the Wittgenstein family. Probably the greatest Austrian industrialist of his time, Karl Wittgenstein produced eight phenomenally gifted children. His daughters were lifelong patrons of artists and scientists, especially of Klimt and Freud. And of his five sons, three were brilliant musicians (when Paul lost his arm, Ravel wrote his *Concerto for the Left Hand* for him); while the youngest, Ludwig, was one of the most original and influential philosophers of all time. Decadent? Hardly, yet it is a reflection on their Viennese background that three of Ludwig's brothers did commit suicide. Curious how even the most creative of the Austrians were tainted, at least in youth, with a kind of *pourriture noble (noble rot).*

Yes, suicide thrived in the Viennese air. And in this respect, the double suicide of Rudolf and the seventeen-year-old Baroness Mary Vetsera at Mayerling epitomizes the decline, if not the fall, of the Hapsburgs. The real story bears little resemblance to that kitschy old tearjerker, called *Mayerling*, which starred Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in very soft focus; it is more like an episode out of one of Wedekind's nastier plays. Far from being a tragic heroine, Vetsera was a neurotic ninny. And to judge by the letter, leaving her feather boa to a previous lover, nicknamed "Waterboy," written just before Rudolf shot her through the head, she must have been insufferably vapid. "Cheers, Waterboy!" was her pathetic adieu.

After the double suicide was discovered, things became even more macabre. Franz Josef decreed that all traces of Mary Vetsera must disappear, so two of the girl's uncles were secretly dispatched to Mayerling to pick up the body. Since a hearse was out of the question, they had to dress the corpse in a fur coat and hat, take it by the arms and walk it through the snow to a carriage. The carriage was then driven to the neighboring Heiligenkreuz monastery, where Vetsera was buried the following morning in an unmarked grave.

Meanwhile, Rudolf, descendant of the Holy Roman Emperors, was laid to rest with all the pomp the Hapsburgs could muster. And Mayerling? As soon as he could, Franz Josef had the hunting lodge torn down and replaced by an unsightly convent. Ninety years later, suburbs are encroaching on this corner of the Vienna woods, but Franz Josef's Carmelite nuns are still there praying for the repose of Rudolf's tormented soul, and selling postcards.

John Richardson suggests the following source for further reading about historic Vienna: Frederic Morton's delightfully readable new book, "A Nervous Splendor: Vienna 1888/1889" (Little, Brown and Company). ▽

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POPE JOHN PAUL II

(Continued from page 230)

about Brooklyn, and, when he talks about the soul, the soul doesn't sound like a sword, a vengeance. He cajoles. Is it possible that Christ might be a *friend*?

Imagine a Pope who skis and paddles a canoe and asks us to love our neighbors, even in Ireland, perhaps in Lebanon and the Sudan, and writes books and believes the poor of the earth deserve more than the "crumbs" from our groaning board. Imagine a dignity that knows how to smile with the eyes as well as the mouth. Imagine telling the United Nations: "I would be dishonest to the great cause of man if I should keep silent—I who come from the country on whose living body Auschwitz was constructed."

He spoke in English, Polish, Spanish, Italian, and Latin. He sat down when he wanted to. In Madison Square Garden, he allowed himself a "woo," which is Polish for "wow." At Battery Park, next door to the Ellis Island where many of us passed through the turnstiles of immigration, he said to the Jews—"whose presence here honors me greatly"—"Shalom." I think he meant it.

We are a pinched people, our hearts laced up in boots. All we seem to know are angles. Why did so many of us, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Washington, walk out on our hearts into the streets and wait for a man in a beanie from a Rome as steeped in politics as it is in terror, from a Vatican full of proscribed books and two thousand years of blood, the chair of Peter?

There had to be somebody better than we are. He was.

Really, there hasn't been anything like it since Eleanor Roosevelt. He believes in the rules and yet winks at the children. W. H. Auden, in *A Certain World*, confessed: "I have met in my life two persons, one a man, the other a woman, who convinced me that they were persons of sanctity. Utterly different in character, upbringing and interests as they were, their effect on me was the same. In their presence I felt myself to be ten times as nice, ten times as intelligent, ten times as good-looking as I really am."

So it costs us some money to clean up the

"In Harlem, a woman shouted, 'Hey there, Pope'"

streets. Ten thousand marigolds, yellow and orange, fell at Sixty-first Street and First Avenue in Manhattan. In St. Patrick's Cathedral, in the middle of what is known as "benedictal pageantry," John Paul II used his handkerchief to wipe the sweat from the brow of the young priest who was the choirmaster, and three thousand people burst into applause. Outside St. Patrick's, a chant went up and up and up: *The Pope's Number One*!

At the very least, we have started to count again. Briefly, the boots came off and the heart could breathe. He sure knew how to pope. ▽

HAIR: CUT . . . STYLE

(Continued from page 243)

There are many good hairdressers, but few truly great ones—hair stylists who know their craft well . . . who are as adept at cutting as they are at styling, at helping you find your best look. What makes a hairdresser truly a stand-out, in the league of Kenneth Battalle, Alexandre, and Mary Farr, includes . . . "intelligence, charm, good eyes (to make your hair becoming), and a gentle touch," according to one woman.

A stylist who belongs on any "bests" lists is Sergio Valente, whose Via Condotti salon in Rome is known to many women who travel. Here, he talks with us about hair styling. . . .

What do you see as the major difference between American and European women?

"The European woman always believed first in a good cut—her most important concern, then, in developing her own style. In the past, American women relied more on hair rollers to give their hair style. But now that all has changed. American women are more Europeanized . . . and they've gone further. The American woman cares about health, she cares about diet. She also has good judgment and a sense of her body. That is important to the way she wears her hair."

How does a woman find a good style?

"There has never been one single approach to hair styling. It is the responsibility of a woman—together with her hairdresser—to find what best suits her. Together, they should follow what's fashion, but they should adapt the style to her personal needs."

What about hair-style changes?

"I believe in change, in being up-to-date. But I believe in a classic good look, too. There are certain women—Marella Agnelli is one—who establish their style (in Marella's case, a very short cut), and who stay with it, who know their features, and what, on them, looks best. The woman who is less confident, less formulated about her look, must be more dependent on a good hairdresser."

Are there any other things about hair women should be aware of?

"Today, women must constantly ask themselves questions about life style. Climate, light . . . these affect hair. Your hair should be colored one way, for instance, if you live in Rome, another way for New York—because natural lighting differs. If you travel to another climate, the clothes you wear change, so should the style of your hair."

What about hair cutting?

"It must always be feminine, never geometric or structured. It must *always* be soft."

. . . And hair length?

"There's a way to produce a short cut that's flattering—although, on most women, I don't like very short hair. Short hair doesn't frame a woman's face, it accentuates it. A woman needs a hair style that is part of her look, not detached from it."

What's the most important thing to have now for your hair?

"*Flexibility.* A cut that allows you to wear your hair in a sophisticated or casual way, to go from one to the other quickly and easily. Flexibility has to be 'built-in' to a cut.

Above-the-shoulder length. Precise length is determined by your face shape and your features; but, as a general rule, it should never go below shoulder length. Hair should always be soft, never exaggerated. And it must always work with the proportion and shape of your body and also with your life style." ▽

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CAPOTE INTERVIEW

(Continued from page 263)

work. Talking about his career, Capote assesses himself minutely, as a saint would do; he details, with an objectivity that can be chilling, the progress he has made toward his goal.

"It has nothing to do with ego. It certainly doesn't in my case because I honestly don't have very much ego. I have a tremendous feeling about the importance of my writing. I mean, I owe it to God, if you want to put it that way, to achieve what I know I can. I can't stop here, you know, because there is this other level, the ultimate state of grace—and *I have to get there.*"

The Truman Capote who speaks is, at fifty-five, a wisp of a man—only ninety-three pounds—wearing, nevertheless, a big, flamboyant straw hat ("Do you like my hat?" is what he asks as he makes his entrance into the room). In fact, the hat makes his face look longer, paler, a kind of underlying apparition. But the eyes are burning bright—the eyes of someone who has seen and fought demons, is still seeing and fighting them. As if to flick the demons out of sight, Truman finds things to entice him in far corners. He drifts—is wafted—into a chair; but, instead of resting in it, he seems to be buffeted by some mean, childish wind that ruffles the loose skin on his neck and makes his hands float in the air, his body flutter. He is like some angular bird that might, at any moment, fly out of the room and escape into the noon sky.

When he talks, it seems at first as if his voice, too, is weightless—that mewing whine of his, but fading or (his kind of word) perishing. Until he speaks about himself, his reputation: then his voice concentrates into a glassy, sharp-edged ping; he flies at you, even pounds his fist on the table, wanting you to know about him, who (he says) he really is.

"I consider that I have a career as an artist. I'm fifty-five years old and I've been writing professionally for almost forty years. That's a very long time. Most people—you know, famous people, personalities, usually they're entertainers—have very short careers. A writer *can* have a long career, but very few of them actually do. Because it's so nerve-shattering. It's this continuous, constant gamble. I mean, if you're really a good artist. If you're not a good artist, well, it doesn't matter, because your conscience isn't affected. You're not continuously striving and reaching and being miserable and happy and taking drugs and drinking and doing something to try to get out of this ghastly tension. Because what you're doing is gambling with your life" (a strident ping here). "It isn't reputation, this is your life, these are the years gone by, and am I wasting them? Have I totally wasted it?"

Capote is leaning forward now, his eyes shooting blue lasers as he speaks, his fist pounding the table, punctuating his words.

"I mean, I think I have a really great gift, and I owe it somehow to *get it out*! But I have to get it out the best possible way, and that is what makes an artist have a career: it is this integrity of holding on, holding on, holding on no matter what."

Like Proust, when he shocked the elite of Paris by publishing their secrets, in *Remembrance of Things Past*?

"Well, Proust really had a relatively short career. It was monumental, but it was short. And when he first began to publish his books, he was not a famous writer. So when he was attacked, he was attacked in a very limited circle by people who knew him. But the big difference is that when I started to publish I was a very famous writer. And person, period. The attack on me was monumental! I mean, from all sides—you'd think I'd killed Lindbergh's baby! That it wasn't Hauptmann at all, no, it was Truman Capote who had stolen the child and strangled him."

Capote is in his element now. In control of his tale.

"And they didn't let it go at that. I mean, everything in my personal life, you know. So, I had an alcoholic problem. Well, my God, they turned that into the war of the worlds or something. I survived it. I overcame it. It was a tremendous struggle, but God knows nobody was helping me. I mean, I thought it was a very small reward for having devoted so much of your life to contributing, you know. . . . But that's how things go. They build you up and they knock you down. Build you up and they knock you down."

Why, in Capote's mind, do people turn against him?

"It's a kind of human nature thing, I suppose. It happens to everybody. It happens to everybody who has a career that lasts long enough, I can assure you. At some point they're going to turn against you. I mean, I've been turned against several times. When my first book came out, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, I was overnight an incredibly notorious person. Well, I would call it turning against me, wanting to destroy the book and the reputation I achieved by attacking my personal character."

Superimposed: the image of the sultry, smoky-eyed young man, challenging from his chaise lounge. . . .

"Well, the photograph was simply an image of something else they wanted to attack. They wanted to attack my entire nerve, the gall of me to be what I was."

And when people attack him that way, does he think they really want him to go on being what he is?

"Basically, they do. . . . I no longer pay any attention to any kind of an attack at all. Believe me, I don't. They can accuse me of mass murder and it wouldn't make my pulse skip a beat. I don't care about anything, I . . . but what was the question?"

Does he think people. . .

"I think," (his voice like a schoolmarm's, like a ruler rapping the knuckles) "that if you back down from something when you're attacked, they will then scent fear and blood and come after you, wham. And I knew that full well and so I never backed down. Well, I didn't feel like backing down. Why should I? I was right! I was doing the right thing! They were wrong! They were stupid! And so, I wouldn't back down, I didn't back down, that's what you should do.

"Just go on doing what you're doing. And even if it's wrong, go on doing it. You shouldn't ever let them sense a weakness in you, because then they'll go for you like sharks go for somebody with his blood in the water."

In a world of predators, it is either eat or be eaten. And an artist faces one more danger, that he will consume himself.

"It's really totally incredible the state of tension that a person like me lives in. And most people don't realize it. First of all, I am receiving about fifteen more impressions per minute than most people. You know, that's a big strain in itself." *(Continued on page 312)*



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CAPOTE BY CAPOTE

(Continued from page 262)

Then the seventh, "La Côte Basque." I went on in this manner, writing different chapters out of sequence; I was able to do this only because the plot, or rather plots, was true, and all the characters were real: it wasn't difficult to keep it all in mind, for I hadn't invented anything. And yet *Answered Prayers* is not intended as any ordinary *roman à clef*, a form where facts are disguised as fiction. My intentions are the reverse: to remove disguises, not manufacture them.

In 1975 and 1976, I published four chapters of the book in a magazine, *Esquire*. This aroused anger in certain circles, where it was felt I was betraying confidences, mistreating friends and/or foes. I don't intend to discuss this; the issue involves social politics, not artistic merit. I will say only this: all a writer has to work with is the material he has gathered as the result of his own endeavor and observations, and you cannot deny him the right to use it. Condemn, but not deny.

However, I did stop working on *Answered Prayers* in September 1977, a fact that had nothing to do with any public reaction to those parts of the book already published. The halt happened because I was in a helluva lot of trouble; I was suffering a creative crisis and a personal one at the same time. As the latter was unrelated, or very little related, to the former, it is only necessary to remark on the creative chaos.

Now, torment that it was, I'm glad it happened—after all, it altered my entire comprehension of writing, my attitude toward art and life and the balance between the two, and my understanding of the difference between what is true and what is *really* true.

To begin with, I think most writers, even the best, overwrite. I prefer to underwrite. Simple, clear as a country creek. But I felt my writing was becoming too dense—that I was taking three pages to arrive at effects I ought to be able to achieve in a single paragraph. Again and again, I read all that I had written of *Answered Prayers*, and I began to have doubts, not about the material or my approach, but the texture of the writing itself. I reread *In Cold Blood* and had the same reaction: there were too many areas where I was not writing as well as I could, where I was not delivering the total potential. Slowly, but with accelerating alarm, I read every word I'd ever published, and decided that never, not once in my writing life, had I completely exploded all the energy and esthetic excitements the material contained. Even when it was good, I could see that I was never working with more than half, sometimes a third, of the powers at my command. Why?

The answer, revealed to me after months of bewildered meditation, was simple but not very satisfying. Certainly, it did nothing to lessen my depression; indeed, it thickened it. For the answer created an apparently unsolvable problem, and if I couldn't solve it, I may as well quit writing. The problem was: how can a writer successfully combine within a single form, let's say the short story, all he knows about every other form of writing? For this was why my work was often insufficiently illuminated; the voltage was there but, by restricting myself to the techniques of whatever form I was working in, I was not using everything I knew about writing, all I'd learned from film scripts, plays, reportage, poetry, the short story, novellas, the novel. A writer ought to have all his colors, all his abilities available on the same palette for mingling and, in suitable instances, simultaneous application. But how?

I returned to *Answered Prayers*. I removed one chapter, and rewrote two others. An improvement. Definitely an improvement. But the truth was—I had to go back to kindergarten; I had to invent a new method of writing, and then learn how to use it. Christ, here we are off again on one of those grim gambles! But I was excited; I felt an invisible sun shining on me. Still, my first experiments were very awkward. I did truly feel like a child with a box of crayons.

From a technical point, the greatest difficulty I had in writing *In Cold Blood* was leaving myself completely out of it. Ordinarily, the reporter has to use himself as a character, an eyewitness observer, in order to retain credibility. But I felt that it was essential to the seemingly detached tone of that book that the author should be absolutely absent. Actually, in all my reportage, I tried to keep myself as invisible as possible.

Now, in these new experiments I was conducting, I set myself center stage and reconstructed, in a severe, minimal manner, commonplace conversations with everyday people: the superintendent of my building, a masseur at the gym, an old school friend, my dentist. After writing hundreds of pages of this simple-minded sort of thing, I eventually developed a style of reporting that I called Conversational Portraits. I did many of these, and I liked them: I found a method, a framework into which I could assimilate everything I knew about writing; suddenly I was able to set afire in a few paragraphs material that heretofore would have taken endless pages to ignite. For instance, I did a portrait of Marilyn Monroe; it's only twelve pages long, but I couldn't have told any more about Marilyn if I had written twelve hundred. Last January, I started publishing samples of these Conversational Portraits in *Interview* magazine. Also, using a modified version of this technique, I've written a sizable number of short stories. Next September, Random House is publishing a book of my new writing entitled *Strange Dents*. It consists of ten nonfiction short stories, an equal number of Conversational Portraits, and the title piece, which is a short nonfiction novel.

And how has all this affected my other work-in-progress, *Answered Prayers*? Considerably. *Very* considerably. Meanwhile, I'm here alone in my dark madness, just here alone with my deck of cards and, of course, the whip God gave me. ▽

CAPOTE INTERVIEW

(Continued from page 311)

Truman receives impressions as if they were telegrams, secrets that no one else knows. Like the way a lizard moves, liquidly, and the way it turns a dreamily disturbing color under water. The way a cottonmouth rears up, winding, hypnotizing with its eyes, until there is no place to run.

"And people say, well, why do so many painters and writers drink, why do they take drugs? Well, I understand it perfectly, because I went that route. I got out of it because if I hadn't got out of it I would have eventually killed myself."

Does he ever feel he is working against time?

"Yes, that phrase has crossed my mind, but I don't feel it in the sense that Proust felt it, since he was dying. I feel that I have to achieve a certain thing by a certain time in order to relax enough to go on to the ultimate fulfillment of my gift. I feel that I have to, within a year, have achieved something in my new phase that will give me a certain sense of relaxation and confidence so that I can catch my breath before, you know, taking that tremendous leap."

He writes now for many hours at a stretch, in a room he has acquired just for the purpose. The room is all white, with just some photos taped to the walls. A view of the river. Truman writes standing up, facing the view.

"For the last year or so, I really have been doing nothing but work work work work work. I work at writing ten, eleven hours a day. I mean, I've never done that in my life. And I know it's going to go on that way. I long for some sort of break in the thing, an end to it. . . ."

He says he does not go out anymore—except to the gym, where "I go swim in the damn pool every day for an hour and I hate it; it bores me out of my mind. And I don't want to eat, because I have a mild anorexia, I don't know why. But I force myself to eat just because I've got to stay in top condition."

There is this feeling he has, really always has had in public, that he is there but not there. Recently, he had to leave a Broadway show in the middle because he couldn't concentrate. And he has come to hate going out for lunch or dinner because, frankly, it makes him extremely nervous.

"I have a distinct feeling that my whole life has been, since I was seventeen years old—that I've been living inside an electric light bulb, and that it's all a play. People come in and take various parts in the play, and then they depart and they come back, or they sit down, but it's like a continuous, ongoing play with a large audience watching it.

"Somebody asked me about a year ago, what am I famous for, and I said 'I'm famous for being famous.' You know? That's one way people can be destroyed. I've always been famous for being famous; but, at the same time, I was *aware* of it. So therefore it didn't affect me, and it wasn't the poisonous thing that it is. It's a subtle kind of poison, and people don't realize when it starts."

When the cottonmouth is poised to strike, Capote does something. He writes. So that always, however venomous the attack, there is a substance that is indestructible, a body of work. Writing is Capote's most potent kind of wizardry, his antidote for snakebite. With it, he can charm the beast and protect the most vital part of his own being.

That is how Truman Capote has survived—drugs, alcohol, serious physical illness, betrayal by friends—and that is why his literary reputation is his life's blood. His survival is, as he readily admits, a miracle. Still, it was no surprise to see his gremlin face grinning from the pages of *Interview* this past year, with the running question "Is Truman Human?" (Not even *Interview* dared to answer that.) It is no surprise that *Esquire*, which heralded his fall from grace with tidbits from *Answered Prayers*, is publishing this month a new piece called "Dazzle." A miraculous kind of comeback—but Truman never really went away. He is a fighter, after all, red in tooth and claw—and perhaps it is just that killer instinct that saves him. ▽

MONTE CARLO

(Continued from page 276)

annual backgammon championship whose winner this year was defeated by a computer five minutes after receiving his prize.

If you stand in the Place du Casino, one flower bed up from the casino itself, what you see before you is the Monte Carlo of the Belle Époque. The Casino with its pink-yellow exterior crowned by two pairs of towers of uneven height, tiled in blue and yellow mosaic, faces up the hill. It stands a little too close to the Hôtel de Paris, which has a façade the same color but a more sober black roof. The covered porch of the Salle Empire dining room is on the right, and the terrace where Winston Churchill, King Farouk, the Dolly sisters, Noël and Gertrude and Lady Cunard dined (but not together) is as it always was.

On the porch of the Hotel, sit the old ladies. They wear silk afternoon dresses, pastel chiffons, casual but ornate jewelry: the oversized baroque pearls, the Jean Schlumberger clips, fanciful coral and diamond goldfish. They sit on the wicker chairs and allow the sun to touch the tips of their handmade beige patent-leather shoes resting their legs after a visit to the safe and before a short walk across the street. For fifty years, they danced at the summer Sporting Club down by the water, and as long as their fortunes hold up, they are always welcome. They worry: the children or grandchildren are threatening to divorce again, the personal maid refused to follow them to Divonne-les-Bains where the weather is brisker and the gambling just as good, because she has fallen in love with a security guard. They do not worry about the jewels they wear, for behind them stand well-built men with the coldest brown eyes in the world, the security guards themselves.

The position of Monte Carlo as a safe place for millionaires demands more than normal precautions, and the security force is well trained. The S.B.M. employees who are cashiers, concierges, and croupiers are trained, as are the guards, in the art of physiognomy; and when these people look at visitors, they do not see faces, they see features to be filed: eyes thus, nose thus, chin so, hair like this but could be different, could once have been different. You are being recorded and filed by the human version of the closed-circuit camera.

There are more secrets here than in a girls' school. In the lobby of the Hôtel de Paris is the entrance to the elevator which leads to the underground passage that connects the hotel to the casino. It is in full view but the uninitiated cannot see it, for it is disguised as cunningly as the purloined letter. it looks exactly like part of the lobby wall. The passageway is for gamblers who dislike the elements outside, be they human or meteorological, and it comes out in the recesses of the cloakroom where the lady checking coats gives a slight nod as you emerge. The inside of the casino contains as many secret signs as it does chips: the croupiers have a code with the gamblers, the waiters have a code between themselves, the supervisors have a whole array of signs that mean "Get him out," "Shut up," 'It's O.K.," "Don't trust it." Five TV cameras set into the edge of the mural on the ceiling record every move.

Until six years ago, it was possible to think of Monte Carlo as a place only for old ladies and yachts. The formality of Monte Carlo, bore no relation to the barefoot happiness that was the ideal in the 'sixties. As the solid side of the principality prospered, with offices springing up, floor upon floor of holding, shipping, building, and export companies, exiled businessmen made Monte Carlo their headquarters. They lived in small brand-new marble apartments and after a decent interval acquired residency and tax-free status. It was a logical place to live, but not a lot of laughs.

The S.B.M. was aware of this and rebuilt the summer Sporting Club as a free-form fun complex snaking along the coast below the town. It was a question, says Bernard Combemale, the new head of the S.B.M., of getting Monte Carlo straight from the nineteenth century to the twenty-first. Of giving a modern form to opulence. In the same spirit, the land below the old casino was extended; and upon thick white pillars an immense edifice was built, three times as big as the main square. It is called the *Centre international de rencontres*, and its honeycomb concrete clings to the town the way a colony of limpets clings to a pier. Most of it is in fact a Loew's hotel, the only concession made on Monte Carlo territory to populist necessity.

Because of its clever siting, the Loew's cannot be seen from the town. The inside is a vast expanse of multi-striped marble, which zigzags past a gambling room that seems transplanted from Lake Tahoe: a tombola is covered in dollar bills, tall Midwestern ladies clutch oversized Dixie cups as they tease the one-armed bandits, girls in bathing-suit uniforms change money into chips, and leopard spots chase each other across the vinyl walls. There is a talking slot machine which prints out its hopes and wishes in green letters on a black TV screen. "YOU LOOK GOOD, GOOD LOOKING," it says; "COLUMBUS TOOK A CHANCE, WHY DON'T YOU?" Unstoppable, it flashes on: "I FEEL LUCKY. FEED ME."

One of the first ploys of any resort is to import the people who could afford to go there anyway, and give them such a good time that they can't wait to tell their friends back home and return. When Monte Carlo began, and gambling represented 90 percent of the revenues of the principality, gamblers were invited down and put up for free because of the sums they were expected to lose at the tables. When the Beach Club opened, Elsa Maxwell invited influential celebrities who could start a trend for summers in Monte Carlo by being seen there. Now that gambling represents only 8 percent of the GNP, the emphasis is on the various hotels, country clubs, nightclubs, and facilities that the S.B.M. owns. They asked Régine to open a discothèque; she opened three and remodeled the old Maona nightclub into an exotic restaurant. "People said I was suicidal, but my answer was, 'There's no smoke without fire: where there are old people you'll always find kids.'"

At first she imported the right crowd, young people from Paris who were attractive and could dance all night. They forged not unlikely links with the millionaires and aristocrats who were invited down by the S.B.M., and a whole new Monte Carlo society was born.

Régine provided a winter discothèque by the old casino, a summer one called Jimmy'z in the complex of the Sporting Club. Cleverest of all, she has a *(Continued on page 314)*

FASHION INFORMATION

Pages 234-235: Kasper for Louis Milona fox jacket, about $5,000. Edward Neustadter Furs, NYC; Nan Duskin; York Furrier of Elmhurst, IL; Gragg Furs, Wichita, Kansas. Earrings and bracelets by Faith Porter for Antares. Holly's Harp, Los Angeles; Nordstrom. Tights, Givenchy for Round The Clock. Givenchy pumps. **Pages 236-237:** Oscar de la Renta jacket and skirt of Anglo wool gabardine. Bracelet by Capri Jewelry. Fendi handbag at Bergdorf Goodman. Aris gloves. Party stockings, Christian Dior Legwear. At fine department stores. Oscar de la Renta shoes. . . . *Inset:* Earrings, Marsha G. Yerman/Handmades by MGY. Rolex watch. Charles Jourdan bag, at Charles Jourdan, NYC. Panty stockings, see above. Yves Saint Laurent shoes. **Pages 238-239:** *Left:* Necklaces by Ken Begun. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Bullock's, Century City. Bracelets, from top to bottom: Bonwillum. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Jere Scott Ltd. at Vialusso, Chicago. Bonwillum. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Eve France, Houston. Capri Jewelry. Tube bangle by Cathy & Marsha for Catherine Stein. My Rich Uncle Henry, NYC. Panty stockings by Round The Clock. Fendi handbag at Bergdorf Goodman. . . . *Right:* Anne Klein for Aris gloves. Earrings, Cadoro Jewels. Watch by Rolex. Morris Moskowitz belt. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Round The Clock panty stockings. Shoes by Evan Picone. **Pages 240-241:** *Left:* Ken Begun earrings. Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's, Century City. Bag, Halston for H.B. Accessories. Saks Fifth Avenue. Tights, Beautiful Bryans. Givenchy pumps. . . . *Inset:* Kenneth Jay Lane earrings. Joseph Mazer bracelet. Bloomingdale's. Tights, Burlington Hosiery. At fine department and specialty stores. Givenchy pumps. **Page 242:** Napier earrings, at fine department stores. Feather neck tie by Judyth van Amringe. Henri Bendel; Therapy, Aspen. **Page 243:** Beaux Dangles hair tie. Bloomingdale's. Victor Carranza earrings at Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 248:** Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Henri Bendel. **Pages 266-267:** *Left to right:* Oscar de la Renta red silk gazar (Taroni/The Ideacomo Group) strapless gown with matching ruffled capelet, about $1,150. Late December at Martha; John Wanamaker; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; Bonwit Teller; The Room at Simpsons, Toronto. Ungaro couture silk jacquard crêpe de Chine/lace dinner dress. Handbag, Zushi. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. **Page 268:** *Left:* Antron/Lycra maillot, about $40. Sarong skirt, Antron/Lycra, about $56. Bergdorf Goodman; John Baldwin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. . . . *Right:* Antron/Lycra bikini (bottom not shown), about $35. Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Sakowitz; Liberty House, Hawaii. Calvin Klein Jeans (cotton twill), about $37. Saks Fifth Avenue; Carson Pirie Scott; May Co. Shoes, Andrew Geller. **Page 270:** Gottex black maillot (Antron/Lycra) with gold lamé insert, about $56. Late December at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Short-sleeve polyester-blend wrap dress with gathered front, trimmed with gold piping, also by Gottex. (About $160.) Late December at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Balliet's; I. Magnin. Man's bathing suit by Catalina, about $10. Macy's, Herald Square. **Page 271:** Cole of California black shirred strapless maillot (nylon/Lycra), about $30. Macy's, Herald Square; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii; Bonwit Teller. **Page 272:** Antron/Lycra maillot Anne Collins for Rose Marie Reid. About $26. Macy's, Herald Square; Shillito's; Sanger-Harris. **Page 273:** Yves Saint Laurent couture velvet dinner dress. **Page 276:** Nylon/Lycra navy-and-white maillot, Via by Jantzen. Helen Hirsh Store, West Orange, NJ; Cameo Stores, Philadelphia, PA; Burdine's. **Page 277:** Gottex, black-and-white Antron/Lycra bikini bottom (sold as a two piece). Late December at Jordan Marsh, Florida; Jacobson's. Private Eyes sunglasses. Henri Bendel; Charles A. Stevens. Giorgio Sant' Angelo For Sinclair beach towel. Lord & Taylor. **Page 278:** Antron/Lycra maillot by Aqua Suit. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Florida; My Sister's Circus, Chicago. **Page 279:** *Above:* Green maillot (Antron/Lycra) by Halston Limited Edition Beachwear. Late December at Bloomingdale's; Shillito's; Halle's; Gantos, Michigan; F.B. Ltd., St. Louis, MO; Bullock's. Charles Jourdan shoes. . . . *Below:* Giorgio Sant' Angelo for Sinclair (Antron/Lycra) maillot. Early January at Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz; Bullock's; Liberty House of Hawaii; Creed's, of Toronto. Sunglasses by St. Tropez. Shoes by Pancaldi/Walter Steiger. **Page 284:** Private Eyes *(Continued on page 314)*

MONTE CARLO

(Continued from page 313)

place called Parady'z for the under-twenty set, where eighteen-year-old Italian heavy-machinery heirs are prone to crying over tiny Brazilian heiresses.

But despite the lure of casinos and discothèques, the heart of Monte Carlo beats in the bar of the Hôtel de Paris. Known variously as "the snake pit" or "Le bar Américain," it gathers the hotel guests at all hours of the day. Long-legged women perch on stools at the bar, talking of Michelangelo. Until his death, Charles Clore sat at a table at the left of the door, looking glumly at the sea through the far window and never opening the bottle of Champagne that a mischievous barman placed by him in an ice bucket every afternoon. Two rows of tables face the door, a logical disposition. Each evening, these fill up with those who have arrangements and those who don't, and they sip their drinks and eat the eternally soggy potato chips (something to do with the humidity in the air) and wait.

"Well, do we go on the boat?"

"We can't, we have to be at the gala by nine."

"Then let's go for a drive."

"The chauffeur's disappeared, and he's got the keys."

"What about some backgammon? We can do it at the villa."

Two old ladies sit by a window. They are discussing a gallbladder operation. "Well," sniffs one, "that's not so terrible! *I* haven't had a gallbladder since 1932."

Through the lobby, where the ceiling soars three stories high into a stained-glass cupola, there is a long staircase down which one can make entrances and a long low corridor where lipstick, Puccis, and gold jewelry can be bought. The makeup shops sell heavy imitations of sparkling diamond necklaces, but the real ones are displayed in the glass boxes in the lobby.

Next to the concierge's large desk, there are safes. One evening, I was waiting to retrieve my modest circle pins while a woman with a young face and a long black hooded dress sought her jewels for the evening. Suède bags littered the counter as she extracted gold, pearls, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires set into slim yet important shapes. A man in a quiet suit helped her, closing each bag as she rejected it, piling them one on top of another. He waited on her with the solicitude of a benign official, and I impatiently began tapping my room key on the counter to attract his attention. He ignored me; I grew more impatient. Why couldn't he open my box instead of hanging around this woman? He closed all the boxes, returned them to their safe, and pocketed the key. Then he swept her into the bar: he was the husband.

The service in the Hôtel de Paris is the best in the world; the phones are coded so that if you call room service as you stir sleepily into the morning, and room service is busy, the phone itself calls for you once you have hung up. The maids know how to press couture clothes, the porters spend their days taking obtuse messages on the lines of "I am in the bar if the baroness asks for me, but if it's the princess I left yesterday." This kind of attention would qualify the Hôtel as worth the Concorde trip from New York, but those who come to Monte Carlo think it has to do with nostalgia.

The nostalgia that is felt here is the nostalgia for old money. As the chips change hands, the richest patrons are now sleek Arabs, happy laughing princes from the desert or quiet middlemen from Lebanon with beautiful wives. The Americans stay on best behavior, rather like schoolchildren on an outing, but then Princess Grace is American, and although one might think there is an orgy going on somewhere, there is no whiff of it; only the propriety of spanking-new status symbols and the constant diversion of arrivals, departures, and events.

Across the port where the *Atlantis* has succeeded *La Creole*, the *Christina* sits no more, and the *Mahlane* is tied next to *La Belle Simone*, the old town has transformed itself into a tourist trap. The winding streets are perceived as quaint, the shops selling vases carbuncled with shells are popular, and the junk of knickknacks and souvenirs spill over the sidewalks. The fairy-tale castle of the fairy-tale princess amazes some Americans: "It's so small, they say, how can it be so small?" Cranes clog the skyline, and bulldozers are busy on the landfill behind the palace. The rich visitors never come here; the busloads do. They gaze on the palace and march up a side street to the oceanographic museum, built by Prince Albert whose true love was the sea and all its creatures.

There are live fish in tanks in the basement, moray eels with what look like toothpicks up their nostrils, their gills like navels, contracting and expanding. Upstairs, there are jellyfish in brine, giant crabs the approximate size and shape of rickety coffee tables, skeletons of "mermaids." In a magnificent paneled room, "Louis The Conference" armchairs face a screen where a film on marine life is shown. This time, it's "March of the Lobsters," a warm-hearted story about cold-blooded creatures.

Like all rocky places, Monte Carlo attracts its complement of goats and other climbing animals. Strange transvestites from across the border, shady countesses, women in feathered bathing caps. These are local color, they add to the prim landscape. Oddly enough, they are looked upon with tolerance, so long as they do not attempt to start businesses or to cash checks. Monte Carlo has said, in effect, "Give me your rich, your gourmets, your nervous elite longing to be safe; give me your Wildenstein collection to auction, your women to show off, your motorboats to harbor. Give me your honeymoons, your anniversaries, your conferences, your weekends. I am big enough to take them all." Like an immense glittering diamond, it is both the most exotic symbol of wealth and wealth itself. And the strange thing is that, from the sea, it looks just like New York. ▽

FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 313)

sunglasses. Abraham & Straus; John Wanamaker; Burdine's; Sanger-Harris; Robinson's, California. Earrings, F.B. Durland. Bloomingdale's. Scarf at waist, Ray Strauss. Macy's, Herald Square; Bullock's. Ellen Designs for Robert Originals bracelet. Lord & Taylor; Filene's. **Page 285:** Halston suit, in stores early January. Joseph Mazer earrings. Belt, Ruza for Elegant. **Page 286:** Léonard, nylon/Lycra maillot. Earrings, Napier. **Page 287:** Frank Masandrea also at Burdine's. **Page 288:** Oscar de la Renta silk gazar dress (Taroni/The Ideacomo Group). Bonwillum earrings. Panty stockings by Burlington. Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour/Martinique sandal. Bloomingdale's. **Page 289:** Cadoro Jewels earrings. **Page 290:** *Left:* Earrings by Marcia G. Yerman/Handmades by MGY. Saks-Jandel; Lou Lattimore. Kenneth Jay Lane bracelet. Saks Fifth Avenue. Belt, Ruza for Elegant. . . . *Inset:* Joseph Mazer bracelets. Belt by Morris Moskowitz. Bloomingdale's. Halston for Garolini shoes. **Page 291:** *Above:* Betty Hanson polyester/cotton gabardine trousers. Earrings, Dennis Mulvihill for Mulvihill Designs, NYC. Scarf at waist, Oscar de la Renta for Accessory Street. . . . *Inset:* Bracelet, Celia Sebiri. Saks Fifth Avenue. Sunglasses, Private Eyes. **Page 292:** *Left:* Ken Begun earrings. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Bullock's, Century City. Rhinestone and gold-plated bracelet. Eisenberg Ice. Hammered metal bangle, Cathy & Marsha for Catherine Stein. Joseph Mazer quilted silver cuff. *Inset:* Fruit of the Loom sweatshirt distributed by Serome Fashion Group. *Inset:* Watch, Rafael Variations for Posche Design. Napier earrings. At fine stores everywhere. Belt, The Great New York Belt Co. **Page 293:** Earrings, Benjamin-Jules van Rouge. Bracelet by Eisenberg Ice. Rafael Variations for Porsche Design watch. **Page 294:** Earrings, Benjamin-Jules van Rouge. Bracelets, Donald Stannard. Elizabeth Arden Salons. **Page 295:** Napier earrings. Lord & Taylor; Sanger-Harris. Belt by La Bagagerie, NYC and Beverly Hills. **Page 296:** Gold moiré camisole (silk/gold thread) by Julio. Lamb suède pants by Bonnie Cashin for Gropper Leathers. Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. **Page 297:** Giorgio Sant' Angelo, embossed Lycra pant. Earrings, Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. Bracelets, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. **Page 298:** Zoran cashmere top and silk shirt. Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi Ltd. Kaybee's, Providence, RI. Muffler, Geoffrey Beene for Jewel Case. Trimfit panty stockings. **Page 299:** Grosvenor, Canada coat also at Roberts Furs, San Francisco. Bill Atkinson rayon sweater, about $110. Bonwit Teller. Wool gabardine pants by Kansai Yamamoto for Cygne Design. About $76. Dianne B. NYC and Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. Earrings by F.B. Durland. Bloomingdale's; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Bullock's, Century City. Garolini sandals. **Pages 300-301:** *Left:* Stephen Burrows' rayon jersey top and silk skirt, about $390. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. Earrings, Ken Begun. Henri Bendel; Linda Dresner, Troy, MI; Bullock's, Century City. Bracelet, Ken Begun. Bergdorf Goodman; Linda Dresner, Troy, MI; Bullock's, Century City. *Right:* Silk chiffon/Lurex blouse by Joanie Criscione for Criscione, NYC; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Suède pants, Bonnie Cashin for Gropper Leathers. Lord & Taylor. Tie at neck, Rosemary Peck. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Jere Scott Ltd. at Vialusso, Chicago. Wide bracelet, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's. Bracelets, Cathy & Marsha for Catherine Stein. Bloomingdale's; Bullock's.

TO CATCH A DIAMOND

Beauty details, pages 264-275

On all these pages, plus the Monte Carlo bathing suit pages: hair, Bruno of Dessanges; makeup, Edith Rémy for Lancôme.

Page 265: All you need to "face" the sun with great-looking skin *and* a clear conscience: Lancôme's Bienfait du Matin. The reason: it's a skin-tinted, lightweight moisturizer with it's own built-in sunscreen. **Page 268:** The unseen ornament: First de Van Cleef & Arpels fragrance. The best place to wear it—on a pulse point—the décolleté necklines here, for instance. From there, the scent "rises," gets the message across faster! **Page 270:** New thinking on skin: treatment creams designed for specific parts of the body. From Payot, a whole "Specifics" collection, which includes products for throat, bust, abdomen, legs, hands. **Page 272:** To soothe and moisturize sun-exposed skin, all skin—Helena Rubinstein's Skin Life Body Smooth with GAM. . . . And, with diamonds—Rubinstein "Jewel" colors for nails. Here, Pinkpearl Mauve and Snowpearl Platinum. **Page 274:** Reminder: Extra-sensitive spots—ankles, insteps, shoulders, tips of ears—need extra protection. So does your hair, which can suffer sun damage the way skin does. A good solution: L'Oréal's Ultra Rich Deep Conditioning Treatment.

Benson & Hedges Lights

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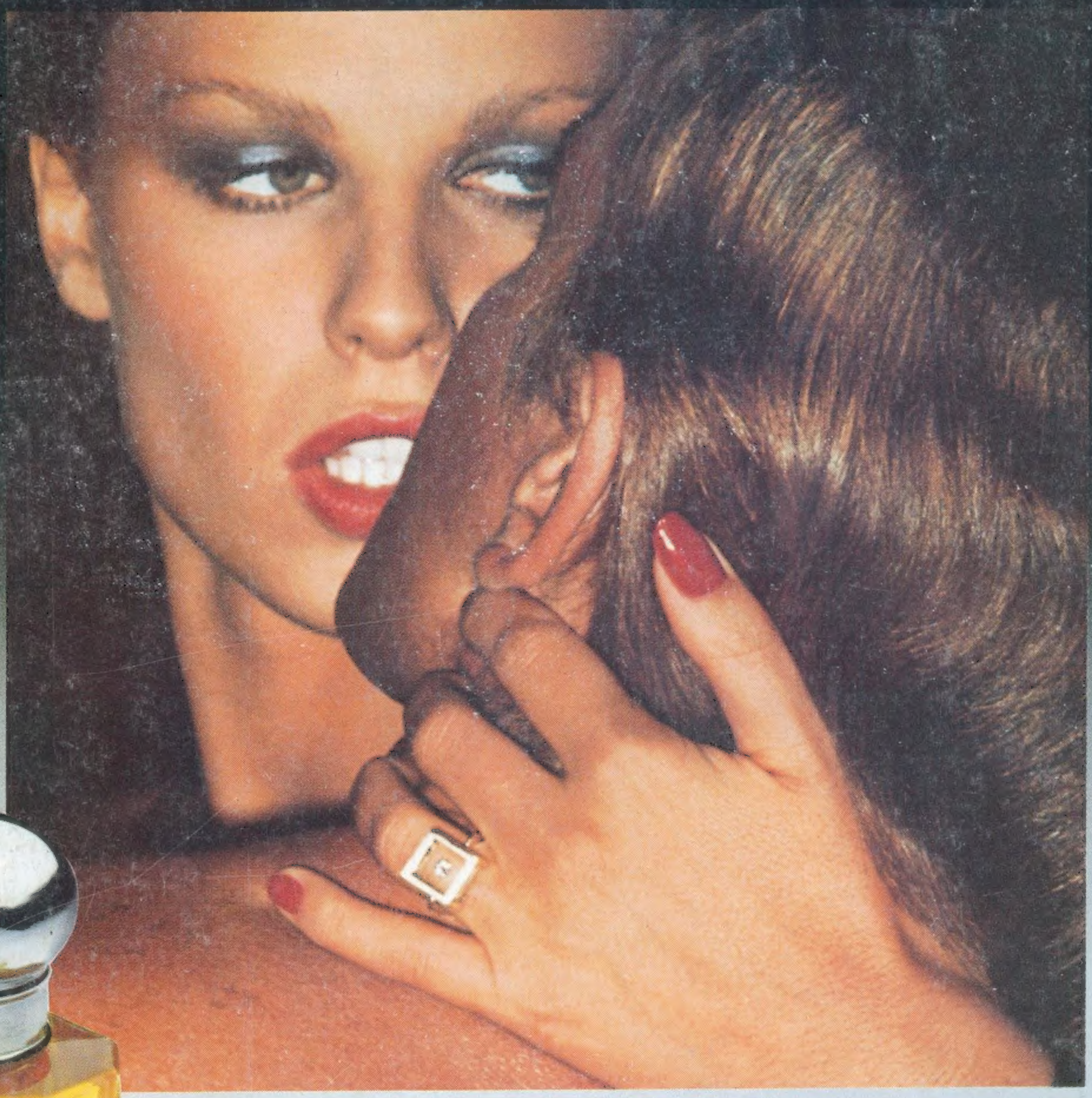


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